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FEB. 1, 1886.

ONCE A MONTH

A MAGAZINE FOR AUSTRALASIA

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His Honour Mr. Justice Kerferd (Frontispiece). View from Road just below Beaconsfield House. View from Author's Bedroom Window, showing Mr. K——'s House, and Baw Baws in distance. Newstead Abbey; Lord Byron; Dr. Livingstone.

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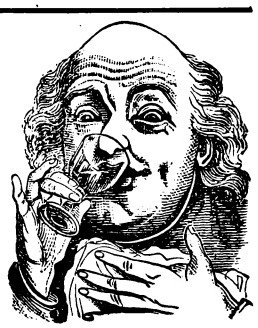

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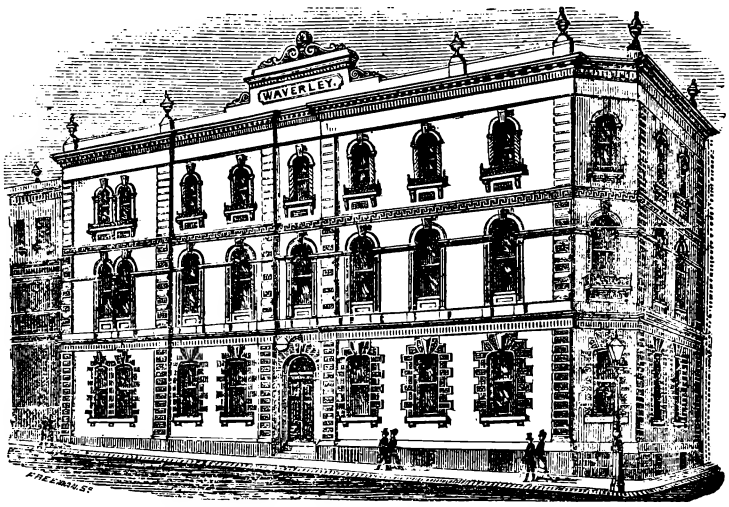

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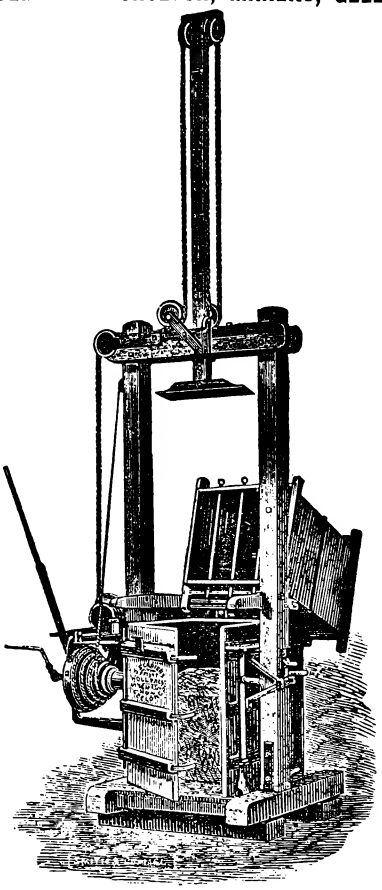

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Extract from letter, re Wool-press, rom J. L. Brown, The Brigalows Station, Warren, to F. Lassetter & Co.

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A MAGAZINE FOR AUSTRALASIA:

CONDUCTED BY

PETER MERCER, D.D.

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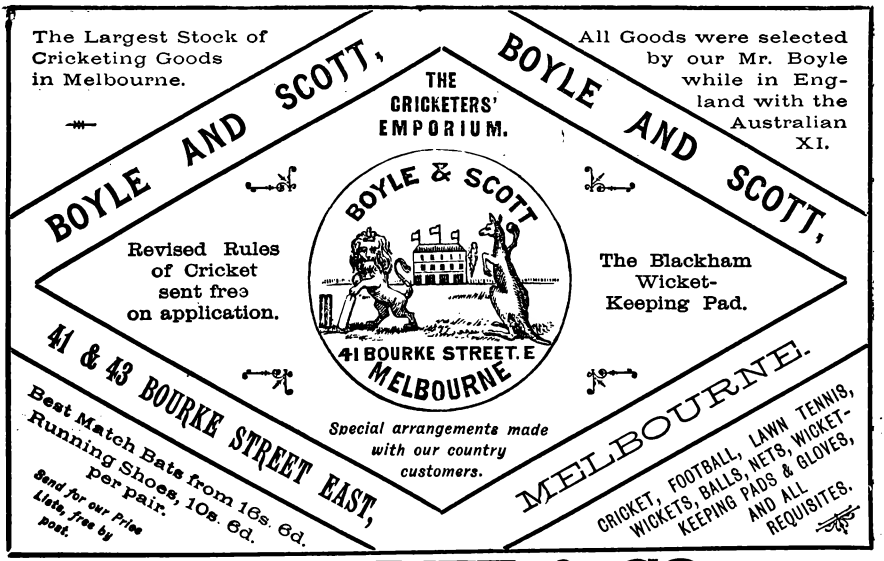
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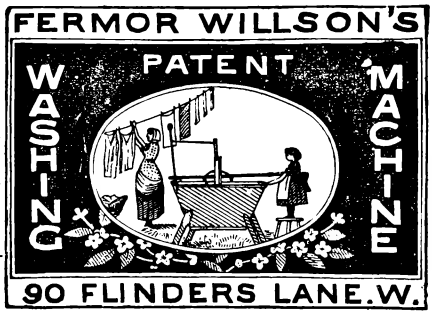

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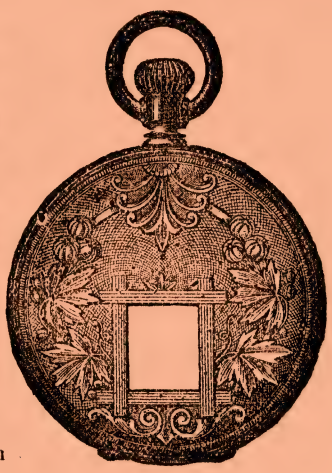

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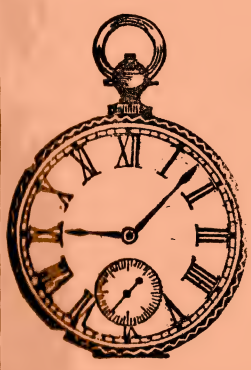

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The Illustrated London News, Eng., September 25, says of second volume:—"Among clever, original, and amusing books of travel, a prominent place must be assigned to 'The Australian Abroad.' A more pleasant book and a more readable one is not often published."

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ONCE A MONTH.

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GALLERY OF EMINENT AUSTRALASIANS.

No. XIV.

HIS HONOUR MR. JUSTICE KERFERD.

By "PURSER."

"What cannot patience do? a great design
Is seldom snatched at once;
——'Tis patience heaves it on."

—*Thomson.*

"Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance."

—*Johnson.*

Patience and perseverance are two of the essentials which must be possessed by him who would be truly great. How often have we seen or known instances in which the man in whose breast had been implanted the germs of unmistakable genius eventually came to naught, attained no real position in the world, and died "unhonoured and unsung;" merely because he could not "possess his soul in patience"—had not the *endurance* to play a waiting game, or the energy to apply himself with perseverance in the face of temporary obstacles. It is to the possession of these enviable qualities—and in a marked degree—that we may trace the success in life which has at length, after an honourable, and sometime arduous career, landed Mr. George Briscoe Kerferd upon the Judicial Bench.

From his boyhood he was imbued with that spirit of ambition of which we find it recorded—

"The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates and wisdom guides."

His hope from the very first was that he might be enabled to study for the bar. But when the time arrived for him to leave school, his father, one of the merchant princes of his day, having by that enterprise and pluck which seem to have been the characteristics of the Kerferd family, established a vast and apparently increasing business in Mexico, desired (and naturally so) that such a valuable connection should not be dissolved at his death, but should be made available for the enrichment of his posterity, and that to this end, his son George Briscoe Kerferd, should eventually succeed to it. With the view of falling in with his father's wishes in this respect the subject of this article entered the service of a mercantile firm in Liverpool by way of preparing himself for joining his father later on. But, whilst there, circumstances occurred which caused a

change in his father's own business views and prospects; and the discovery about that time—1851-52—of the Australian gold fields causing no small stir and speculation in the old world, it was decided that young Mr. Kerferd should visit Victoria for the purpose of ascertaining the feasibility or otherwise of opening a branch business in Melbourne.

Leaving Liverpool, therefore, at the latter end of 1852, by the good ship "Albatross," he landed on these shores sometime in April of the following year. For the space of some months his time was occupied with negotiations for the above purpose, but without any definite result. Guided, however, by indications coming under his observation during this period, on the occasion of a visit to the Ovens district, on behalf of the firm of W. M. Bell and Co., he determined to make a business start in Beechworth, the principal town of that district, and at that time, the central depôt for all the surrounding "diggings." Accordingly, associating with himself a young English barrister friend, who had abandoned his profession, he entered upon the then profitable business of a wine and spirit merchant; afterwards retiring therefrom in favour of the still more lucrative calling of a brewer, in which he continued for many years with success.

During all these changes, and amidst the inevitable wear and tear, and anxiety, incident to the vicissitudes of such pursuits (of the wearying and grinding effect of which no one who has not "gone through that mill" can have the smallest conception), Mr. Kerferd, it would appear, never once lost sight of the goal of his ambition—his first love—the bar; but, night after night, and at times after a hard day's work in the brewery or a scorching day's ride over the rough country roads (for he was for a considerable time his own traveller), would he be found "burning the midnight oil," immersed in the classical and legal studies, which he even then continued to prosecute with assiduity under the guidance of a gentleman learned in those mysteries, then resident in the capital of the whilom "May Day Hills." And not only this: he was at the same time daily qualifying himself to take that place in the Parliament of his adopted country which he has since so ably filled with both honour to himself and credit to his constituents, as well as with satisfaction to the colony at large, and which doubtless he looked upon as but a natural stepping-stone to the acme of his aspirations. Thus, on the 22nd May, 1857 (only a few months after Sir—then Mr.—Andrew Clarke gave to this colony that inestimable boon, its first Municipal Act, 18 Vic. No. 15) we find Mr. Kerferd elected a member of the Municipal Council of Beechworth, then but recently established under the presidency of Richard Mellish, Esquire, J.P. Upon that municipality being subsequently, under a later statute, created a Borough, he was, we are informed, unanimously elected its first Mayor, and subsequently was re-elected to that honourable post either three or four times, thus gaining the well-known appellation of "the inevitable Mayor."

It was during this—if we may so term it—apprenticeship to legislative duties in the Beechworth Local Parliament, that evidences of his *judicial* "turn of mind" came to the fore. Whilst occupying the Mayoral chair, it was especially noticeable that he made it an invariable practice never to interfere in, or allow himself to be drawn into, discussions during the heat of a debate. He would calmly "bide his time" till all the other speakers had concluded, and *then*, prior to, or in, "putting the question," would, in a clear and decisive manner, state his own views on the subject in hand, and generally with no small effect upon the result of the voting, as shown "when the numbers went up."

And not only so, but during the whole term of his membership in the Municipal and Borough Councils of his day his strict and resolute *impartiality* was most marked. Many a time, when some hot-headed partisan had urged that a petition or complaint before the Council should be at once dealt with, and decided upon in a certain way, down came his fiat—always of course by way of a suggestion—but none the less for all practical purposes his fiat—*audi alteram partem.*

"Don't you think, gentlemen, we had better refer the matter to the party complained against, and let us hear his version, and not do hastily something that we may afterwards have to undo, and so stultify and make ourselves ridiculous?" And Britons and their descendants being always ready to "give fair play," such views were generally adopted without hesitation, and the further consideration of the matter postponed to allow of the other side being heard.

Now, we take it that calmness and impartiality are qualities that are essential to the successful sustainment of both the dignity and influence of a judge.

It is a much easier task to write of a man after his decease than during his lifetime. Under the first named circumstances, good feeling prompts to a strict compliance with the maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" But the historian of the living statesman or other public man is bound, in honesty, to place on record not only what redounds to the credit of the subject of his memoir, but also matters which may not be altogether so construed. Hence, we are bound to observe that Mr. Kerferd, during the municipal portion of his career, gave evidence of the possession of other characteristics than those to which we have hitherto referred, characteristics which, however much they may be qualifications for his new position of Supreme Court Judge, and prove of service to him in it, certainly did not obtain for him much *kudos* with his *confrères* in days gone by. At that time he was considered essentially self-contained, and one who never displayed any of the finer traits of *feeling*, in the usual acceptation of that term. We are, however, the less reluctant to make reference to these features in his character or temperament, inasmuch as we have heard it argued by some to whose opinion we have ere this seen occasion to defer, that the possession of the one and the absence of the other are likely to operate in making Mr. Kerferd a really useful *judge;* one not likely to be swayed by outside influences of a nature such as we have known other occupants of the Judicial Bench sometimes amenable to, eventuating in some instances in the loss of their own personal dignity, and in others even in the miscarriage of justice.

Aristotle, to the self-asked query —"What is justice?" answers, "To give to every man his own." And it certainly is not difficult to believe that this most desirable result is much more likely to attend the decrees of a judge not possessed of too sensitive a disposition, than those of one liable to be biassed by, it may be, overwrought susceptibility, or the emotional excitement of the moment.

In 1864, Mr. Kerferd, finding himself sufficiently prepared to make a move towards the front, quitted, at one and the same time, trade and the circumscribed area of municipal duties, conflicts, and honours, and entered the more extensive arena of the Victorian Legislative Assembly. He was elected—at the head of the poll—to represent the "district of the Ovens," or, as it is more generally known, "The Beechworth district." This honourable position he continued to fill without intermission down to the 28th day of December last (when he donned the judicial ermine), a period of over twenty-one years, being re-elected time after time—oftentimes unopposed, and sometimes in the face of most strenuous opposition. It is a fact worthy of record that throughout the proverbial excitement of electioneering campaigns he always had the good taste to abstain from disparaging his opponents—a fact which speaks volumes in support of his claim to a character for calm uprightness.

But during the turmoil incident to political life, Mr. Kerferd had by no means lost sight of the main object of his exertions, indeed we might say, of the main object of his life. Upon quitting Beechworth for the metropolis as before mentioned, he forthwith gained admission to the professional sanctum of the then well-known barrister—and afterwards equally well-known and erudite judge—Fellowes. Under his *ægis* he thenceforward so successfully pursued his legal studies, that, after the lapse of the usual probationary period, he was enabled (in 1867) to

THE RECENT SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

By ROBERT STEEL, D.D.

SECOND PAPER.

One of the earliest and most liberal supporters of the movement for the accurate survey of Palestine was the Baroness Burdett Coutts. She offered to bear the expense of the survey of Jerusalem, which was undertaken and accomplished by skilled officers of the Royal Engineers, detached for the service with the express sanction of the Board of Ordnance. Lady Burdett Coutts also generously offered to bear the expense of bringing water again, as in ancient times, from Solomon's Pools to Jerusalem, provided the Sublime Porte gave the necessary firman. Jerusalem is badly supplied with water at present, and has no springs within its walls except one, discovered recently very deep under the city. Indeed, often, as on the occasion of my visit there, typhoid fever is prevalent, and the European medical men resident in Jerusalem, ascribe it to the bad water. The Turkish Government with characteristic *laissez-faire*, said to the English lady "Give us the money and we will perform the work." But the English lady was too practical to be outwitted. She did not want her money to be spent at Constantinople, or on Turkish officers, but on men actually employed in the waterworks. Consequently the authority has never been given, and the water has never been brought to Jerusalem.

In the matter of the survey, it was resolved by the Palestine Exploration Fund Committee that the services of the Royal Engineers should be requested, and throughout all their work this has been maintained. Consequently the survey has been done accurately, and the maps and memoirs are worthy of being placed side by side with those issued by the Board of Ordnance. Captain, now Colonel, Sir Charles Wilson, of the Royal Engineers, K.C.M.G. and F.R.S., highly recommended by Sir Henry James, conducted this survey, which was finished in 1864. He also prepared very valuable "notes," which were published along with the first map of the city made after scientific survey. These were of immense advantage to the subsequent workers who were sent out by the Palestine Exploration Fund. Captain, now Major-General, Sir Charles Warren, another distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, K.C.M.G. and F.R.S., was appointed to proceed to Palestine in 1867. He got a vizierial letter from the Sublime Porte to the Pasha of Jerusalem authorising him to make excavations anywhere in the city except in the Haram area — a very vexatious reservation. Captain Warren had an excellent party as a working staff. They laboured for three years in Jerusalem, and put down many shafts along the line of the city walls. It was an enterprise of much difficulty, and even of danger. After the twenty-seven sieges of Jerusalem, and the repeated destruction of the entire city, a vast amount of rubbish had accumulated — in some places to the depth of fifty feet, and even to eighty feet. Much of this was mixed with animal matter, and this circumstance caused the wounds received by the mining party to be very difficult in healing. The rubbish was the wreck of the cities of Solomon, Nehemiah, Herod, Hadrian, Constantine, Omar, Godfrey, and Saladin, all piled one above the other. The shafts had often to run through dangerous shingle, which would sometimes rush with violence behind the mining case,

and imperil the lives of the men. Captain Warren, in the course of his excavations, made many remarkable discoveries. Occasionally a subterranean passage would be found that had formerly been used as a secret way of communication between the citadel and the temple. Aqueducts would be discovered in another place. Old gates were found. Stones were laid bare at a depth of eighty feet, and showed to the astonished miners distinctly-carved Phœnician marks upon them, with colour as fresh as when first put on by the workmen of Hiram, the King of Tyre, three thousand years ago! Some of the stones were estimated to contain 100 tons. Quite a number of water-tanks were found which had been excavated out of the solid rock. Some of these were capable of holding three millions of gallons of water. These serve to account for the striking fact that in all the sieges of Jerusalem there is no record of a famine of water, though there are sad and sickening details of the scarcity of bread, and of the horrid expedients resorted to by the people for food. Many fragments of pottery, broken stone ornaments, and pieces of masonry were from time to time brought up, full of interest to archæologists. At last Captain Warren was allowed to work within the Haram area. He was thus able to construct a map in 1872, which showed the level of the rock at 200 places, seventy-five of which were in the Temple area, and all beneath the present surface. Several of these extended over distances from 100 to 300 feet, and in the most disputed sites of the city. As the city within the walls embraces only 210 acres, it will be seen how much was accomplished by Captain Warren. We are now enabled to base our view of the ancient topography upon facts ascertained by accurate excavations. The Tyropean Valley was traced with great care, and has been found to be a key to the correct understanding of the original site. It is not necessary here to enter into the controversy regarding the exact position of the Temple of Solomon; but it may be stated that Captain Warren formed very decided views as the result of his observations, which he has published in a separate form under the title "The Temple and the Tomb."

An expedition, under Captains Wilson and Anderson, was sent to make a *reconnaissance* survey of the Holy Land. They started from Beyrout on 22nd November, 1865, and passed over Galilee to the Lake of Tiberias, and thence towards Hebron. In six months they made observations at forty-nine separate points, and constructed outline maps on the scale of an inch to the mile. Many valuable discoveries were made, of which detailed drawings were carefully prepared. Captain Warren made an expedition into Philistia in 1867, and also one on the east of the Jordan, and along the Jordan Valley. In 1869 he undertook a journey into the Lebanon. All of these were fruitful in antiquarian researches, and contributed largely to our knowledge of Palestine.

In 1868 another expedition was organised by Sir Henry James, Director-General of the Board of Ordnance, to survey the Peninsula of Sinai, which has so long attracted the interest of the Christian world. The Palestine Exploration Fund was at no expense for this, as it lay outside of their sphere. The Rev. F. W. Holland, one of the honorary treasurers of the Fund, was appointed guide, as he had travelled on foot through that country. Captains Wilson and Palmer, R.E., were assigned to the survey. Professor Palmer, so distinguished as an Arabic scholar, and who knew the dialect of the locality, was interpreter; Mr. Wyatt was naturalist; and four experienced non-commissioned officers were attached to the party. They started on 11th November, 1868, with a caravan of forty-four camels and forty drivers. The work of survey and observation was done on foot, and produced remarkable results in identifying sites and in corroborating the record of the Exodus in the Books of Moses. Two volumes were published on the subject, which are extremely interesting and valuable. The late Professor Palmer made most amusing efforts to catch provincial forms of speech. He had great difficulty in

getting some of them; but his ingenuity scarcely ever failed him. One day, seeking the word for "when," he tried an Arab in various ways, but could not succeed. At last he said, "I saw your wife," and the Bedouin immediately asked, "When?" It may be added that the Moabite stone was discovered in 1868, containing the oldest form of the Hebrew letters yet brought to light, except the inscription since found in the tunnel from the Pool of Siloam. All these things awakened more intelligent sympathy with the exploration and survey of Palestine, next to be described.

"THE HEAVY MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT."

The long white bars of the moonlight lie
  Where the sweet lake lilies float at ease;
The murmuring midnight breeze goes by
  And hushes its whispers in the trees;
No other sound may be heard of men
Save wind-stirred waves in the ferny fen.

The dew is thick on the shadowed grass,
  And pale pink petals fall from the rose;
Across the face of the moon there pass
  Stray clouds, the gleam of the lily goes,
And the yellow field-flower droops its head
In the darkness over its beauty shed.

But clouds soon scatter—the balmy air
  Is laden with odours as on the wings
Of angels, fresh from the gardens fair
  In Paradise, where Heaven's sweetness clings;
And the moonbeams frame a ladder meet
For the tread of rare, celestial feet.

O Night, what is hid behind your balm?
  What holds To-morrow, that strange To-come?
Will it fill with bliss some trembling palm,
  Or strike a happy heart cold and numb?
What brings the Dawn in its jewelled hand,
Or joy or grieving to fill the land?

And still the bars of the moonlight touch
  The ripples and lilies on the lake,
And still the calm of the hour is such
  As no foreboding can mar or break.
The night wind whispers, the waves roll in,
And far away is the world of sin.

Ah, heart that faints in the Noon's fierce heat,
  Thus are you blessed for the coming care!
Thus are you strengthened and made more sweet,
  For a Night so lovely is like a prayer:
And Day, that dawns in the east, may bring
To you your gladness, to me my king.

—*Boston Globe.*

LIFE'S TANGLED WEB.

By ALICE GOSSIP.

Author of "A CHRISTMAS JOURNEY," Etc.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

—*Shakspeare.*

"O what a tangled web we weave,
When first we purpose to deceive!"

—*Scott.*

CHAPTER I.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

Very sunny indeed looked the old garden, with its wealth of bloom; sweet scented annuals, and the dear old-fashioned flowers that seem to spring up in such lavish luxuriance in gardens of its kind; but which, unfortunately, since the introduction of the formal, monotonous, and now fashionable style, are passing quite away. Who, in their hearts, do not love them with a regretful affection, which no blaze of brilliant scarlet, or many-tinted foliage in the gay *parterres* can subdue? Very sunny indeed in its bright June garb, with the soothing hum from the hives, the air laden with sweet summer sounds, and everything around teeming with life. It was a morning when, no matter with what burdens we are bound, to live, to exist, is a joy. Sitting under a shady tree, idly pulling leaf from leaf of the flower she held, was a young girl. O fair one! does not the love that pervades thy whole being make thee a little tolerant of *his*, now poured out before thee? Heed it not so languidly! That upon which thou countest so surely, is but as dross to gold, compared with that of him now pleading so earnestly. Ah, could we lift the curtain of the future but for a moment, with what horror wouldst thou spurn the shadow, and cling to the substance, now being cast away!

She was very lovely. One would think all virtues must dwell in so fair a form. The beautiful eyes could not have so shone, unless the source was pure whence the light came. The sweet rosy lips could surely never be wreathed with deceitful smiles. We do not wonder at the ardent words that were spoken by her companion in the old garden in that fair morning time.

Mildred Wilmer was an only child, residing with her widowed mother. Her father, a clergyman, had died early, leaving his wife but little else than the memory of his talents and amiable qualities. Reared with the refined ideas the companionship of such a man must engender, Mildred and her mother were almost without the means of obtaining any of those luxuries which, to people of their position, are actual necessaries; and Mrs. Wilmer, thinking that a country life was best suited to their small income, had established herself with her daughter, in the little home surrounded by the garden in which the first scene of our story opens.

She had fondly hoped that rigid economy would enable them to pass their lives together, without her idolised child having to enter into strife with the cold world for the very means of existence, as so many others had done

before, and still are doing. But fate decreed otherwise; for a few months previously, a sudden loss had come upon her, which so crippled her resources that she now feared even this little home would have to be resigned.

The girl had been silent for some time, and her companion, who had also ceased speaking, seemed to be awaiting her reply. Suddenly, however, she raised her eyes, and a light gleamed in them different from that which her suitor evidently anticipated. By a movement he checked the words coming from her lips.

"Mildred, darling," he said, "take time to answer me. Surely I cannot be mistaken in the hopes I have been fostering for years, that I so fondly trusted would have been realised this happy morning; and yet other looks should meet mine, did even the faintest response echo back to my words. Have I spoken too soon? Have I scared my dove by the outpouring of my long pent-up love? Speak, Mildred, some answer you must make me," he passionately added, as she still remained unmoved; and he grasped her hand as she carelessly flung away the flower. "If indifferent, you are surely not heartless."

The sweet eyes changed again as she turned them full upon him.

"No, Arthur, not heartless, only sorry," she said; "very, very sorry."

"But why sorry, dearest?" he answered, hope resuming its sway at the gentle words. "I feared I had startled you, yet you must have known this was coming for many a day; but till I knew the future was safe I was silent. Now I have a home worthy of you; yet when I ask for the love I felt so sure was mine, I meet only averted looks, and a coldness that after our long friendship must surely be assumed."

"No, Arthur; why should I dissimulate? I wish you would say no more on the subject—we will keep the good friends we have always been—that's all that need be said. And I must leave you—Mamma wants me. I have a thousand things to do for her."

"Mildred!" said the young man, with such agony in his voice, that the girl stopped and turned pale, "do you know I feel as if I had received my death warrant? You must listen. My long love entitles me to at least a fair hearing."

"I will listen to you, Arthur," answered Mildred, folding her fair hands and reseating herself. "But why pain yourself and me? You frighten me," she added suddenly, as Arthur, white to the lips, seemed for a moment unable to speak.

With a powerful effort, however, he controlled himself, and quietly continued. "You must have known, Mildred, how long I have loved you; that some day I hoped to call you by the dear name of wife; the belief in this has so entered into my life, is so woven into my existence, has so coloured my every thought, that I cannot help it if I show weakness in forcing you to listen to an unwelcome story. We have known each other many years, and I have thought, till now, you always seemed pleased when I sought you before all others. You had always smiles and sweet words for me, and did not seem to care that any other than myself should be your companion. I have been battling with circumstances fiercely, as you know, and have surmounted all difficulties. But when fortune opens before me and I seek my reward, my hopes are dashed to the ground. I would not ask you to share a humble home. Would to God I had done so! But somehow I thought you valued wealth and position. Now I can offer them, you reject me and my love. Do you resent my silence, Mildred? Had I spoken before, would your answer have have different?"

"I cannot say, Arthur," she replied, with hesitation. "I have always liked you. You have ever been my best and kindest friend. You seem so good and true. We have known each other so long that I thought it would only be as it has been—never come to this. I knew you liked me, and I have always thought of you as my helper in all our little troubles, as one would of a dear brother, and I know Mamma thinks the same; but you must not speak any more about this."

"A sad reaping after all the toil," he muttered to himself. "Stay, Mildred," he added; "would time assist?"

"No, no!" she cried, quickly, "this must end; you must think no more of it!" A sudden flush passed over her face as she rose hurriedly to go, not desiring to be questioned further.

"One word, Mildred, and I will never trouble you more. Does any one else occupy the place in your heart that I so madly thought was mine? Is there another that stands between us?"

"I cannot—will not—say more," she answered. "You are cruel to me!" and the girl trembled visibly, while she flushed and paled by turns.

"God help you, my darling, I do not seek to pry into your secret; Heaven grant your precious love is well bestowed and amply repaid! If I can be no more to you than I am now, at least believe this, that neither time nor place shall alter my love, and should misfortune or sorrow ever darken your life, and I can help you or avert it, call on me fearlessly. I should count any loss light to serve you."

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur," said the now weeping girl, "I am grieved for you. I do indeed believe in your friendship. I do not know what my life may be; but the assurance I feel that I could trust you in any great trouble comforts me even now," and she held out her hands to him, lovingly. In her innocent youthfulness it seemed as if seared and broken hearts could have no part in her life's history.

He turned from her as she passed on into the house. Then he flung himself upon the grass, burying his face in his hands, struggling with this great sorrow, which surely He who has implanted in our hearts the capability of such intense feeling must, in His love for poor humanity, look upon with pity.

Meanwhile the birds carolled, and the sun shone on in its brilliant noon splendour, while a page was abruptly ended in the life of Arthur Ellmore.

CHAPTER II.

A MOTHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

Mrs. Wilmer had been seated at work while Arthur Ellmore was with Mildred. She saw him when he came into the house flushed with hope and joyful expectation, and with a mother's intuitive perception guessed his visit concerned her child's welfare more than those he usually paid them. A silent pressure of the hand and a glance conveyed to him the assurance of her consent and sympathy. She had long known how matters stood, and had wondered why Arthur had remained silent so long. He was a gentleman by birth and education, and possessed of moderate means, and Mrs. Wilmer had felt the greatest surprise that he had not long ere this spoken to Mildred. But she had learned within a few days that a lawsuit long pending—so long that it seemed a thing forgotten—had been decided in his favour, and that now, instead of a modest competency, position and wealth were his, and the opportunity of taking a foremost place in his profession (that of a barrister) was now open to him. It never entered into her thoughts that Arthur supposed Mildred cared for riches, or that he was silent solely for the reason that a little longer toil and trouble, on his part, would enable him to bring his bride to a home, such as she in her merry way often said she must have, whenever she decided to leave her mother. She used laughingly to speak of the luxuries and comforts she would shower upon her, and Arthur, in his love, mistook her; perhaps what he so longed to give her made him exaggerate anything she said about it till it became his fixed idea to secure wealth for her. This had come at last, and he lost not a day, not an hour, in laying his loving heart and rich possessions at her feet. He did not dream that delay might be fatal; he felt so secure in the secluded village. Strangers rarely came, and everybody residing there was known to him, so that he feared no rival who could steal his idol from him.

Mrs. Wilmer was very pleased at his evident admiration for Mildred. Though she had wondered at his silence, still she felt sure that only some good reason had prevented his long since asking her daughter's hand. He was so honourable, so thoroughly trustworthy, such a true gentleman in every relation in life, that, knowing him so well for years, though almost angry

at his letting time pass on without one word to her darling, she had felt as sure as himself that when he should speak his wish the fair flower was ready to be gathered.

She had not imparted to Mildred any of her fresh monetary anxieties: for a few weeks previously the girl had seemed low-spirited, and the anxious mother did not wish to add another feather's weight of care to the sorrow she appeared to feel. But her spirits had now revived, and as Arthur Ellmore's absence and return occurred about the same time that she noticed the change in her daughter, Mrs. Wilmer cleverly put two and two together, and thought that there was but one conclusion to be arrived at. Though silent on the subject to Mildred, she had mentioned to Arthur her peculiar troubles, for she was a strictly honourable woman, and she thought it only right that he should know her position before he spoke to her daughter; so that she might not have cause afterwards to reproach herself, if she were compelled to become dependent on him. Though she felt sure of his true heart, she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had done what was right. The success of the long pending lawsuit, to which poor Arthur had devoted some years of toil and ceaseless anxiety, by placing him in most affluent circumstances, settled all Mrs. Wilmer's qualms about being a burden on her dear ones; and it was only with unalloyed happiness that she awaited the return of the young people from the garden.

She had been sitting now some time in her little drawing-room, that looked so cheerful and fresh with the pretty chintz covers, and white muslin curtains hanging at the open French window, and slightly moving in the soft summer air. Flowers were everywhere, and into the room through the open window came the odours of mignonnette and roses. Mrs. Wilmer sat on, and while she sketched out a happy future for her child, instinctively her thoughts went back to the old time of her own sweet youth, when words as loving had been whispered to herself, and for a few moments time was naught, and she was a girl again. For a while she was lost in her reverie, but as thought quickly succeeded thought she was brought back to life's realities. Steps sounded in the hall; she hurriedly wiped away a few tears given to her dead past and the memory of the beloved companion of her youth, and smiles returned as she went out of the door to meet and welcome them.

To her surprise she saw only the neat maiden who was the sole domestic of the establishment, coming towards her apparently full of distress. Polly was as wise as her mistress, though it would never have entered the mistress' thoughts that her little servant could have the slightest idea of what was transpiring. Polly, however, had gone through a like scene with Larkins, the young gardener, and she knew as well as himself what Mr. Arthur wanted Miss Mildred for, when she opened the door to him not an hour before. She had watched him, as with springing step and lover's haste he went down the long garden path to the little summer house. When she saw Mildred return alone in tears and hurry to her room, she was nearly as distressed herself, and thought the best thing to do was to tell her mistress. Mrs. Wilmer quietly asked who had come in, and being told by Polly, "Miss Mildred, crying fit to break her heart," she hurried into the bedroom, where she found poor Mildred lying on the bed, sobbing hysterically.

"My darling, what can be the matter? Come Mildred, speak dear," she added, as the girl shook with sobs. "What can have passed between you and Arthur? I thought to have seen a very different face after your interview."

"Then you knew what Arthur came for, Mamma; why did you let him come?" said Mildred, starting up. "Oh, I wish you had not!"

"Why, dear," answered the mother, "I thought you were to hear to-day the words that I had long known were coming, and that I fancied my Mildred desired to hear. I hoped it was going to be one of the happiest days in my life," she could not refrain from adding, as a cold chill came to her heart.

"Mamma," said Mildred, "have you been as mistaken as Arthur? Will it

disappoint you to know that it is all a sad, sad mistake?"

"Your happiness is mine, dear. I was foolish in feeling so sure your life and Arthur's were to be one, and the thought that it should be so seemed to relieve me from so many anxieties, that perhaps I indulged the hope too much. Did you not expect this, dear? I know poor Arthur's distress is great. Would not consideration or time——"

"No, no, Mamma," interrupted Mildred, in almost a horrified tone, "never say so, never ask me. Oh, if Arthur did not mind so much, I should not care! But he is so kind and good, and to grieve him so!"

"My dear child, pray calm yourself. Do you lie down and rest. You really need it after this excitement. We must all bear our own burdens; time will be Arthur's best and only friend. We cannot force our affections, so do not grieve too much, or think I am disappointed." And as Mildred, with a deep sigh, laid her head on the pillow, Mrs. Wilmer kissed her fondly, feeling in her heart that much as she liked Arthur and sympathised with him, her only child's happiness was her first consideration.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECRET KNOWN.

Mildred had fallen into a heavy slumber, and her mother, who had several times on tiptoe looked into her room, gave orders that perfect silence should be kept in the house, so that she might on no account be disturbed. So for the remainder of the afternoon stillness reigned, and Polly, having removed her mistress' slight repast, felt there was nothing to do and no chance of being rung for. Everything seemed so miserable that the best possible comfort she could take to herself was to see if Bill Larkins was still staking the peas in the kitchen garden. Yes, he was; and Polly, in her depressed state of mind, was disposed to meet him with a less flippant greeting than usual.

"Well, Polly my beauty, what brings you here so early this afternoon?" said Bill, catching sight of her between the rows of pea-sticks. "I've been thinking of you the whole of this here blessed day and fancying that old church clock was never going on to strike six; and here you are before four. Is the missus out?"

"No, *Sir!* of course she is not, or I should never have come down here, and even now I thought more than likely you were away," rejoined Polly; "and there was nothing to do, so I thought I would just look round and see how the things were getting on."

"You takes a wonderful interest in gardening, don't you?" said Bill, slyly; a remark which was repaid by a good box on the ear, and followed up, on Bill's part, by one or two substantial kisses.

"Do you know, Polly, I could tell you something that would make you stare? but you girls never can keep anything, and as I have had five bob give me for keeping my eyes open and my mouth shut, I shan't say a word about it."

"Oh do, Bill dear," said the girl, entreatingly; "you surely won't keep a secret from me? Whatever can it be? and who gave you the five shillings?"

"Never mind, Polly," answered Larkins, getting cautious at Polly's earnestness, "nothing don't concern you about it but this;" and, diving into his waistcoat, Bill brought out a pretty gilt brooch set with bright stones, and held it up to Polly's admiring eyes. "I've got this for you out of it, and I've been wanting to see you, but the time's been slower than a month o' Sundays. Never mind though, now you've got it."

"La, Bill, ain't it a real beauty, like Miss Mildred's, all gold, and them lovely stones!" cried Polly, who possessed the same love of finery as all young girls; and was as pleased (and why not?) as any Lady Adelaide or Honourable Miss Augusta on receiving the tiara of diamonds presented in due form by her noble *fiancé*.

Bill was so delighted with Polly's appreciation of his present, that his resolution to keep good faith with the donor of the five shillings was rapidly getting weaker. Besides, he was dying to tell her all about it, as the matter in

some measure concerned her. So when Polly, *en vraie femme*, persisted in having her curiosity gratified, Bill could resist no longer.

"'Tis about Miss Mildred," he said in a whisper; "but for goodness' sake don't say word on't to a living soul."

"Now make haste, Bill," returned Polly, rather crossly, feeling in her heart, though she could not have expressed it, that it was not for such as Bill Larkins to have secrets about her young mistress. "Make haste; whatever can you have to say about Miss Mildred? She can't concern the likes of you, I'm sure."

"If she don't concern the likes of me, she concerns somebody else; and they'd give pounds, I do believe, that I never seed them down there in the woods, where Mr. Ellmore keeps his boat that Miss Mildred rows about in."

"Why, Bill, you have gone silly! Miss Mildred and Mr. Arthur would not want to give you five shillings, let alone pounds, not to say anything about their walking in the woods; but you're quite out now. Mr. Arthur came and asked Miss Mildred to-day, and there's something wrong; for she came in crying fit to break her heart, and has been in her room ever since."

"You're a girl, and that's next door to a fool. I never said nothink about Mr. Arthur, did I?" replied Bill, forgetting all his gallantry in his vexation at Polly misunderstanding him. "It's not him at all — it's one of the swells from Ursford, that's staying with Mr. Cullingham. I see him first when I was over helping the keepers. He never noticed me, but I knew him again when I see him along o' Miss Mildred."

Polly's round eyes and her mouth were by this time pretty well open; and yet for all her simplicity and want of knowledge of the world she felt grieved at her young lady's secret having fallen into Bill Larkins' hands. She very wisely argued, if she said little, and showed no wonder, Bill would not attach such importance to the matter as he evidently did, and might forget it all the sooner; for Polly truly loved her young mistress, who always treated her with such unvarying kindness.

"Well, Bill," she said, after a moment's silence, "what if Miss Mildred should speak to some of the grand gentlemen? She's such a beauty —I don't wonder they want to speak to her, and very likely it's only something they were talking about the picture she's making; and anyhow it's getting dreadful late, and her business ain't neither yours nor mine that I can see."

Bill made no remark, and whether it would be as Polly wished was not at present evident. Silently taking up the sticks, he continued his work while Polly sped into the kitchen, hoping she would not have been missed.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. Wilmer again entered her daughter's room. Mildred was awake, and looking considerably better for her long refreshing slumber.

"Is that you, Mamma, dear?" she said; "come in. I think I have been asleep for hours. Why did you not call me? I will get up and come down at once."

Mrs. Wilmer, after a glance at Mildred's face, felt sure that at least on her side there was no heart-break. She thought, indeed, that after so great a display of grief, she seemed to be a little—just a little—wanting in heart; but she did not know that Mildred had a well-spring of joy within her, which at present furnished an antidote to every calamity under the sun.

"My dear child," said the kind mother, "I am so glad your sleep has refreshed you. I would not have you disturbed on any account, and Polly has been very good. I told her you wanted rest. She has kept as still as a mouse, and has not let a door bang, or a single creak be heard the whole afternoon."

"Poor little Polly," returned Mildred, kindly, "she would do anything for me. Perhaps, Mamma," she continued, with a smile, "Larkins was gardening, and he assisted in securing the quiet you so much wished for."

"Perhaps so, dear; but come down and have tea. I hear Polly bringing it in."

Mother and daughter went downstairs, little dreaming of the disclosures that had been made to their little servant; and poor Polly, with the knowledge she possessed, felt far more like the culprit herself. Still all unwitting that her treasured secret was known, Mildred took her usual place at the table, to refresh herself with that most cheering and invigorating of beverages —the afternoon cup of tea.

The evening passed much as usual, Mrs. Wilmer wisely deeming it best to wait for any explanation her daughter might give her. Mildred, whose tears were near the surface, in spite of her apparent calm, thought she would defer any explanation her mother might expect till she felt braver. Besides, like so many who are conscious of practising deceit on those who trust them most, she dreaded almost every subject of conversation, for fear some clue might be given to the all-absorbing topic with which her thoughts were filled. So when bed-time came and she received the mother's kiss and blessing, she was very glad to escape to her own room; to reflections, which although delightful in themselves, had the usual dash of wormwood in them that seems inseparable from all secret sublunary joys. For there was the bitterness of knowing that she was practising her first piece of duplicity on the most loving and unexacting of mothers.

I fear it will be thought that poor Mildred was sadly wanting in candour and right feeling. Perhaps she was; but how few of us are free from moral imperfection? Who, indeed, is innocent enough to fling the first stone at the various failings and inconsistencies that we see in our neighbours' conduct? Let us hesitate to heap denunciations on Mildred's head, or even to feel complacency that any evil results, springing from the course she is pursuing, will be only a fitting reward for her duplicity and concealment.

Mildred's first act was to extinguish her lamp; the brilliant moonlight was more than sufficient; and far more conducive to the delights of maiden meditation—not, however, in this instance "fancy free." She next let down her beautiful hair, and then throwing a light wrapper around her, seated herself by the window; for her rest in the afternoon and the previous excitement left her perfectly sleepless. She thought regretfully of Arthur. She was sorry that matters had reached such a climax, and that in future their affectionate intercourse must be suspended, for some time, if not for ever. She felt a little vexed also that he should have guessed her love was given to another; for though she was certain he would neither watch her nor display any obtrusive curiosity, she felt somehow as if her secret had slipped from her safe keeping—all unsuspecting that even now her stolen interviews might be matter of common gossip. Her newfound joy was so fresh, and had come so strangely to her, that Mildred was involved and pledged to secrecy before she knew where she was. The dread of discovery nearly maddened her. She was so innocent; hers was a life that had hitherto glided away so calmly; she was so secluded from all intercourse with the world; her existence was so uneventful; that when her temptation came she was borne down and carried away. Though conscience reproached her, the all-powerful ascendency of dazzling and at last unresisted infatuation left her no capability to judge between the right and the wrong. Mildred possessed the love of everyone who knew her. Though amongst her limited circle of acquaintances and village friends were many suitors, and though she had the constant and ever present affection of Arthur Ellmore, all were alike indifferent to her. That first love, which was to rise up and come forth at the bidding of the talisman that was to awake an echo in her slumbering heart, had been hitherto unknown. When such a nature as hers is once aroused, it is as a torrent rushing forth over every barrier, and bearing down with irresistible impetuosity all obstacles. The long known traditions of right, and the teachings of years, are but as a feather in opposition to the might of the passion that holds and enthrals it. Mildred might have gone on as she was

for many years longer; or she might have married Arthur, mistaking her liking for love; perhaps never knowing any other, or perhaps awaking some day, when too late, to the awful reality of knowing herself bound and still possessing a free heart. But once awakened, there was with her no retrograde step—no cautious keeping in beaten tracks; only an utter and complete abandonment of her whole heart and soul to the one idolised object. Thus as the snared bird flutters, still joyously, without yet knowing that its freedom is for ever gone, so Mildred dreamed still her sweet waking dream.

Hours passed; still she sat on, weaving bright garlands for future wear, and as hope and love intermingled like flower with leaf all fresh and undrooped, it seemed as if the coming years could bring no change. How sweet are such dreams! How do they transform our whole existence!

CHAPTER V.

A BRACE OF FRIENDS.

In the large old-fashioned dining-room at Ursford Grange, two gentlemen were seated over their wine. It was evidently a bachelor's house; for though the room and table appurtenances denoted wealth and some degree of comfort, there were none of the numerous indescribable accessories which so infallibly prove the presence of a mistress.

The windows were thrown open to admit the evening air, that came in most refreshingly after the sultry day; the servants had left the room, and though all that restraint was removed which the presence of domestics invariably imposes upon a dinner party composed of only two persons, still silence prevailed, or at least all conversation was limited to the merest commonplaces. At last the host roused himself, and pushing the decanter nearer his guest, observed, as he declined it: "I think you want waking up, and that pretty considerably, Aubrey. I have for the last half-hour racked my brains to say something that would interest you, but all my efforts have signally failed. Suppose we light up and take a stroll. It's so confoundedly hot in here, perhaps the fresh air may have a more exhilarating effect than my attempted eloquence."

"Really, my dear fellow, you are right; I do want rousing up. By all means let us go into the garden. You will begin to wish you had never burdened yourself with so dull a visitor; but surely you don't consider the weather, this year's possible meets, and the state of old Roland's off foot—the most interesting and absorbing of all subjects."

"Tom Cullingham laughed out his loud merry laugh, as he passed through the window down the steps leading to the lovely gardens that surrounded the old grange, his friend slowly following him. After lighting their cigars, they puffed away quietly for some time, walking towards the lake near the extremity of the grounds. The scene was a very charming one; the summer night had just set in, and the moon was shining in her full splendour. In the background the quaint old house stood out boldly in the deepening twilight, and lights were gleaming from the many windows, as the servants moved from room to room; while trees and flowers, and the tiny lake that stirred and glinted like fluid silver, all made up a picture of indescribable loveliness.

The two young men walked on till they reached the arbour at the end of the path, and turning round they took in the whole view bathed in the brilliant moonlight. It struck even happy Tom Cullingham, who could not restrain an involuntary—"By Jove, it's a glorious night!" while his friend, Aubrey Elliott, the man who thought he had exhausted all pleasures and emotions, felt the wondrous charm which nature alone possesses, and which she withholds from none. Seating himself, Aubrey leaned back his head, and even by this light one could see what a singularly handsome head it was. Form and air all went to make him one of those unusually fascinating men, who take by storm the hearts of scores of women. It seemed, too, as if conscious of this power he was also aware

that the knowledge of it in no way detracted from its efficacy; but rather that cool assurance and self-possession added to his usual success. He was about seven-and-twenty, with an unmistakable air of high breeding. Some of the numerous fair ones whose hearts he had enslaved used to call him "Sir Lancelot;" and indeed he looked fitted to be the chosen knight for some chivalric encounter of the olden time. Little need be said of his companion, the master of the house, who had lately, after some years' absence from home, returned to take his position in the county, where he hoped to settle down into the useful landlord and the orthodox country gentleman.

He had been only a few weeks at Ursford, and had not yet done much more than inspect his belongings and make enquiries about the state of his game preserves—in his opinion the most important thing in the world—to the strict care and preservation of which he intended, when he got on the magisterial bench, to devote his entire energies, and to pour vials of wrath on any unfortunate offender who infringed in the slightest degree his beloved game-laws. Still he was a good fellow, if not an over-clever one, and he almost idolised Elliott, who had been his school and college companion. Nothing would content him till Aubrey joined him, which he had done a few weeks ago. After a long course of London dissipation in the height of the season, Captain Elliott enjoyed the calm of the country, and the perfect quiet and freedom of Tom's bachelor establishment.

Still, could he also have lifted the curtain that veiled the future, he would have lost not an hour in hurrying back to the gay vortex that is ever madly whirling on, so quickly engulphing its victims, that it leaves them no time for reflection, scarcely even for regrets.

"Where do you take yourself off to of a morning?" enquired Tom, breaking the silence. "I have missed you several times lately, and though I inquired of your man, he was no wiser than myself. I felt sure that some terrible mystery was up, when you were able to evade the lynx-eyes and prying curiosity of your valet."

"Saunders is a wise man, and has no curiosity till I require it to be exercised in my service," laughed Aubrey; "and really there is no occasion for the display of much when his master desires to have the full advantage of his country visit, and takes rural constitutionals in the mornings. But what a lucky fellow you are, Tom," added Aubrey, a sudden seriousness coming into his voice. "I don't believe I ever before envied any man, but I do envy you, I must confess."

"Why in the name of all wonderment do you envy me?" replied his friend. "I was just watching you with your head thrown back, looking as if you could conquer worlds, and thinking I envied you. What have I but a few thousands a year and this dear old house?"

"That's just it," interrupted Aubrey; "the few thousands and the old house, that enable you at any time, when it shall so please you, to offer the one and the other to the woman you may love."

"Wheugh!" whistled Tom, "are you caught at last? But I thought you were already booked to some 'fayre ladye'—a cousin or something of that sort; and that not only a baronetcy, a long rent-roll, and broad lands were to be yours, but a wife, provided for you, into the bargain."

"Yes," bitterly resumed Elliott, "you are right. The title which must come to me is but a barren honour, for my uncle has the disposal of nearly all his immense fortune. Only a small property goes with the baronetcy; and it is his fancy and good will that I, his nearly penniless nephew, should wed his daughter, and that she should be dowered with his wealth and also share any honour to be derived from the title. She is, I hear, soon to leave school, and is said to be charming; but what can I care for a girl that was a baby when I last saw her? My uncle is very good—keeps me well supplied; but for all that I feel myself in chains and have not she means to free myself—not to speak of disappointing the old fellow, who has been better than a father to me."

"That's all very well," said Tom, wisely, as he lighted another cigar, and

offered one of his choice Havannas to his friend; "that's all very well, but suppose the old gentleman takes it into his head to marry again and there is another heir, the new son must have a proper amount of fortune. Where are you then, Aubrey?"

"That will never be. Ella and I have been engaged these fifteen years; all my uncle's affections are buried in his young wife's grave; and though he is not by any means an old man, and is still a handsome one, I have no fears; his whole love is centred in Ella."

"Perhaps so — perhaps so — but there's no counting on those old buffers," remarked Tom, more knowingly than elegantly. "But still your marriage with your cousin has nothing to do with your envying me; so let's hear all about it."

CHAPTER VI.

EXPLANATION.

"Well, I hardly know what to begin with; but as I was led into admitting my envious propensities, I may as well go a little farther and make a full confession. As I have just told you how matters stand between my uncle and myself, you will understand that whatever have been my temptations to try for some of the matrimonial prizes that have been offered during the last few years, a sense of honour, and perhaps a still more powerful reason, have prevented my entering the lists. Besides, my uncle has so set his heart on Ella being Lady Elliott, and remaining at the old hall, that he has taken good care to give a wide circulation to the fact of the engagement; and I have so long gone about feeling I was ticketed 'sold,' that it has at last become a matter of indifference, and I have been proof against the numberless attractions I have met with. Money has not had for me the fascinations it might have for others; for even in respect to that, my promised bride can distance the most; and but for this notion of her father's my cousin might choose from the highest in the land. My uncle is so liberal, that were it not for some terrible losses, I ought, as far as money and the advantages of having it go, to be one of the happiest fellows alive."

"I rather think you ought," rejoined Tom, "but somehow fellows like you are never satisfied. Here you are, plenty of cash, a lovely promised bride, the prospect of a title that bears the untarnished lustre of centuries, and everything the heart of man can desire, and yet you are envying me. Of course it's some woman that has upset your equilibrium."

"Do not speak like that, my dear Cullingham. I am serious, more so, on my honour, than I have ever felt in my life before. You may depend upon it, I am sincere in what I tell you; I never was so tempted to fling my prospects to the winds, and retire to love and a cottage. Were it not that I am so entangled by these cursed debts, I think nothing could restrain me. Woe worth the day indeed that I set foot in Ursford Grange!"

"Oh! I begin to see daylight, and the reason for the morning constitutionals. But who in Ursford has so bewitched you? I certainly don't know who may be lurking about; but if my recollection serves me, the ladies to be found hereabouts are scarcely of the sort to warrant such a suicidal act as you contemplate. There are the vicar's two daughters—red hair and a very useful set of prominent teeth are among their attractions; old Rasper, the lawyer, has a sister, but she must be forty-five at least; and then there's the doctor's maiden aunt; it can scarcely be any of them. We have not seen a soul from the houses round about, as at this early date everybody is in London. Come, Aubrey, you have fairly puzzled me this time."

"Your imagination does not carry you far enough. Certainly you are right as to the ladies you have named. But, jesting apart, do you not know any of the Chorley people—the village same few miles distant? Are there not a widow lady and her daughter living there, a Mrs. and Miss Wilmer?"

"Now really, Elliott," said his host, after some moments' speechless surprise, "you do not mean to say you

have met Mildred Wilmer, and know her, and have actually got so far as to make love to her? Why, of course, I have heard of her. She is the sweetest flower in the country, though it is some time since I saw her. As a young girl she gave promise of being a most lovely woman; but you are too late, Master Aubrey—everybody for miles round knows that young Ellmore, who has just come in for a wonderful stroke of fortune, means to have her. I heard some of the people about here speaking of the match only a day or so ago."

"This Mr. Ellmore may perhaps find he is in error," responded Aubrey; "but having told you so much, I know I can trust to your friendship to be quite silent on the subject. Let us go in; it is getting terribly late, and I want to be up early to-morrow morning. You will not feel surprised again if you inquire for me and find I am out. I am glad I have spoken to you; for I thought you might consider me rude if you had discovered that I left the house without telling you."

"No, my dear fellow, come and go as you like; but, Aubrey, mind what you are about; you are playing with edged tools this time. Beware of bringing unhappiness on the girl. If you can't afford to marry her, don't make her love you. You may get over what would be to her a life-long sorrow."

"Can you not do me more justice than that, Tom? I own it is seldom, but still I can be actuated by good and pure motives sometimes, and, by heaven! this is one of the times."

Nothing more was said between the friends as they retraced their steps towards the house. As they entered, a heavy dark cloud passed, and obscured the light of the moon, and the beauty of the scene was gone.—Was it more dark than the heavy shadow that was rising over the future of fair Mildred Wilmer?

CHAPTER VII.

REMONSTRANCE.

Next morning Tom Cullingham and his friend were seated at breakfast. Tom was full of new plans for enclosing a part of his woods, and had nothing to say but of keepers and their projects. He wanted Aubrey to go with him to inspect and give his opinion on some obstructions that seemed insurmountable, and though nothing could be further from Captain Elliott's inclinations, he assented as if this was the very thing he most desired. Some men, and he was one of them, seem to know the right sort of thing to do and say without any apparent effort; and while another hesitates, and proposes, and advances opinions wide of the mark in all sincerity and good will, he who does not care a straw for you or your doings, will lightly talk you out of your difficulties.

Such men are singularly attractive; it is their utter selfishness that enables them to look at things just as they are, without the interest that rises in a kindly heart for any little matter that concerns their friends.—Cool, complete egoism, is as efficacious as cool courage, only in a different way. Aubrey therefore acquiesced fully in Tom's ideas, and with his usual courtesy endeavoured to appear interested. Besides he thought if his friend had his head full of something else, he would not be putting any curious and inconvenient questions.

He was quite well aware that he had given but partial confidence the previous evening, and that Tom's surprise and curiosity had been aroused; so he chatted of pheasants and hares, their hatching and preserving, till honest Tom Cullingham's heart was charmed, and he thought Aubrey's equal was not to be met with for wisdom and knowingness. When ample justice had been done to the morning meal, the post arrived, and the bag was duly brought in by Vicars, the valet and *pro tem.* footman; for as yet Tom's establishment was not complete, and indeed he little cared, till some good wife should take her place and control these domestic arrangements, who did anything, so long as there was a superabundance of helpers and stable boys to take good care of his cherished idols, the horses, dogs, etc. There was a whole budget for Aubrey — business letters, some looking as if they came

from hands not too clean, morally or otherwise; and one or two tiny patchouli-scented notes, which he flung from him with a gesture of indifference which his fair correspondents, had they seen it, would scarcely have approved. There was one official letter, bearing the superscription of Her Majesty's Service, which he hurriedly broke open. Its contents, however, did not seem to please him, for with a muttered oath he threw it on one side. He opened one of the soiled ones we have alluded to, and began to peruse it, evidently with great interest, till turning the page he gave vent to a still stronger expletive, that made Tom look up with astonishment at this unusual display of annoyance on the part of his undemonstrative guest.

"What's up now, Aubrey?" he enquired, leaving his own letters, which mostly seemed advertisements from veterinary surgeons and vendors of every known kind of food for horses, cattle, and game. "What are you looking so savage about? Has your latest flame extinguished herself by bolting with the Honourable Somebody? or has 'Stella,' the Doncaster favourite, been eclipsed by some other star?" and Tom, who was tolerably *au courant* with Aubrey's betting entanglements, looked interested and curious.

"Far worse, my dear fellow; I hear there is an ugly whisper of scratching Alabaster, and the betting on her has been tremendous. It's a shameful business; I am involved to the tune of some hundreds, and after last month's work the prospect is black indeed." Aubrey passed his hand over his brow like one in pain. "I might tide over it as I have done so often, with my uncle's assistance, but just now—just now, when I hoped good luck was coming, about the only time I ever cared for it! Hitherto the excitement was all I wanted; win or lose little mattered, except the slight inconvenience of being temporarily hard up." He rose from his chair and walked up and down the room thoroughly perturbed, and what was stranger still, showing unmistakably his annoyance.

"Why man, what ever has upset you? Surely the disappointment of not pocketing a few thousands, or the loss of some hundreds, will not make you give up like that. Is it a worse business than you admit, Aubrey? I am not a rich man, but you know, my dear fellow, a friend can call upon me if he need it—and no one more than yourself——"

"I know it—I know it well;" and for once in his life Captain Aubrey Elliott felt really grateful; for there are few who cannot feel a thrill of gratitude at kindness offered in their extreme need, let them be what they may. As circumstances were, never before had Aubrey so desired wealth, or so coveted his neighbour's goods.

"Do not speak more of it; it's not the losses I am grieving for, but the flinging to the winds all the hopes and other thoughts I have entertained for weeks. Had luck attended me this time, I would have believed my good angel was in the ascendant, and that a future I had never dreamed of lay before me."

"Aubrey, you are not in your right senses. If this piece of bad work takes place, it is the best thing that could happen to you. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and perhaps though you can now only see in it disappointment and misfortune, you will get out of it the best piece of good going. Your revelations of last night enable me to guess what you are driving at; and indeed you must be mad to throw everything you have hitherto considered desirable to the mischief, for the sake of the fair face of a girl, whom three weeks ago you did not know. I will suppose the best" (and Tom showed he could be sensible and give good advice when occasion called for it), "and say you had the money and married the girl. After the rush of sentiment was over, what sort of a position would you both find yourselves in? You have not trained yourself to be satisfied with moderate means or prospects, and what you have required all your life would be met only by the gratification of a foolish passion that from its intensity must soon be over. Your desires would then all revert to your former certain position, which would be lost for ever. Your wife being

unaccustomed to that which even your reduced circumstances would give her, could not understand your longing for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and would bitterly resent it. Thus your grand plans of eternal happiness would, I take it, soon vanish into thin air, to say nothing of your uncle and the rest of it. Come, my boy, give this business up. You are engaged to one girl; what is the use of thinking of another? I will say nothing further, than just that I should steadily set my face against it. Remember, though she is poor, it is a lady who is concerned; and however seemingly unprotected, there are those about her who would take her part."

"It is easy for you to argue in that way, Tom," said Aubrey; "but the happiness of my life is at stake. I shall not lightly resign her."

"Pray, what do you intend doing, then?"

"I cannot say yet. I must, I expect, run up to town about those wretched debts. I have an intimation this morning that the regiment may be ordered to Malta shortly. Who knows what may turn up? If my uncle will only lend a helping hand this time, and I am sure he will, I shall get straight and start afresh."

"That won't be very honourable of you, to my thinking, Aubrey, to take the old man's money on the faith of your engagement to his daughter, and then bolt with someone else. My dear fellow," Tom added, "if you will only reflect quietly, you will see the whole affair in the same light as I do. You will recognise that in honour there is but one line of action open to you." Tom rose as he spoke. "We won't discuss this further now. I hear the dog-cart coming round. Will you soon be ready? A brisk drive will do you no end of good. Get the cobwebs out of your brain; and as confession is good for all things—mind, body, and soul—let's hear how this confounded business came about, and let's look to the end while we can."

Aubrey said nothing further, but picked up his letters and left the room. He soon returned, however, to take his seat beside his host, who was already seated, reins in hand, saying the usual soft things to his restless mare; while Phil, the stable lad, seemed to be straining every sinew and joint in his body to hold her in. Aubrey was up in a moment, and on Phil letting her have *her* head, the beauty, for beauty she was, by way of thanks, nearly knocking off *his*, dashed off at lightning speed. Aubrey had regained his usual *nonchalance*, and Tom was not without hope as to the good effect of his remonstrances.

(To be continued.)

SONG.

Say, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

—*Lord Lyttleton.*

AMONG THE HILLS.

By JAMES HINGSTON.

"A change of air" is held to be a good thing, though we see many people get on very well without it. A millionaire, of multiplied millions strength, is known to me as not having had a holiday or change of air for forty years. In feminine utterances a few words mean much, though many words often enough mean nothing. "Wanting a change" is a formula used by the ladies, and great is the meaning thereof. If notice be given to it, the fact will be observed that womankind are generally first in the favouring and making of changes. While our bachelor friends stick on, decade after decade, at the same residences, most of our married acquaintances have changed their localities many times. A married friend of mine tells me that he has had seventeen changes of residence in the sixteen years of his married life. "It is not my doings," he says, as if he thought some apology necessary for such erratic instability.

After breathing town atmosphere, a sniff of sea air is very gratefully received. So, after much inhaling of a marine air, is the aroma of the bush, the smell of gum and of gumtrees, and that indescribable odour which would tell us, though blindfolded, of our being in the bush as plainly as the salt water bespeaks its presence to seashore visitors. Tiring for a time of all the agreeable things which civilisation supplies at head-quarters, we seek a change with all its attendant discomforts. We never know when we are well off. At home we picture happiness in being abroad. We go away, only the better to perceive how much better off we were when at home. In "As You Like It," the fool gives the philosophy of travel. He says "And now I am in the Forest of Arden; and the more fool I! When I was at home I was in a much better place, but travellers must be content." Shakspeare's fools say many wise things. By their lips he uttered much of what was the advanced thought not of his time but of one who thought for all time.

For a change from a seaside atmosphere to an inland one, I am bid to go among the hills. In the bush on the north side of the Gippsland line, I shall find a tract of hilly country between the Beaconsfield Station and the Dandenong Ranges. Perched there among the sunny hills I shall find one, the scene from which the eyesight fills—so extensive is the view all around. A bush-built hotel, called the Beaconsfield House, will supply all the tourist needs for a short spell, as also a change of air of a very decided character from that of Brighton, St. Kilda, Sorrento, or Queenscliff. So now for two nights, and the best of two days of bush life.

A midday train from Princes Bridge Station takes one on a trip of nearly two hours to Beaconsfield Station. It is a pretty and often a picturesque road on either side of the rail for the little time of the travel. Country lanes of inviting look are here and there visible, tempting one to leave the cars. The prospect for doing so is that of a pleasant stroll between old English-looking hedges upon red-gravelly soil. These attractions do not delay one however, being but glimpses of the good things which are in expectancy further ahead. In about an hour's time from starting, the train reaches Rosstown. What memories of the struggles of colonial life are brought back to me in that name of Rosstown! The romance of it is a little Victorian idyll worth telling, and well illustrative of what may happen to a man in Australia.

Thirty years ago or thereabouts there came to Victoria the enterprising and energetic Mr. Murray Ross, whose

name I am pleased to see will be preserved to future generations, in that given to what was his once princely estate in this quarter. Mr. Ross made his first purchase here twenty-seven years since, buying two hundred acres in what was then wild and remote country. With that farsightedness which can see into the future, this first purchase was followed up by others, until, only ten years ago, Mr. Ross looked upon a thousand acres hereabout as his own property, at a cost of some twenty-two thousand pounds. With the wholeheartedness which was needed to such a venture, he now gave up his Insurance Company managership to begin here a new Victorian industry. That was the manufacture of beetroot sugar. The undertaking was a praiseworthy one, and to its success, or as help to it, there was the Government project of a line of railway touching the Rosstown estate.

The Government railway was not made as proposed—the line diverged elsewhere. In this dilemma Mr. Ross determined on constructing a branch line himself. At such project he laboured to pass a private bill session after session, for years and years, until he obtained what he asked for. Few folks know, happily for themselves, the cost of private bills, but that heavy expense, and the five years lost over it compelled the enterprising owner to mortgage his estate. All along he had looked for promised aid from the Hobson's Bay Railway Company, whom he expected to take over the construction of this branch line. Unhappily, as soon as the permission to make it was obtained, the Hobson's Bay Company's line was sold to the Government, and Mr. Ross was left in the lurch.

The sugar-works had commenced well, but were found to need much capital. A company was projected for working them, but now came strong opposition from the rival Victoria Sugar Company, and the Footscray representatives of that industry. Those enquiring about sugar and its prospects were bluffed off from joining Mr. Ross, and thus, with multiplying difficulties, his beet-root sugar-works had to be suspended. Troubles never come alone, and they come most heavily upon pioneers. While money had been draining away over the railway project, Mr. Ross had, as stated, to mortgage his estate, relying upon the sugar-works project to provide funds for paying the interest. Now that such enterprise had been compulsorily suspended, he found, like Samson, the Philistines come down upon him. For breach in payment of what was due for interest, the fine Rosstown estate was sold privately by the mortgagees, on insufficient notice, for little more than what the unimproved land had cost long years before.

Mr. Ross might have died broken-hearted, or have been driven to suicide, at such ill turns of fortune. He took a third course, however, in going to law to get back what he considered had been unjustly taken from him. The law does sometimes help a poor man. In this case it helped him, and he was again declared owner of the Rosstown estate—plenty of aid forthcoming now to pay off the hungry mortgagees. He set about completing his railway project—understanding that he could join his branch line to the main one. To do this it was necessary to cross the line then making to Frankston, which it was afterwards found he could not be allowed to do on the level first projected. It was impossible to meet the new demands of the Government; who for relief, proposed to buy this branch line, and from time to time repeated a yet unfulfilled promise to do so.

Relying upon these promises Mr. Ross went ahead with the dormant sugar-works—importing the best improved machinery needed for it. The cost of constructing the railway and renewing the sugar business again brought their struggling projector into financial difficulties. "That curse of public men—the want of pence" has hampered most of the pioneers of Victoria, and crushed many "enterprises of great pith and merit." If the good man struggling with difficulties "is the sight the gods best love," they had a fine prospect afforded them in Mr. Ross' troubles. He had now to sell his large estate to pay creditors, and, unfortunately for him, to sell in that depressed

time, a few years back, when property buyers were few and loth to purchase country lands. The freaks of fortune! He can look now at an estate worth many hundreds of thousands, which might have been his to-day had he not tried to improve it. To let it lay idle was not to help "advance Australia" but yet it would have enriched him with that "unearned increment" so many others have undeservedly obtained. The romance of Rosstown will not have been told in vain, if it prove a warning of what troubles await the zealous, the earnest, and hardworking pioneers of industry, and projectors of useful enterprises. Mr. Ross unfortunately seems likely to be solaced only with such sympathy, for the loss of life-long labour, and at cost of his whole hard earnings, savings, and borrowings, some £40,000.

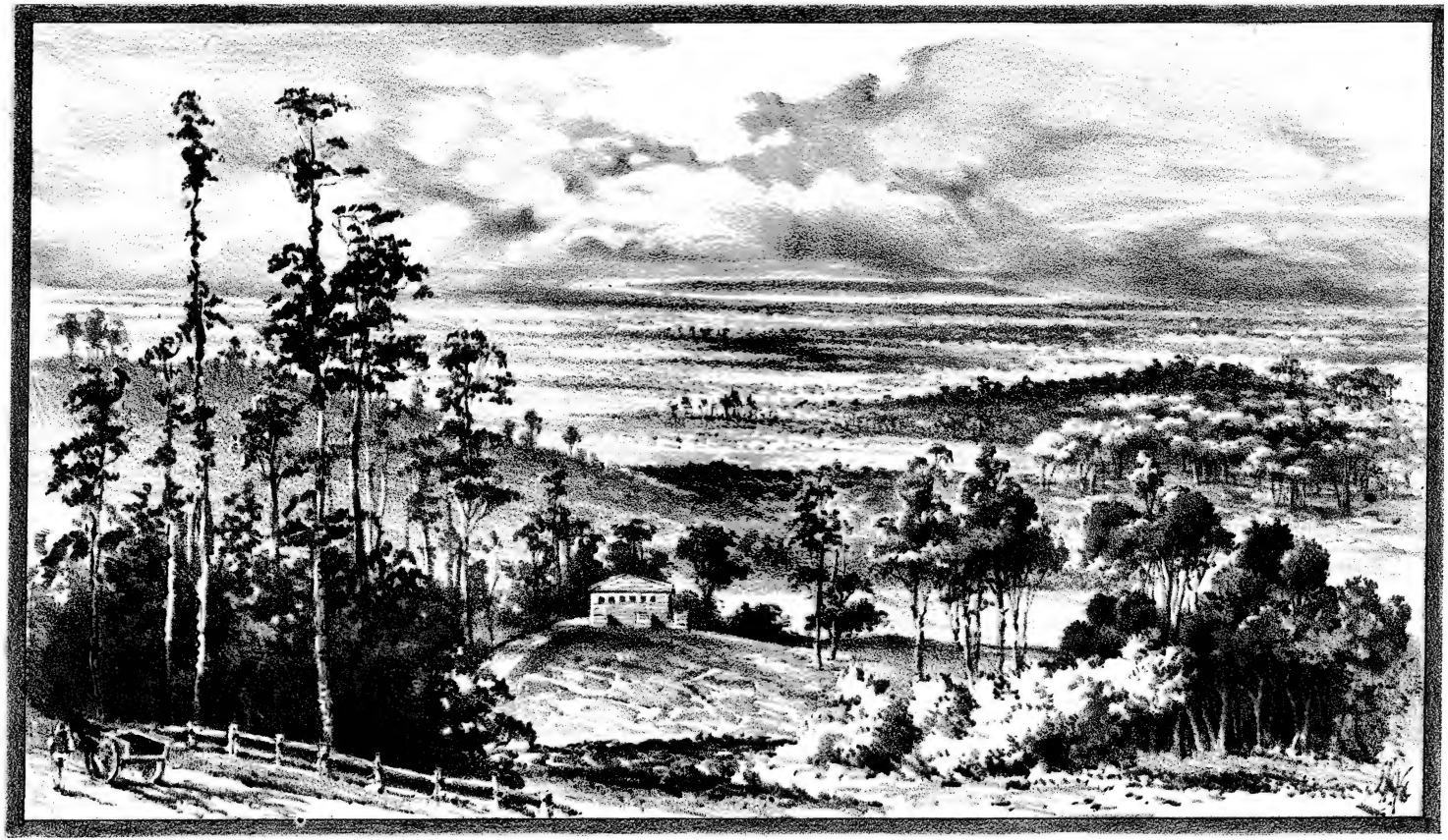
None other of the stations that we pass have such a story to be told of their surroundings, and it is as well perhaps that they have not. "Blessed is the country that has no history," and it is to be observed generally, and as a rule, that in nine cases out of ten bygone remembrances are mournful ones. It is something, however, to meet with a story of any kind and of any place in this new land of ours, in which there is so little that is legendary. I can half believe in the bunyip now, when I hear a fellow passenger talking of some wonders of natural history to be found along this line of rail. He avers that he, assisting at the making of the line, saw that of which he tells. In excavating the rich red soil lying a little further ahead of us, it was common, he said, for the shovel to cut in half earthworms as abnormally long and thick as eels and snakes. I may, I think, put this information away with the tales of those who aver that they have seen sea-serpents.

Some of the stations, if they recall no memories, cause enquiry. It is as to the meaning of their prettily sounding native names. Very euphonious are Murrumbeena and Narrewarren, the latter meaning, I am told, "road to the sea." Such, and the like, remind one that it is a fine Australian day that I am enjoying and not an English one—a thing quite necessary when so much that is English-looking is to be seen hereabout. The line is, all the way, a single-railed one, and the pace of that quiet-going kind which takes from one all fear of the disquieting of the nervous system which rapid travelling is said to produce.

Beaconsfield station is quite in the bush. There are but two or three cottages visible from it. A waggonette is in waiting to take up those like myself bound to Beaconsfield House. As it holds but four, and there are five of us besides the driver, I draw his attention to the necessity of progressing with the times. He is alive to the necessity, and tells me that a larger and better vehicle has been built for him, and will the following week be in use. Five minutes on the road we turn a corner and see the Beaconsfield Hotel—a neat little house kept by host Gissing, with an intimation outside that those desiring independent exploration may be here provided with horses and vehicles. To those having a week to spare among the hills to which we are bound, such accommodation becomes a great help.

The driver is an old stager in this quarter--a quarter that eight or nine years back had no settlers in it. He tells me of the history of the place. That fine house on the hill to the right, shortly after passing the hotel, is Mr. Armytage's, formerly Mr. Ramsden's. It is finely situated, overlooking its one or two hundred acres of well-grassed land. To the left are the house and extensive lands of Mr. Gibbs, the M.L.A. for the district and a well-known grazier. The road now becomes hilly, and the occasional walking pace to which we are reduced in consequence gives time for talk.

Our driver is a selector, and one of the earliest in this locality. That is his house—there to the right—in its forty acres of selected land, a comfortable-looking affair of apparently too large a size. The reason given is that it is used as a boarding-house, and, being well known as such, is seldom wanting in lodgers, seeking like myself a change of air. To the left of the road, quite hidden among the trees, is building a ladies' college of some pretentions—of the name of which I have not taken



View from road just below Beaconsfield House.

note. All around are clearings—the selectors' names being given by our driver, as well as the acreage and the prices given by those who are occupiers at second or third hand. The selections appear to be all of twenty acres, but additions of adjoining selections of this sized area have been made by most of those now occupying the land.

Our Jehu has an eye to business in answering to such enquiries. He acts as land-agent for many of the lots we pass. I can have this one at £7 per acre, or half of that one at the same rate. It is uncleared land, and but poorly fenced, for which I am thus asked to pay at the rate of seven times the cost price to its original selector. Driver explains to me that the times have altered since, nine years ago, all the land hereabout could be had on the easy terms of a pound per acre, with prolonged years for payment of that, now seemingly, low price. Little indeed appears to have been done to the land beyond fencing it in. Even the huts that were, necessarily, at one time, upon each twenty-acre allotment, are no longer visible. When the land was fully paid for, the continuance of these rude necessities disappeared, and their materials were sold to other settlers intending permanent residence hereabout.

Beaconsfield House is visible now and again in openings among the trees. It is reached at the end of an hour and a half's uphill drive, when our vehicle draws up at its garden fence. Two cross-roads or tracks have been passed on the journey. The first, I am told, leads to Berwick—a township which supplies all the store wants of the settlers hereabout. From Berwick come the carts of the butcher and baker, with twice-a-week calls upon the customers here and there scattered among the hills. The second road would take me to Gembrook, some two hours' further drive, and more favoured by selectors who were desirous of better farming land than that to be found about Beaconsfield.

The host of Beaconsfield House wishes that we had telegraphed him of our coming. His house is the post and telegraph station for this part of the world. He is crowded, and we must put up with what accommodation we can get. As it is Hobson's choice, I am glad to get anything. There is an aroma of my digging days of '52 about the place—the smell of the gum-trees and the general savour of things which recall Fryer's Creek and the Loddon Junction. I should be quite prepared to be put away in a tent, and to again sleep on a stretcher or on a baker's sack nailed to four short posts —the usual digger's bed in the early digging days.

As it is, I am, with the manager of a leading insurance company, introduced to a neat little cot, standing away from the house on the hillside. It is a weather-board little place in a breezy situation, with a view of boundless extent on three sides of it. To look at the Bay I must go uphill back to the main building, from which the view is to Port Phillip and Western Port in one direction, and to the Dandenong Ranges and the more distant Baw Baws in every other. Nothing interrupts the view from the hill-top on which Beaconsfield House is situated. Though but twelve hundred feet or so above sea-level, it commands a prospect only to be expected from mounts of twice its altitude.

Interested in the place, I inquire its history, and learn the little that has to be told. Ten years ago all was waste, and the solitude unbroken here and all around by man and his doings. The kangaroos increased and multiplied, and the opossums and wallaby replenished the earth then as they had done for thousands of years before. The pioneer settler was a wandering linen-draper, who wandered this way into the bush ten miles from off the track of the old Gippsland road. He must have had bush instincts to trust himself so far away among the then thickly-timbered hills and gullies. He climbed the hill upon which Beaconsfield House stands—a tall mount surrounded on all sides near and far with other like mounts. "Jerusalem! mountains encompass her!" might have been his exclamation, and have been rightly enough said. Solomon's city stands on a mount, to which the approach from the plains of Sharon is similar to

that made to Beaconsfield. The background of the higher Mount of Olives is alone wanting to complete the similarity of site.

This pioneer selected the site he had thus discovered, and built a four-roomed weather-board habitation here. Some of it is probably yet among the timbers of Beaconsfield House, the fourth owner of which is now in possession. Host Sumner, with his genial wife and daughter, well advertise, in their personal appearance, the health-giving air of the place. It is pleasant, indeed, to look upon their plump and fresh-coloured faces and his farmer-like look. With the invalids who are here seeking convalescence the comparison is conspicuous indeed. It must be pleasant to the sickly, who come here seeking health in a change of air, to see in Mr. Sumner and his family what the climate of this locality will do for those who make a sufficiently lengthened trial of it. It is curative and health-inspiring to look upon such people as our host and his family. In that feeling I once asked a rosy-faced, chubby-cheeked doctor to visit me as often as possible—his presence seemed to do me as much good as his medicine. This was Dr. Maund, now many years deceased. When telling him how I envied his appearance of superabundant health he proceeded to undeceive me.

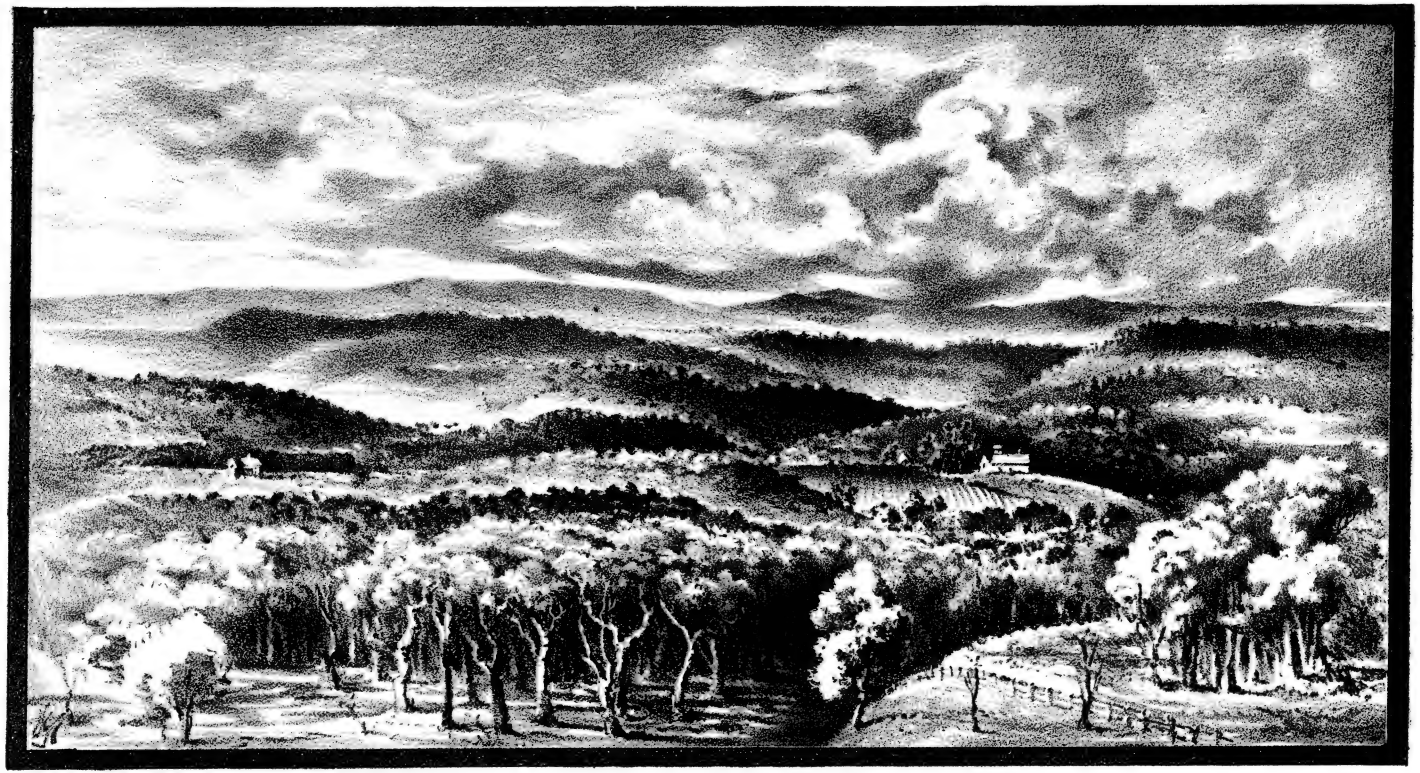
"I had rather have your constitution," he said, "it is not a good thing to be too healthy. Such as I am do not stand sickness so well as you do. I have too good an appetite, and not exercise enough to work off the effects of it!"

We are too apt to envy others without considering all things. If we did so we should be better satisfied with our own lot. There are drawbacks to all that we are too apt to think so much advantageous. Everything is compensated, or balanced, if we but look at it sufficiently. This fine, healthy-looking young doctor died of diarrhœa within twelve months after the little talk with him which I have now recorded.

The sunset visible this evening made a grand effect—so advantageously seen as it was. Admiring it, I am bidden to see what the sunrise will be as viewed from the bedroom window of my little hillside cot—the outlook from frm which is towards the sunrise. The fine sunset bespeaks a warm next day, and I am glad to be where I can sleep coolly and bear blankets upon the bed. A fresh breeze blows in through the open door, though I can well believe it was then swelteringly hot in Melbourne. No mosquitoes are about, and, for the bush, I am agreeably surprised at the few flies to trouble one. My thoughts go back to the tent life at Fryer's Creek, where I became first aware of the trouble which the Egyptians know so much of, in the "plague of flies." In less than five minutes from turning in, as early as nine p.m., I am sound asleep. So sound indeed that the sun is up before me, and I miss the expected sight of its rising out of yonder mountain range of the Baw Baws.

Writes Bunyan, "they laid the pilgrim in a large upper chamber, the windows of which opened towards the sun rising. Here he slept peacefully through the night, and in the morning awoke and sang." I noted that sentence long years ago, and have had often cause to remember it. There are blessed mornings when one must burst into song—and that even while shaving. It is all climatic and atmospheric I suppose, but this gaiety of spirit will cause melodious utterance—whether it be melody to others or not. Something of the sort was the matter on this morning, and I gave credit for it all to the mountain breeze entering at the door, and the glorious sunshine coming in at the window. As late at night, so now in the early morning, it was deliciously cool. By-and-by, when the sun got overhead it would, I knew, be otherwise, and so I enjoyed all the more the start I had got of the warm time coming.

For the day there was choice of visiting any of the surrounding hills and the villas capping them. The ceremony of introduction is not much needed here in the bush. It is mostly enough to lift the latch, in the Irish fashion, with a "God save all here," to those within. As often as not no one is to be found within. The visitor may then wander, as I did, over well-furnished but untenanted rooms, and wonder at the



View from Author's bedroom window, showing Mr. K's house and Baw Baws in distance

faith, confidence, and ease of mind, that so trusts to the honesty and goodness of such tramps as myself. At one house at which I so call, the parlour table has the cards of many callers on it, and some of the pasteboards have apparently lain there for a fortnight. If I should find my bedroom burned down when I return, I shall know where to find well-furnished and quite unoccupied chambers awaiting me in this deserted villa. It was, indeed, but one of many in that condition—the summer resorts of town residents.

The finest of the locations on these hill-tops is that of Messrs. K.——. Over three thousand acres are here cleared, and two handsome villas on it are thus brought into view, facing each other on distant mounts. This fine estate is well worth a visit, and a longer one than I could give to it. One of the family is present, and takes a pleasure in courteously showing me around. I do not ask him why one of his eyes is closed up and much swollen. It is not always advisable to ask questions about a disfigured face. I should have expected only the usual reply as to a black eye, the which, it is well known, is generally caused by chopping wood. He takes me to the tower surmounting the handsome villa, which is a goodly landmark for the neighbourhood. The view from it is second only to that obtainable from Beaconsfield House.

At one part of these extensive hill-side clearings is a group of what I take to be dog-kennels. Why five-and-twenty dog-kennels should be collected in a sheltered corner is not at once comprehensible. They have, in the distance, a new or clean appearance, and it is to be noticed that the openings or doorways are not yet made, or are, in all cases, on the other end of the kennel to that facing me. The observant but non-enquiring mind would take them to be unfinished kennels waiting completion before distribution about this large estate. Directing the field-glass towards them they are seen to be of the size and shape of doghouses, with the angular and overhanging roofing common to such constructions. There can be no doubt about it, but still a question cannot be out of the way. In feminine style, I make a remark instead of a query. A remark is supposed to show wisdom and a desire to express one's judgment on a matter. "I hope that you enjoyed your company last night," is a remark calculated to bring out information much better than the plain query, "I should like to know where you were last night?"

"Making work for your carpenters in the dog-kennel way, I see!"

"Those are not dog-houses—they are beehives!"—is the answer I get.

We adjourn to have a closer look at them, and they are now seen to have only a small mousehole opening, instead of a dog-like doorway. To my surprise I learn that bees always work in the dark. My informant sees that I know but little about bees and their doings, and proceeds to enlighten me. To do this he says that he will remove the roof of one of the hives, and show me what is going on within.

"The bees will come out, and I shall be stung to death!" is what I say, and justifiably enough, looking at his eye closed up and swollen by the sting of these creatures, of which fact I now learn.

"No! I shall smoke them first," he says, and then proceeds to light a piece of tow-rope, and, when the flame has been blown out, to enclose the smoking remnant in a bellows. A few whiffs from the nozzle are now sent into the hive through its only aperture. "All the bees will now be dazed and stupified for five minutes or more!" is what he says as he proceeds to take off the roof. Half-a-dozen frames are then to be seen, dropped into slides, and one of these he takes out. Holding it up he brushes off, with his hand, the crowd of bees who had been working in the cells which the framework encloses. The bees tumble back into the hive as if they were inanimate—as, indeed, they now are. "These upper cells are, as you see, filled with honey; these lower protuberances are young bees in process of hatching. Each of these hives will contain forty pounds of honey—all made in a few months. The honey sells in the comb at fourteen pence a pound"—with which

information the frame is restored to its slides and the roof again replaced. I ask—

"How will each bee again find the cell it was at work upon—the cells are all alike?"

"There are some thousands of bees in each hive, and they have each their work to do, and make no mistakes."

"How do you fill the new hives as you get them made?"

"Each queen bee produces thousands of young ones; and when a hive gets crowded, the surplus issue forth with a queen of their selection, and take a house of their own. Next year I expect to have five hundred of these hives at work in place of five-and-twenty."

I begin to ruminate. Honey-growing looks a likelier business to me just now than wool-growing. The spirit of enquiry comes upon me. I learn that bees are untroubled with any of the ailments which the wool-grower knows too much of—scab, foot-rot, fluke, and all the rest of it. The kea-parrot and the dingo do not decimate the bees, and no boundary riders or shearers are needed. The shepherd, or his substitute, has an easy time of it—my informant alone, for instance, looks after these twenty-five hives, and then with only an occasional once a week look at them and their contents. I remark now—

"The drought does not trouble the bees—nor any distemper. No need to find them food or water, and no necessity to brand them?"

"No! they find their own food, summer and winter, and each bee knows its own hive!"

"Do they do any damage to the fruit?" I ask, thinking of the strawberries, raspberries, and currants, so plentifully grown hereabout.

"No!—a bee is incapable of penetrating the skin of any fruit; its mouth is a sucking one only—not a biting one. It will suck from broken fruit, and from that only."

"What is the drawback, then, to a more general cultivation of bees, and the profits they bring?"

"Only ignorance! People are afraid of them. In America it is a great industry, and a very productive one. I seldom get stung, and the effect of the sting is easily removed. The bees get to know their attendants, as wild animals do, and you can then do as you like with them. They give way to those who are not afraid of them, and you soon learn their ways and curious manners and customs."

"What is the object of a bee's life?"

"Very like ours, working hard and saving the results!"

"Saving up for what?"

"For a large family and rainy day—bees don't go out in wet weather. The queen goes abroad but once, and then to find a mate. She returns to the hive alone, and produces brood after brood for the three years or more of her existence. The working bees produce no young ones—they only assist in bringing up the queen's multitudinous young, and finding them food; they are nurses and labourers only. All the working bees are females—no male bees are to be found in a hive. A beehive is a huge nursery, with one brood bee, and thousands of servants."

"Curious arrangement! What becomes of the male bees?"

"They are killed off by the working ones. The few that escape are left to lead a wandering out-of-door life—mere vagrants. They have no sting, and produce no honey. It is to meet with one of them that the queen takes her one flight abroad. Her honeymoon is a short one, and her mate never survives it. She returns to produce her large and repeated broods, and he dies."

"Cruel fate!"

"Yes it is that—for the queen kills him!"

Strange, indeed, I think, are the ways of nature. Cruel, too, it seems, until I remember that Pope has told us that "whatever is, is right."

As I leave the hives a bee travels along with me on my coat sleeve, and is now looked upon very differently indeed to all bees seen aforetime. They had been viewed with outward eyes only, and so disregarded. This one is seen with the mind's eye, and

the awakened thought Mr. K—— has kindly stirred up. He spoke of ignorance as preventing folks from becoming bee keepers. He might have enlarged upon that subject of general ignorance about bees, and made me still more sensible of it. What a study they afford—more interesting, far, than the fourteen pence a pound to be obtained for their honeycomb. One bee doing the whole of the maternity among ten thousand. Going abroad but once—not for honey making, but for a honeymoon. A brief honeymoon of an hour, and then a life of three or four years of widowhood, secluded retirement, and the maternal care demanded by a progeny of thousands, that come and keep coming for three years.

Upon this one mysteriously ever-breeding queen bee attend thousands of willing bees, useful only as soldiers, nurses, workers, and providers. As useful in the way of soldiers as the bands of two-handed sword wielders kept by Japanese princes, and, in another light, as the eunuchs of an Eastern harem. Does nature furnish any parallel to this with other insects? A crowd of thousands to attend upon one. One alone to produce thousands of young in a life of widowhood devoted to one end only. The working bees, denied the pleasures of paternity or maternity, guard the palace with their stings, are ever working as builders in waxwork, and, when not working or nursing, are, with their wondrously-constructed tongues, sucking sweets from herbs, flowers, and grasses.

While ruminating upon all this and much more of the like, Mr. K—— is taking me about among the strawberries and raspberries and currants. They have all a finer flavour when eaten fresh plucked. In that respect fruit is like fish, the full flavour of which is only realisable when transferred from the hook to the gridiron. I am shown acres of orchards near and afar off—too far off in some cases to be reached on a warm day. Two or three days would be wanted to see properly all that is to be shown on this large estate. Stuffed with newly-acquired knowledge and fruit, I am now taken to coolness within doors, and persuaded—without any needless pressing—to drink of excellent colonial wine. "How to live in the country" is well to be seen on a visit like this among the hills and the bush-covered gullies of these ranges.

On the way back I meet with Mr. B——, a genuine backwoodsman. He is one who can live where townsmen would starve, and not only live but make livings for others and a fortune for himself. A more unlikely money-making place than these ranges could not, to my eyes, well be found. But that, like the unknown matter of the bees, is accountable only to my ignorance. In these ranges is to be found valuable timber by those who, like Mr. B——, can find it without losing themselves, and know it when they find it. On two hillsides—five miles apart—he has found timber that will furnish supplies for years to come. He has shown it to others who know its value. His knowledge and enterprise have been helped by their aid—in money shape. He has formed two companies of such adventurers, and has built two saw mills, employing some score of hands to each. To bring timber to the railroad side he has constructed two tramways of five miles in length through the bush.

"And does all that pay?" is what I ask.

"Yes, pays well! One company is getting fifteen per cent. on the investment. The other, when got to full work, will, I expect, pay double that amount!"

Thirty per cent. to be got for money invested among the wild woods of these ranges is something that tells well of what may be done—when the right man is found to do it. When the right man is found to do anything it is, however, generally done well. It becomes quite clear to me that I should not be the right man among these hills. The only thing I should be likely to do would be to lose myself in the bush and to die there of thirst.

"How do you get water hereabout?" I ask.

"We are never short of rain, and preserve our supplies in tanks. These thickly wooded ranges attract the clouds, so that droughts are unknown to us."

In the next hill-top clearing which I visit I find the owner to be absent from his house, which is left all at my service. Fronting his door is a huge pond supplied by a natural spring. On every hill top the panorama seems to change, and new views come into the range of vision.

"Among that clump of trees yonder" —apparently miles away—"is the State school for this district!"

It seems a strange place for a State school or a school of any sort. One thing is certain that the children are training for good bushmen—able to find their way about where I should likely not do so, and many others would do no better. By the time I get back to Beaconsfield House I shall, I perceive, be well disposed for a rest. A townsman's legs soon tire in this hilly country. Not that I have seen a tithe of what could be seen on a week's stay hereabout. On every side my guide points out to me the lands of well-known people, known at least by name. I am surprised to find how many of my acquaintances have got land here —for investment or home-making purposes.

"Nice retreats to come to when the Russians invade us?" is what my companion now remarks.

That is another view of the matter, and perhaps may some day be a sensible one. It is the unexpected that always happens, and the world is not always to be peaceable as at present. A European war might make a residence here more desirable than in Melbourne.

"That is Mr. So-and-so's selection" —a well-known lawyer being named. It cost him twenty pounds for the twenty acres. The house and the fencing cost perhaps a hundred and fifty more. He sold it last month for six hundred and fifty pounds to Mr. Blank, the architect."

Such notes as these I might make in plenty, but one instance will serve to illustrate the many I am furnished with.

Before my tramp is finished, I am taken to another clearing in which two ladies have established a chicken-rearing industry. One of them came here two years back for health, which she has deservedly found. For occupation she turned her attention to fowls, eggs, and chickens. Nature is here assisted by art, in the shape of an incubator. I pass from one divided yard to another, keeping an eye to my feet that I may not tread upon any of the broods of chicks running about. When I reflect that I have seen more paid in the Melbourne market for a pair of chickens than for a whole sheep's carcase, this industry seems likely as a paying one. As I am with ladies, I avoid asking many questions, having observed that curiosity, though a feminine characteristic, is not appreciated in others by most of womankind.

I shall want no rocking to sleep this night. After tea time, however, I am sought out and taken to the hospitable home of a five years' settler resident a mile away. From his home the light in a window of Beaconsfield House is to be seen, so far aloft and away that I mistake it for a star. It will guide me homewards if he does not accompany me—which, however, he insists upon doing. If I had thought that life hereabouts was too solitary, I am undeceived by the evening's experience. Visitors drop in one after another, until his house is well filled; music and singing are resorted to, and I might believe that I was in St. Kilda or South Yarra, instead of far away among the hills and gum-trees.

By six next morning I am awakened to take my place in the waggonette bound for the railway station. The return downhill journey is a pleasanter and quicker made one than was the uphill one coming. In the cool of the morning it was really delightful, and I reach the train, and subsequently town, quite refreshed and invigorated by my two nights' refreshing sleep among the hills.

EVELINE HOWARD

By "MINA."

CHAPTER IV.

"Has it ever been?" That is the question that I kept asking myself over and over again. "Has it ever been?" Am I the same being who wandered through the Abbotsmead meadows some months ago, with a sweet-faced woman as my companion? I can scarcely believe it. Surely it was only a dream. Would that it had only been a dream! I drew from my pocket a small packet of letters, comprising in all twelve only, well worn with constant reading, and I knew that I was indeed awake. Yes, I was the same being who wandered through the Abbotsmead meadows some months ago with Eveline Sherwin. And these twelve letters were written in her hand; they were all she had sent to me. Might I not well ask myself if the past, in which she and I were all in all to each other, had ever been! Then I took the letters up and read them again; how full they were of earnest womanly faith and tenderness! And yet she was like all the rest, I thought; the old story—forgetfulness when separation came. How could I ever have expected a girl like Eveline, so gifted mentally and physically, to remain true to a poor fellow like me, when so many wealthy ones would be glad to win her? And yet who could help trusting her? She would have deceived a far wiser man than I. Even when I knew beyond all doubt that she had forgotten me, I could not believe that at heart she was false and untruthful. The idea did indeed strike me that my father was in some way connected with my trouble, and the discontinuance of Eveline's letters; but I could not long entertain so bad an opinion of him as that. Three months after the arrival of her last letter, being still haunted with the fear that there was something underhand going on, I wrote, asking her to direct her answer to the house of some poor people, old servants of ours, who resided in Abbotsmead. My letter was returned through the Dead Letter Office. And so the romance of my life came to an untimely end, the incentive to labour was gone from my life. Should I, as time rolled on, learn to place the smallest reliance on a woman again? Yes! I might. I felt quite convinced that I should never love another as I had loved Eveline; no! that was impossible. I might marry, probably I should, but no one could ever fill my heart as Eveline had done.

Several years passed, during which I had succeeded wonderfully, far beyond my expectations, in my profession, and my father, very proud of me, had taken care that I should be introduced to several young ladies from whom in a monetary sense he considered I might select a suitable match. It was a matter of almost indifference to me, though as the prospect of a long life lay before me, what a lonely fire-side mine would be! How desolate, how different from the future I had pictured to myself some years previously! So, after some reflection, I concluded that my father's opinion was a wise one, and that I should look about for a lady who would feel inclined to be my wife, though I could never meet another Eveline. I accordingly accepted some of my numerous invitations, and looked out in a business kind of way for a wife who would satisfy even my father.

It was eleven o'clock, one evening in May, when I entered the ball-room at Denham Chase. After greeting my hostess, I made my way slowly along

the brilliantly lighted rooms, meeting here and there one whom I happened to know, till suddenly I came face to face with a lady who by report was soon to become my wife. I certainly had paid her a little attention, and I went to the ball with her that night with the design of finding out what success I might have. Not that my heart was much concerned in the matter, and to do myself justice, I did not intend to profess more than I really felt; then I should leave the lady to decide whether the regard and esteem I could show would suffice for my lack of affection. Of course I knew that such marriages are made every day, and that of real love there is but little. So, after exchanging the common civilities, and engaging myself to her for a couple of dances, I led her out into the conservatory, and thence into the fernery, which was designed with exquisite taste, and in which it was Sir James Denham's pride and delight to collect the ferns and beautiful plants of the tropics. My companion was a Miss Raymond, the only daughter of a naval officer, who had lately come into a large fortune. I had met her many times lately, but certainly I had no particular affection for her. I should never love again, I was quite convinced of that; a probability or at least a possibility of another forty or fifty years of life was before me, and no prospect of a bright loving future; life seemed very dreary, for every now and again came the face of my lost Eveline before me as I last saw her. It was all a dream; I had not been worthy of her, and a flood of emotions swept over me as I thought of some one more fortunate than I, winning my darling. But I must be a man, and act a man's part, and thereby at least give satisfaction to my father. So, mentally resolving to ignore the past, I led Miss Raymond to a seat. I do not think a man ever felt less sentimental than I did at that moment. "Miss Raymond," I said, breaking the momentary silence, "I asked you here to settle a question which will materially affect both our futures. I will not insult or mislead you by pretending an affection I do not feel—can never feel again in this world, but if you will be satisfied to share my home and name, I will endeavour to make you a good husband, and to give you no cause to regret becoming my wife; could you be happy with me?" She made no reply, but looked up into my face with tears in her eyes, and drew closer to me.—— So Beatrice Raymond and I were engaged. My father was so pleased when he heard of my engagement, that he very nearly shook my arm off; he was immeasurably gratified. Congratulations poured in upon me from all sides, and I was looked upon as a remarkably fortunate fellow.

Shall I ever forget the dreams that haunted my sleep on the night of our engagement? I dreamt that Eveline was dying, and that I was standing by her bedside; all our old love had returned, and I was entreating her to try to live for my sake. I felt the pressure of her hand, and heard her murmur as she looked up longingly into my face, "Too late, too late, dear Harold, but we shall meet again, the parting is not for ever;" and then I knelt to receive her dying blessing, and in so doing I awoke. What an awakening! with Eveline thus in my mind, the subject of all my dearest thoughts, I was about to lead to the altar a girl for whom now I felt no sympathy, no love. Was I doing justice either to myself, or to her? Yet, I reflected, such marriages are made continually; and then came the thought, that by this time doubtless another claimed Eveline's love. With these thoughts I hardened myself, and prepared to meet Beatrice Raymond, whom I had at least promised to protect and respect. So another month passed, and my wedding drew near.

CHAPTER V.

I had been married a few months, and at my wife's wish we had gone down to Scarborough, and were staying at a pretty hotel, situated on the north shore; of course, we occupied private rooms. During the afternoon of the particular day to which I am about to refer, we went for a drive. When we returned home we dined; and, the evening

being remarkably fine, we strolled out for a quiet walk. We had not gone far before we came upon a lady, who was evidently, like ourselves, enjoying the evening air. "Another lady," I remarked in an undertone to my wife, "as regardless of the evening dew as you are," for I had in vain endeavoured to persuade her to wrap a shawl or some covering round her shoulders. As I spoke, the unknown lady drew near, and, raising her eyes, fixed them for an instant first on me, then on my wife, while an exclamation of surprise and horror burst from my lips. It would be impossible to describe the tumultuous sensations that passed through my mind—the agony of those few moments. Eveline—for it was she—must have recognised me; I was but little changed since she last saw me. She seemed to have grown from a girl into a woman—a beautiful, pure-minded looking woman; evidently some sorrow had passed over her, which had left its trace behind, for there was a dignity in her carriage, a depth in her large violet eyes which I had never seen before; she appeared to me more beautiful than ever.

As all these thoughts passed rapidly through my brain, my wife turned to me: "Harold," she said, "what is the matter? What ever caused you to utter that cry as the lady passed?"

What could I say? The past had been a dead secret with me. Not one word had I breathed of my lost Eveline to my wife, and, knowing her to be of a naturally jealous disposition, I shrank from revealing the truth to her.

"There was such a strong resemblance to an old friend of mine that for the moment I was intensely surprised, knowing her to be at present on the Continent; but come, the evening air is getting too chilly for you, we will retrace our steps."

Drawing my wife's arm into mine, we wended our way back to the hotel, and my wife shortly afterwards retired to rest. As for me, rest was out of the question. Come what would, I must see Eveline once more, even if we were to meet without recognition.

Two days passed, and we did not meet; but I had made the discovery that Miss Sherwin was indeed staying at an hotel on the south shore, with a married lady and an invalid gentleman. That same evening happened the most terrible event of my life—looking back to it I shudder. Even my wife, when the memory of that fearful night comes across me, will look up in awe, and quietly wait until the tide of recollection has passed, so terrible it seems to me now at the distance of some years.

I had wandered out upon the beach alone, for Beatrice, complaining of fatigue, had retired early. I had promised to return shortly. If anything, I had shown her more attention since my encounter with Eveline, as I had felt some qualms of conscience upon finding none of my old love for her dead, and had I not promised to cherish and love my wife until death should part us? Truly, I thought as I wandered on alone, this life has too many cares and crosses; is there no one in the world who escapes? Surely there must be some individuals more highly favoured than others! And then I sat down, and thought of the blight on my own life, of all my visions of happiness lost, and of the long years perhaps in store for me.

How many thousands daily have the same thoughts, tread the same thorny paths, and go through ordeals of suffering from which they shrink, regardless of an all-seeing Providence watching over them, who, if they will only turn to Him, will give them strength for every hour of trouble!

At length I rose, shook myself, and made the mental resolve that come what would, I would carry out the vows I had made to my wife, and endeavour to banish Eveline from my mind. Slowly I walked homewards. I seemed to have lost half my strength, and not to be myself as I entered my wife's apartment. She lay perfectly still, and knowing that she had complained much of fatigue, I determined not to disturb her. I went to lie down on a couch in the adjoining room, our private sitting room, and there I fell asleep and slept for some hours; waking cold and chilly, not much pleased to find by my watch that it was three o'clock in the morning. I rose, went into my wife's room, and to my surprise found

that she was exactly in the same position in which I had left her, one arm extended on the coverlet; on her hand she wore her wedding ring, and another I had given to her shortly after our engagement. But let me hasten on.

I went to her side and spoke to her; then I called her name aloud, and slightly shook her, but no response—no reply from the lips which a few hours before had been engaged in conversation with me. Beatrice was dead; but how or wherefore, all was a mystery. For a moment I was bewildered, stunned; then my first impulse was to look round the room for any cause or means by which my wife might have met her death. At first I could discover nothing, but suddenly my eyes lighted on a small phial, almost hidden among various ornaments on the dressing table, on which was labelled the word "laudanum."

This, then, I concluded, had been the means of her death: but why or wherefore? Quick as thought I carried my recollection over our short married life, but in no one particular could I tax myself with having been the cause, directly or indirectly, of the sad catastrophe; I had been attentive and kind to her, and had endeavoured in every way to make up to her for the lack of love, which it would never be in my power to feel for anyone but Eveline. Hastily ringing a bell, and waking up a domestic, I sent at once for a doctor, and then sat down by my dead wife's bedside, realizing the awful fact of the presence of death, meditating on the sudden termination of my wedded life. It is needless to go into the details of the inquest, and the funeral which followed shortly after, at which my father, Mr. Raymond, and I were the chief mourners. It will suffice to say, that the verdict was "death from an overdose of laudanum, taken during a fit of temporary insanity." Beatrice had some time previously disclosed to me the fact of her mother's insanity, and of her present confinement in a lunatic asylum; a fact to which Captain Raymond never alluded, and for this I admired him. Whatever might have been his faults, and he certainly had many, he had never been deficient in love and respect for his wife, and he now evinced it by the sad, yet deeply affectionate way in which he confided to me the story of her mental affliction. "I was always afraid of it," said he; "afraid that the inherent seeds of insanity would some time, sooner or later, develop themselves, but I never dreamt of anything so sad and terrible as this."

Then I showed him a note which I had found that day in my wife's desk; not one word of reproach for me in it, but the following words: "Dear Harold, you have been a kind, good husband to me, but I always knew that your heart was far away—buried, I thought, in some lost one's grave; so I was content, quite satisfied with the attention and care you showed me, until the evening on the beach when we met that strange young lady. I saw the look of anguish on your face, and I divined the truth. Since then I have heard you murmur her name in your sleep—'Eveline.' You see I have discovered her name. I cannot blame you, for you married me under no false pretences, but oh, Harold, I do not care for life now—I cannot live now without your love—life would be too terrible. If some day you find me in one last long sleep, think with pity and kindness of me, and bring Eveline sometimes to look at my grave."

Such was the note I showed to Captain Raymond. "This then was the cause of my daughter's death," said he. "So it appears," said I, but I can assure you, I never met the young lady after that evening on the beach, and I never failed in my duty to my wife." "I believe you," replied he, "and quite exonerate you from all blame."

Soon after this we parted; and as I was a richer man now, I determined to go abroad for some time, where in particular I did not care—anywhere fate might lead me.

CHAPTER VI.

I resolved first to solve the mystery hanging over Eveline. I knew she must have seen my wife's death in the newspapers, with all its attendant horrors. I wondered whether it would

be possible to obtain an interview before I left England for good. Try I certainly would; so calling soon after breakfast one morning, when there might be a chance of finding her at home, I sent up my card, and was ushered into a private sitting-room. After some little delay the door opened, and there stood Eveline, looking very sad, but more beautiful than ever. I was standing when she entered, and after vainly struggling to articulate one word, I felt a sudden weakness stealing over me, and laid my hand on the table for support. I knew nothing more.

When I came to my senses, I was on the sofa, with Eveline bending over me, while in an easy chair near, supported by cushions, sat Hugh Abbott, my dear old friend, of whom I had for some time lost sight. It is needless to repeat the explanations and the conversation which ensued, or how I discovered that Hugh was dying. Dying! and I had never known of his illness; rapid decline, the doctors said, and they held out no hope. It was in vain that I proposed to take him abroad, by easy stages; in vain that I offered to nurse and care for him as a brother, to shield him from all trouble, care, and anxiety; it was too late; the fiat was passed, and it only remained for me to bow to the Divine will, and do all in my power to relieve his dying moments. "Do not go away, do not leave me," said Hugh; "I shall feel happier if you stay;" and so it was arranged—I did stay.

I met Eveline but seldom, by mutual understanding, from respect to my dead wife's memory. "When a reasonable time has elapsed, you will marry her, will you not?" said Hugh to me; "she has suffered much, and deserves all the devotion you can give her, and I shall die happier if you promise me this one thing." I did promise; I should go abroad, I said, and then if Eveline would consent, on my return we should be married.

And so Hugh died, and we buried him in the brightest spot we could select in his own churchyard, not with all sadness, but with a mingled hope and trust of meeting him again.

Before going abroad, I spoke to my father about the detention of my letters, in such a way as I had never used to him before; sharply, and in a few words—I had but too lately left the presence of death to be very bitter on the subject; and then I found out the boy whom I had had in my chambers, and to him I gave such a rebuke as would not easily be forgotten.

I went abroad. I travelled through Spain, spending weeks in its balmy delicious air, wandering through the beautiful city of Seville, with its flower-bedecked houses, its groves of orange and olive trees, its luxuriant gardens, its Moorish walks, its numerous towers. Then I went to Italy, that beautiful land of poetry and song. At last, after a twelvemonth's absence, I returned to England, and one lovely day in May Eveline and I were married. It was a very quiet wedding; of course the good old Doctor was there, to give away his niece; and we are happy, as happy as it is possible to be with love and truth to gladden and guide us.

Hugh's grave is not forgotten; and as my wife and I stand by it, side by side, hand in hand, I learn from her part of the occasion of his illness. He had loved not wisely, but too well; this trouble, with neglected cold, had brought out the latent seeds of consumption. Dear old Hugh! unselfish brother! He who was twice more worthy had lost, and I had won, my Eveline.

My sister Sophia is as aristocratic as ever; she is the wife of a very dissipated, broken-down looking man of fifty. But he has a large income, the principal of which he cannot squander, and he has settled a substantial sum on his charming and admired wife.

Eveline is looking over my shoulder while I write these concluding words. "You might have chosen a better name for your story," she says: but in my mind there is no name in the world so good, so sweet to me, as

"Eveline Howard."

THE WRITING ON THE INNER BARK.

By R. R. HAVERFIELD.

Very many years ago I was engaged in forming a sheep station in a previously unoccupied part of the country, and employed a number of blackfellows to strip bark for building purposes. Going out one day to see how they were getting on, I met, first of all, with a fine strapping young fellow known as Jemmy Nerang. Jemmy, who was a savage of a jovial and genial disposition, and a great favourite both with his own people and the whites, was of an unusually inquiring and reflective turn of mind. He had just brought down a very fine sheet of bark, and when I came up to him he pointed to some marks upon it which he said he believed were intended as a message for him, as I understood him, from some supernatural being. The reader may be aware, perhaps, that a small parasitical insect, which feeds on the soft sappy matter between the bark and the wood, leaves the marks of its progress in what resembles a bright red scrawl on the light yellow ground of both bark and tree.

"Now," said Jemmy, in his broken English, "tell me what that letter say."

"I can't make anything out of it," I replied.

Just then a smart young lad, whom I had lately engaged, came up, and I referred the matter to him.

"Oh," he said, just glancing at the scrawl, "it's 'Jemmy Nerang never get 'em wife.'"

"Oh-ho! no, no; no fear," replied Jem; "not that—you only gammon. Me got 'em wife now, only you not see her because she just got 'em little picanniny boy."

"Well," returned the other, "let me see; it's very hard to read, you know. It's—'Jemmy Nerang never—never—live long'—that's it."

"Me think it," said Jemmy, seating himself on the ground and fixing his eyes curiously on the letter, as he called it. "Me think it. In a little time my tribe fight wild blackfellows, and then me think me killed."

And sure enough in the battle which took place a few weeks afterwards, Jemmy, while covering himself with glory by his valorous deeds, received a wound which, though it did not kill him outright, unquestionably tended to shorten the number of his days. And to his life's end he firmly adhered to his belief in the oracular nature of the writing on the inner bark. Strange to say, the interpreter of the writing, who of course had only been joking with Jemmy Nerang, became thoroughly imbued with the idea that these insect scribblings were really prophetic. It was in vain that I endeavoured to argue him out of so silly an impression, pointing out that it was the mere accidental work of a little blind worm.

"Yes, I know," he replied, "but what are we but little blind worms? and our course through life is directed by an unseen hand, but the wisest amongst us can't tell for what purpose exactly. I don't know why I was born, but I believe it was to do something or other that God requires to have done."

"It wasn't to plough the stormy seas apparently," I said; for the young fellow, who was about sixteen or seventeen years of age, had come out to the colony as an apprentice in some ship from England, and as he confessed to me (after he had heard of her departure) had deserted in Hobson's Bay. His name he told me was George Rex, which I believe was a purser's name, as the sailors call an *alias*. But I could never get him to admit it; and so George Rex he remained as long as I knew him.

He was evidently of very respectable parentage, and had received a fair education. Having become possessed of this craze about the inner bark

writing, he took every possible opportunity to strip bark, and as I found the results of his researches of much material value to me, I rather encouraged him than otherwise. One day he took me out to see a sheet he had stripped, the red mark on one part of which, he asserted, read as follows: —"George, you not live long." Looked at attentively for some time, it certainly did seem something like it; but I laughed at the notion and begged him again to throw it aside.

"There's every letter there," he said; "you can't deny that; and many writers wouldn't form them one bit better."

"Nonsense," I replied; "because an ignorant blackfellow happened to take it into his head that there was some meaning in such marks, you have been weak enough to believe it, although you imposed upon him by pretending to decipher the supposed scribble he pointed out." "Well," returned he, "I've heard since, that the blacks have always believed it, and are convinced now, that the whites, who are returned blacks from the regions they go to after death, where superior knowledge is acquired, can read the writing if they like. I feel certain there is some meaning in every one of the scrawls, but we haven't sufficient knowledge to make it out always. You'll see I shan't live very long."

It was no use contesting the matter with him; and I was sorry to observe that he lost his spirits, and went about in a dejected and listless manner, very different from his natural hilarious and active habit of mind. Now it so happened that I had borrowed a horse, and also an iron pot—one that would hold about a couple of gallons I suppose—from a neighbouring station; and after a while, a blackfellow, who rejoiced in the name of Monkey, was sent to fetch them back. On account of certain perverse and generally swinish proclivities, the horse was called Billy-the-pig. Monkey wanted to ride him home, but for some time he was puzzled as to how to carry the pot. At length he hit upon the device of putting it on his head, like a hat or helmet; and as he had a big skull, and a thick crop of hair, it fitted him pretty well. We then lifted him on to the horse; and Billy, bucking with all his might, pitched him headforemost on to the hard ground. The iron pot was driven down over his face with the rim around his neck; and we found it impossible to get it off. As it was evident that the man would very soon be suffocated if it were not removed, we carried him to a place close by, where there was a large block of stone, and laying the pot upon it, by a dexterous tap with the poll of an axe, shivered it into pieces. The panting Monkey rose, looking as pale as a white man who might have washed his face in a basin of cocoa. Otherwise he was none the worse for his mishap. Meanwhile George Rex had secured Billy-the-pig, and when it turned out that Monkey was all right, he must scramble, sailor like, on to the horse's back, declaring he would take it out of him. Now, he had very little, if any, better seat or hand than Monkey; and so when Billy began to prop again, overboard went George, like a man diving from the bows of a vessel.

Most unfortunately he alighted on the big stone, among the sharp-edged remains of the pot. We picked him up insensible, and bleeding profusely from some cuts on his head. He soon recovered consciousness, however, and observing me standing near him, he beckoned me to his side, and whispered, "The writing on the inner bark." He had received a severe shaking certainly, but his hurts consisted chiefly in painful scalp wounds, which, I believed, would not take long to heal. They progressed as well as I had expected, and I saw nothing after a few days to fear in his condition. But owing, as I felt sure, to the stupid superstition that had got into his head, fever supervened, and I had to send a considerable distance for a medical man. Under his treatment George came round nicely after a time, and, finding himself convalescent, his old elasticity of temperament returned; and he said very little afterwards about the mysteries of the inner bark, and never, so far as I knew, stripped any more in search of the hidden secrets of futurity.

Now, how many of us can afford to laugh at the whimsical notion of

young George Rex? How many of us are there who do not often yearn for the power to read the future? How many who do not at times feel prompted to endeavour to interpret dreams? It is true that very strong and strange impressions are often left on the mind by dreams, and it does sometimes happen that they have an influence on one's course of conduct. I have heard of a man, who was extremely fond of his wife, dreaming repeatedly that he was about to be hanged for having killed her; and at last he did kill her, and was hanged sure enough. That was a case of what they call a dream "coming true," I suppose. Large numbers of persons, of whom it is difficult to think that they really believe in such things, have resort to augury of various kinds, quite as absurd as the reading of the writing on the inner bark.

Some years ago a young girl of very respectable parentage, who had been educated in such a manner that it might almost be said she was accomplished, having been compelled through family reverses to go into service, obtained a situation in a wealthy family. She was of very prepossessing appearance, and, through her industry and deftness, won the esteem of her mistress, an excellent lady, although a little purse-proud. Bonny Kate, as they called her, soon became a favourite with the whole family; and, altogether, her lines seemed to have been cast in pleasant places. But there was a thorn among her roses, of the existence of which no one was aware besides herself. The heir of the house was a good-looking, good-natured young fellow of about two or three and twenty, who was very kindly in his manner to Bonny Kate, and there can be no doubt that, without falling absolutely in love with her, he entertained for her a very warm feeling. Kate was quite good enough for him in every respect, and would have made him an excellent wife. But worldly and social considerations weighed with this young gentleman, even in affairs of the heart, and enabled him to subdue any stronger feeling than that of friendship for this fascinating young woman. But she, poor thing, conceived for him an irrepressible passion. She felt perfectly convinced that her case was a hopeless one; but, for all that, she could not dismiss the lurking idea that something might happen at some time or other, to throw down the barriers that stood between them. A person professing to be an astrologer, offered through advertisements in the Melbourne papers, to read the horoscope of any one, for a valuable consideration, if a lock of the applicant's hair, together with the "consideration" of course, and a few items of information as to age and sex, were forwarded to his address. This impostor Kate determined to consult. And she was informed by him, among other things, that she would be married to a very rich young man of dark complexion, who would shortly cross water and propose to her on his return. The description suited Adolphus very well; and a short time after she had received the reply, she heard—with what sort of feelings can be readily imagined—that Mr. Adolphus was about to take a trip to Tasmania.

To Tasmania he went, and remained there some months, and during his stay there—alas for poor Kate!—he became engaged to a young lady of considerable expectations. On his return, it happened that he reached home in the dusk of the evening, and the first person he met was Kate. It was too bad of him, unquestionably—but then he was in high spirits, and her lips, perhaps, were turned up a little too temptingly—but he kissed her, saying at the same time, "I'm so happy, Kate; I'm going to buy a wedding ring." She, having heard nothing of his engagement, was, of course, ready to put her own interpretation upon his words and act—which seemed all the plainer as he had never taken the liberty of attempting to kiss her before. Had he known the mischief he had done, he would have been filled with regret; but he was ignorant of her deep attachment for him, and he left her, saying gaily, "You'll hear all about it by-and-by." Kate felt herself so agitated that she took a stroll out into the grounds surrounding the house. Taking the astrologer's scrawl from her pocket, she endeavoured to read it,

although she had studied it daily, until she knew every word of it by heart. It was too dark to decipher the words, but to her astonishment the paper seemed to be covered with great splashes of blood.

"I must have spilled some red-coloured stuff on it," she thought to herself, but she could not get rid of the impression that it was really blood. Whether it was merely a fancy, or whether there were really any stains on the paper, at that time, I cannot say; but there certainly were when it was examined a short time afterwards by other eyes. She was on the point of returning to the house when she perceived some persons approaching her, and in order to avoid them, she stepped behind some shrubs which hid her from view. The persons were Adolphus and his mother; and from their conversation, which she could not help overhearing, she learned the whole story of his engagement. Faint and half broken-hearted, she stole away to the house and to her bedroom. There she was found shortly afterwards by a servant girl, who had been in search of her, lying on the floor, deluged in blood. Medical assistance was quickly procured, and it was found that she had broken a blood vessel, and had bled so profusely that she was perfectly unconscious. Such was the nature of her hurt that the surgeon from the first apprehended a fatal result. She recovered her senses after a while, and a sister of hers, who lived at no great distance, was sent for, to whom she told her pitiful story, and soon afterwards expired.

Now the probabilities are that she would have recovered from her shock, as love-sick and disappointed maidens have done times out of number, had she not endeavoured to peer into the secrets of the future. But her hopes had been raised so high by the astrologer's forecast, which had seemingly been fulfilled up to a certain point, that the sudden revulsion of feeling killed her.

This is only one of numerous instances that have come within my knowledge of appeals to the oracles being attended with mischievous consequences. Let me give another case. A gentleman in a small way of business in one of the suburbs of Melbourne entered surreptitiously into a speculation from which he expected great results. I say "surreptitiously," because the venture was undertaken without the knowledge of his better half. After a time he grew very anxious about the matter, and would fain have consulted his wife, but he dreaded her censure for having taken so serious a step on the sly; so, instead of seeking her advice, he applied to a female fortune-teller by letter for an opinion, and received a prompt reply from the prophetess, to the effect that she required further information, and requesting him to grant her a personal interview. The meeting was to take place in the evening, after dark. How to keep the appointment without the knowledge of "the missus" was a puzzler; but after cudgelling his brains he concocted an ingenious story, by which he managed to throw dust in her eyes. But as he took a great deal more pains to adorn his person before leaving home than she thought necessary, her suspicions were sufficiently aroused to render her fidgetty, and walking about in a rather disturbed state of mind, with her eyes on the floor, after he was gone, she espied a letter which he had evidently dropped. Seizing it up she began to examine the contents. It was the fortune-teller's note, which ran as follows:—"Dear Sir"—(but the "ir" having been blotched, and she being a little short-sighted, and having her jealousy aroused on perceiving that the handwriting was that of a female, concluded that, as her spouse's christian name was Samuel, the word was "Sam").

"'Dear Sam,' indeed!" says she. "'Dear Sam!' eh! Well, let's see! The hussy says:—'I am sure you have not told me all it is necessary I should know. As you can explain better by word of mouth than by letter, and as it may be undesirable for you to come to my place, I will be on Prince's Bridge this evening at a quarter after eight, when I hope to meet you. Be punctual, and, above all, preserve the strictest secrecy.'"

"Jane!" shrieked the now thoroughly incensed dame to her girl of all work—

"Let me know the time this instant! Only eight! My gentleman was very careful not to be late. Well, sir, I can get to Prince's Bridge in time—and—Jane! bring me the big pepper box." Throwing on her hat and an outer garment, she sallied forth bursting with rage. On Prince's Bridge she caught the supposed guilty pair in close conversation. But she kept herself out of sight in order to watch them for a while. What made the matter particularly ridiculous was the fact that the gentleman was over sixty years of age, and the wife had seen her half century out. Yet was she as jealous as a bride of twenty, and she grasped her pepper box as an enraged Italian girl might clutch her stiletto. A very few minutes served as a sufficient trial of her patience, and, stealing cautiously up to the couple, she discharged, with excellent aim, the contents of her pepper box in the face of the fortune-teller, who uttered a wild scream of pain, and, in a twinkling the old lady found herself in the hands of a policeman who had witnessed her act. A scene of dire confusion ensued. The fortune-teller insisted on the old woman being taken into custody there and then, on a charge of assault, but the constable, who was not a little amused at the explanations that were attempted to be given, advised her to proceed by summons, which after a while she agreed to do; and the names and addresses of the several parties having been registered in the peeler's note book, they were permitted to depart on their several ways. The fortune-teller must have altered her mind after sleeping over the matter, for no summons was ever served.

But all the same, Sam had a bad time of it for many days, and in point of fact he was kept in hot water, till his powers of endurance fairly gave way and he was fain to sue for pardon. But his spec turned out badly; and then he was so severely put to the torture, that he was driven to his knees in his supplications for mercy, and blubberingly vowed to eschew all clandestine proceedings for the future. It is not on record how matters progressed after that, but let us hope that the old lady was not utterly relentless.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

I dwell amid the beautiful,
  My home is with the young,
Where, round the timid steps of youth,
  Bright fairy flowers I've flung;
I whisper in the earliest dreams
  Of the innocent and gay,
But I tell of flowers that never bloom,
  And of joys that melt away;
And many a ruined cell, 'mid herbage green,
Tells sadly now where love and hope have been.

I fill with joy the halcyon hours
  Of life, when life is spring,
Till youth's gay prime, like hope's fair flowers,
  Lies senseless—withering.
A phantom 'mid the haunts of men,
  A bright but distant star,
A light that lures, but never leads
  To its promised bliss afar;—
Still shining on, I shed a pleasant ray,
To tempt young pilgrims through life's thorny way.

—*Carpenter.*

THE PADRE'S STORY.

By E. TILDEN DOWLING.

I had obtained a holiday, and, gladly leaving the dull routine of the office, I had accepted the repeated invitation of my friend, Father G——, to spend such time as I desired with him, at his far away missionary residence on the frontier of British Burmah.

I had known Father G—— for some considerable time, our intimacy having begun when he was attached to a portion of his regiment, stationed several years before at Moulmein. Although professing different forms of religion, we had always been on the best of terms; the subject of creeds being one which we rarely touched upon, experience having shown to both of us that this particular kind of discussion was better left alone.

Father G—— was devout, sincere, and kind alike to rich or poor; he was an earnest missionary, and worked among his people with a zeal that endeared him to all. And he was a pleasant companion—one who could beguile the tedious hours that fall to the lot of sojourners at frontier stations, with rare anecdotes of adventures "by flood and field." His narratives would hold his audience spellbound, and help to pass interestingly the long evenings when the steady downpour of rain rattled on the palm-leaf covered roof. And on occasions, when his duty was done, he would accompany his friends and visitors, gun in hand, and vie with the sturdiest of us, in expeditions into the jungle, or along the low-lying land that bordered the river, where every one was sure of having as much shooting as would satisfy the most enthusiastic of sportsmen. And all the while his cheery voice would be heard relating some story of a by-gone expedition, or breaking out into a merry ring of laughter at the ludicrous mishap of some one of the party. Heedless of the danger of rat-holes, although repeatedly cautioned, the unfortunate would suddenly be brought to earth, or rather to mud, presenting so woebegone and comical a spectacle, that one must needs laugh in spite of the angry looks of the injured one.

But to proceed with the story. I had accepted the invitation of the worthy Father at last, and, on arriving at my destination, found I was not the only visitor. The majority of the men were not known to me, and most of them were military officers doing civilian duty in one form or another. Among them was a quiet, soldierly man, Major S——, whom I had never seen before, but of whose reputation for gallantry I had often heard. The time passed pleasantly for all of us, and a feeling of good-fellowship prevailed, that helped to make my stay a most enjoyable one, and one that I shall ever remember with feelings of great pleasure.

One evening we were seated in the verandah of the house occupied by the Rev. Father—dinner was just over and we had lighted our cigars and given ourselves over to complete enjoyment.

There had been a steady downpour of rain till midday, when it had gradually cleared up—the clouds having rolled away—leaving the firmament in undisputed sway of the moon, which seemed to shine with brighter radiance than usual. The evergreen trees were covered with a flood of light, and the raindrops sparkled like countless diamonds, while the river in the distance, having caught the radiance, seemed like a broken line of molten silver, as it twisted and turned in the landscape.

It was a calm, peaceful night, broken only by the hum proceeding from the Burmese village, that was wafted occasionally towards us; the yelping at intervals of a pariah dog, or the weird notes of some predatory owl, abroad on this peaceful night, on hungry, murderous thought intent, causing fear

and trembling to the birds that nestled still farther into the eaves of the house where they had sought protection among the palm-leaf thatch.

A balmy breeze was blowing, and its soothing influence had fallen upon the group seated in chairs of all sorts of shapes and sizes, their forms in every variety of attitude. The smoke rising from their cigars imparted to the air an odour that seemed so penetrating and sleep-giving, that any one coming upon the scene would have imagined we were wrapped in blissful slumber. But not so. Soon the stillness was broken by a voice, requesting the "Padre" to relate some of his experiences of the denizens of the jungle, which received this response:—

"Ah! Major, I think it is your turn now; the man who has lived as long in this country as you have, should be able to recall some stirring times. And yet, most modest of men! who has ever heard of a story from you? Why, your friends have not even heard *your* account of the storming of the Shway Dagohn pagoda at Rangoon, although someone with whom we are all well acquainted did marvellous deeds of prowess on that occasion, and covered himself with glory, and, may I say, with wounds? I do not doubt their existence, Major"—this on a slight stir from the recumbent, soldierly form—"yet you know, ocular demonstration would go a long way towards satisfying the sceptical.

"But you wish for a story, so here goes a true one—though one I scarcely like to tell, for I seem to live through all the horror of it. I have not told it for years, but had just recalled it to memory when you spoke.

"Fifteen years ago I was stationed with a portion of the regiment I was attached to at T——; some of you, I daresay, know the place, which is nice enough in the dry season, only for the monotony, but not altogether to my fancy in the rains.

"We had a very quiet time of it, the Dacoits we had been sent up to suppress having disappeared, after some slight correction, and we had settled down to the ordinary routine of cantonment duty, unrelieved by the minor pleasures that men are able to make for themselves in more civilised places.

"It was at the end of the dry season, and we were expecting orders of recall, when one day I strolled out into the jungle unattended, to have a shot at the green pigeons that abounded at no great distance. For some time past we had heard from the Burmese that a gigantic boa had been seen near the river a few miles down, but we had paid little heed to the rumour. You know the Burmese are sometimes addicted to magnifying fact, till it altogether assumes the garb of fiction, and we had surmised that in this instance a cobra had gradually developed in the minds of an ever-credulous people, till it had assumed proportions that befitted the name of boa. But I had practical demonstration that in this instance the rumours were true, and this is how it happened.

"I can clearly remember the day. I had started in the early morning, when the sun had not got hot enough to evaporate the moisture on the leaves of the plants, which, growing so near the river, had not been as much affected by the dry weather as the undergrowth farther away, and were consequently fresh and green. The jungle which I was approaching, through some cleared land, seemed alive with sound; the screeching of the parrots was heard above all, as these active birds flew from tree to tree, and eagerly searched for the fruit that still remained. Occasionally the wail of a monkey was heard; and even the bullfrogs, not content with the quantity of sound they had emitted during the night, still entreated for rain in their own peculiar way.

"I sauntered along slowly. The morning was beautiful; alas! soon to be succeeded by the fierce rays of the sun, making walking anything but a pleasure, and causing me to seek the cool of the house.

"After leaving the cleared space, I got into the jungle, which I had to traverse for some distance before I reached the pigeon ground. Unslinging my gun I had good sport, so that I was able after a while to sit down on a fallen log and contemplate with

satisfaction the forms of a number of beautiful green pigeons; which a short time since had been disporting among the branches of the trees, the sun shining on their green plumage, and making them resplendently beautiful. Death had robbed the ruffled plumage of a great part of this splendour, and I soon began to speculate on their appearance at dinner, the thought of which, in connection with the pigeons, having succeeded in driving away the pity I felt at the necessary slaughter. My thoughts after a while drifted unconsciously towards home, the home that I had left as a young man, and a yearning seized upon me to revisit the scenes of my youth. But then I was disturbed by something that nearly put an end to my life. All of a sudden I heard a rustling sound behind me, and before I had time to look round, I saw the huge head of a boa close to my face. I was paralysed at the suddenness of the occurrence, and remained still for some time gazing with horror at the boa. Before I had overcome my fright, and thought of escape, I felt that the monster had coiled itself twice round my body. Then, for the first time, I comprehended the danger I was in. I managed to stagger to my feet, and seized the reptile with both hands by the neck, just under the head.

"I thought of my gun, but that was useless, for I could not reach it, having placed it against a tree at some distance from the log on which I sat down, and the coils preventing me from making towards it. The weight of the reptile very soon caused me to sink upon my knees. I was still holding it firmly by the neck, as the boa swayed backwards and forwards before my face. I was a younger man in those days, still, sheer desperation must have added to my strength, else I would not have been able to hold on as I did. Death was very near, I thought, as my eyes followed the swaying head clasped in my hands.

"Backwards and forwards it went, the glistening eyes seeming to fix my gaze. I knew I had no chance for life, unless something intervened; but with the courage of despair I held on. Every moment I expected to feel the folds getting tighter and tighter, but they did not; perhaps the hold I had of the reptile's neck retarded its movements. I was in great mental agony, and how long this lasted I cannot tell. I had become very faint, and my brain grew dizzy. I felt I could not hold on any longer, as my arms were growing weak with the great strain.

"Suddenly I bethought me that some of the Burmese from the village might be in the jungle, gathering wood, and tried to cry aloud. I succeeded in uttering a faint cry, but I was by this time very weak, and I did not expect that I would be heard. I was beginning to lose consciousness, and viewed the ugly head, still clasped in my hands, in an apathetic way, wondering where it would all end. My eyes were becoming misty, when I saw two dusky forms emerge from the brushwood, and then came a blank."

Silence reigned for a few seconds, as Father G—— sank back into his chair at the close of this portion of his tale, quite overcome by the recital. We, his audience, could imagine, but very faintly, what a powerful effect the adventure must have produced at the time, when it could move him so strongly even now. He soon recovered, and proceeded:—

"Four weeks after, I found myself lying on a bed in a comfortable-looking room, and learnt from the attendant nurse, one of our own lay sisters, who seemed overjoyed at my recovery, that I was at the house of Father X——, in Rangoon. This puzzled me at the time, till slowly came back the memory of the awful occurrence of that day; and, weakened as I was, the thought of it caused me to swoon again. From this I soon recovered, and learned the sequel of my adventure.

"Two Burmese, who were cutting wood in the jungle, had heard my faint cry; and came upon the scene just as I swooned, and rolled on one side, still holding the neck of the reptile in my closed hands. With great courage one of them approached, and with one stroke of his *hdá*—you know how sharp those fellows keep their *hdás*—severed the head from the body. The monster writhed in its agony, and I was severely bruised. Soon, however, they drew

my unconscious body away, and carried me to the camp, from which I was taken down the river as soon as possible, the doctor thinking I would get on better away from the place, if I gained consciousness. As I have told you I lay for weeks; my life was despaired of; I was seized with delirium, and in this state fought and killed, and was overcome by, innumerable boas. My good constitution enabled me, by the help of Providence, to recover; and now I am here, not much the worse, as you see, for the terrible adventure."

"And the boa; what became of that?" I asked.

"Some of the men had its skin taken off and placed at my disposal, as soon as I rejoined. I could not, however, bear the thought of having it in the house, so tendered it to the Museum for acceptance. It is still there, and I am told on good authority, that it is the largest boa that has ever been heard of.

"Of course I rewarded my deliverers, and purchased the *hdá*—I dare say you have noticed one hanging in my room; well that is the identical one, and as long as I live I shall not part with it.

"That is my story, Major. It was a narrow escape I had, and few men, I think, could say, as I can do, that they were once in the deadly embrace of a boa constrictor."

UNREQUITED AFFECTION.

Her dainty grace,
Her dimpled face,
    They set me crazy:
Her perfect form,
In sealskins warm—
    She was a daisy!

Her faithful slave,
O'er her I'd rave
    From morn till even;
Though Fate made me
Sixteen, when she
    Was thirty-seven.

'Neath passion's sway
I urged one day
    That we should marry;
She shook her head,
And, smiling, said:
    "No, thank you, Harry!"

Well, let her go!
I hardly know
    Why I should bother;
For all 'twas rough—
She's old enough
    To be my mother.

—*Detroit Free Press*

LORD BYRON. Newstead Abbey. DR. LIVINGSTONE.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY—THE HOME OF LORD BYRON.

By EMILY A. ADDISON.

"The stately homes of England" have been immortalised in song and story, and justly so. As a certain author says, "England is pre-eminently the country (compared with the rest of Europe), in which the monuments that embody historical associations, and link the present with a far-reaching past, are most thickly strewn over the whole of its area. . . The traveller in any English county will be astonished alike at the number as at the beauty of the glorious types and relics of that past on which our present is securely built. Everywhere he will find battle-fields, sites or scenes of historic or romantic interest, abbeys, cathedrals, and those stately and enduring homes and habitations of the great families which originally won pre-eminence by power of brain, and prowess of arm, or ability to govern men in peace, and lead them in war. Architecture and history are closely connected, and as he looks on mansions that have defied the elements for centuries, or noble ruins, magnificent in decay, which were once the abodes of great historic figures, fair and frefrequently ill-starred women, gallant knights, and princely poets, the Englishman feels justly proud of 'a long and storied past'—connected as it is with the romance and poetry of his country."

Newstead Abbey, the subject of this sketch, is interesting, not merely on account of its standing in the midst of a legendary neighbourhood, surrounded by the haunts of Robin Hood; nor of its historic antiquity, being founded by Henry II. (as a priory of Black Canons, an order having for their patron St. Augustine, and professing great austerity of life), as some sort of compensation, it is supposed, for the murder of Thomas A'Becket (in one of his poems Byron speaks of it as "repentant Henry's pride"); nor of its having sheltered at different periods such distinguished personages as Edward III., Henry VII., and Charles II.; but also because it is associated with two great names of modern interest—Byron and Livingstone.

Newstead Abbey is described by Washington Irving as "one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles—half castle and half convent—which remain as monuments of the olden times of England." It is situated about ten miles from Nottingham, and four from Mansfield, and not far distant is Fountain Dale, once the abode of Friar Tuck, a favourite and follower of Robin Hood. In front of the park gates stands a magnificent relic of Sherwood Forest, in the shape of a splendid oak tree which is supremely beautiful, both as regards form and size, its spreading branches extending over a large area of ground. A debt of gratitude is due to the liberality and good taste of several gentlemen of Mansfield who, to preserve this oak from destruction, purchased it from the poet's uncle and immediate predecessor—"the wicked Lord Byron."

Newstead Abbey came into the hands of the Byron family in the reign of Henry VIII., when for his own temporal interest he destroyed wholesale the monastic institutions of the country. It was granted by the king to Sir John Byron, who was Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, at that time a distinguished and important appointment. To this Byron refers in his "Elegy on Newstead Abbey:"—

> "One holy Henry reared the Gothic walls,
> And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
> Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
> And bids devotion's hallowed echoes cease."

During the civil wars which ended in the death of Charles I., the

Byrons distinguished themselves by their faithful adherence to royalty. When the "roundheads" came into power, the Byron estates, including Newstead, were placed under sequestration, but immediately after his restoration, Charles II. restored them to their former owner.

After a quarrel with his neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, of Annesley Hall, ending in a duel, in which Mr. Chaworth was slain, "the wicked Lord Byron"—who was the fifth baron—was sent to the Tower, and tried by the House of Lords for wilful murder; but a verdict of manslaughter was returned, which was equivalent to an acquittal, as he was a peer of the realm. He then retired to Newstead, and became a solitary and savage misanthrope. Not only did he cut down the noble timber of the estate, but, influenced either by pecuniary or malignant motives, he had the deer which browsed in the spacious park destroyed to such an extent that for a time their carcases were offered for sale in Mansfield market at as cheap a rate as forest mutton; until the whole of the noble herd, which it has been estimated numbered no less than twenty-seven thousand—for at that time the park was of immense extent—was literally destroyed.

It is not to be wondered at that popular imagination exaggerated into horrors the strange freaks of this strange being, nor that the statues erected in the dark wood, which he planted before his fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth, were called by the country people "the old lord's devils." Ultimately the wood became known as the devil's wood. The statues are leaden representations of the god Pan and a female Satyr.

On leaving the turnpike road, and walking through a somewhat wild portion of the park for about a mile, the tourist sees on his right hand a splendid sheet of water, a romantic waterfall, and the ruins of a rustic mill, while on the left, the Abbey, ivy-covered, rises in solemn grandeur.

It would be almost impossible in the space of this article to speak of all the relics and stories connected with Newstead Abbey. The upper lake, as it is called, which is formed by obstructing the waters of a small river named the Leen—a work of great antiquity—was formerly the mill dam of the monks, by which their corn mill was worked, and possesses many traditions and fables. These relate chiefly to the doings of the wicked old lord, and treasures which are supposed to lie hidden in its depths.

Some years ago an antique brazen eagle and pedestal were brought up from the bottom of this lake. In the hollow pedestal were found a number of parchment deeds and grants bearing the seals of Edward III. and Henry VII. These documents have all been carefully treasured, and the eagle transferred to Southwell Minster, where it serves as a lectern for a large folio Bible.

The dismal-looking pond, enshrouded by yew trees, is also the subject of legendary lore, and is probably as ancient as the abbey itself. At its head is a cold crystal spring, whose waters were much esteemed by the late Lord Byron. The grounds attached to the abbey are picturesque, and well laid out, and after crossing some portion of these we come within the precincts of the ancient chapel. The abbey was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and in a niche of the chapel ruins there still remain a sculptured virgin and child, both in a good state of preservation. Near the chapel stands the marble monument raised by the poet to denote the last resting place of his favourite dog, on whose death he wrote the following lines:—

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pangs of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done upon the tomb is seen
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone;
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth;
While man, vain insect, hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,

Degraded mass of animated dust !
Thy love is lust, thy friendships all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise ;
I never knew but one—and here he lies."

These lines are preceded by this inscription :—

" Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one
Who possessed Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning [flattery,
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808."

It was Byron's wish that his own body should be buried near his faithful dog, but this wish was not carried out. His remains were conveyed from Greece (where he died in the midst of his patriotic exertions for her emancipation) to Hucknall, a village a mile or two distant from Newstead Abbey, and interred in the family vault in the church there. The story of the poet's life, with its disappointments, and unfortunate domestic relations, his eccentricities, and his wonderful genius, is too well known to require repetition here. Both inside and outside of Newstead Abbey there are memorials of him. He succeeded to the title and to the Newstead property in his eleventh year, and on his first arrival, in 1798, planted an oak tree, in which he ever after took great interest, saying, " As it fares, so will fare my fortunes."

When Byron again visited the abbey, in 1807, he found the tree choked up with weeds, and it was this circumstance that caused him to write the following lines :—

" Young oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine ;
That thy dark waving branches would flourish around,
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine."

Inside the abbey is a room known as " Byron's room," which remains very much as left by its occupant. There are in it pictures which adorned his room at Cambridge, likenesses of Jackson the pugilist, who instructed his lordship in the art of defence, and of Joe Murray, his butler. The furniture is very simple. In the corridors there are many Byron relics—the table on which he wrote part of " Childe Harold," swords and sticks, the last cap he wore in Greece, a copy of his earliest poems, autographs, and MSS. The monk's skull used as a drinking cup in Byron's days, and formerly shown as a relic, has been put out of sight by the present proprietor of the abbey, Mr. Webb, who has no wish to preserve the unpleasant tradition connected with it, viz., that as long as the skull remained unburied no male heir would live to succeed to the Newstead estates.

Side by side with the Byron relics are those of Livingstone, who on his second visit to England made Newstead Abbey his headquarters, and there wrote his book " The Zambesi and its Tributaries," having met with Mr. Webb and become intimate with him in South Africa.

The Wellingtonia, which Livingstone planted in 1864, is shown, as well as Byron's oak, and his room contains the bed on which he slept, the table on which he wrote, whereon are the inkstand and other writing materials used by him. In the corridors are swords and knives he used in Africa, a spear which was thrown at him in his last journey, a photograph of the hut where he died, a piece of bark in which his body was wrapped, and his cap, with its faded gold band, brought home by his faithful attendants.

As he inspects these relics, the visitor to Newstead Abbey cannot fail to be struck by the similarity of the memorials of the two great men who for some time resided there ; yet what a contrast is presented by their lives ! Both, at the outset of their career, had to bear a struggle with poverty, and ere they passed away from earth both had attained a world-wide renown.

The whole of Livingstone's life and conduct was actuated by a simple Christian faith, and the result was an unselfish and untiring devotion to the

good of others. Byron had noble impulses, was generous and affectionate, but although he admitted the advantage that believers have over unbelievers, he declared that scepticism was a necessity of his nature, and in the main his life was a selfish one.

To account for the difference in the lives of these two eminent men, we must not only look on their circumstances and surroundings, but consider the hereditary influences of which they were the subjects, and the different training and example that were brought to bear on each in his youth. The mother of Byron, whose life had been embittered and soured by the extravagant and reckless conduct of her husband, treated her son either with weak indulgence or undeserved severity; and thus the good tendencies of his nature were weakened, and the bad ones strengthened. Livingstone's mother was a Christian woman, who looked on the bright side of things, and her example and teachings influenced her son through the whole of his eventful life.

Byron died amongst strangers in Greece, and Livingstone in a hut at Ilala, in the heart of Africa, and each of these men, so unlike in other respects, at the time of his death was seeking to benefit his fellow-creatures.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

Thy strange unwonted form, mysterious flower,
To humble yet aspiring thoughts gives birth,
Memorial of that sad and solemn hour
When horror shook and darkness veiled the earth.

Does daring Fancy thus too far presume
In thy frail form to trace those pictured woes,
That brought the willing victim to the tomb,
Who died in agony, in triumph rose?

Or say, has bounteous Nature's lavish hand,
That decks the lily in imperial pride,
That bids the rose inferior flowers command,
Though tulips glow in splendour at her side;

Has she with curious skill thy branches crowned,
Thy flowers inscribed with many a symbol dear,
The hallowed cross, the thorny wreath around,
The cruel nails, the sacrilegious spear?

In the pale beauty o'er thy petals spread,
Where azure veins adorn the pallid white,
We trace the bloodless hue that marks the dead,
In the sad moment of the spirit's flight.

While gayer flowers delight the eyes of youth,
And cheer the sense and scatter odours round,
Be thou a silent monitor of truth,
And wake in grateful bosoms thought profound.

—*Mrs. Grant.*

THE PALACE HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO.

By F. T.

When the genial George Augustus Sala first visited Melbourne, and commented upon the points of interest in our city, he is credited with having said that Melbourne seemed to be suffering from what he termed a species of "bankism." The Australian in visiting San Francisco will, I think, apply the spirit of Mr. Sala's remark to the numerous, spacious, and gigantic hotels he sees on every side, and will come to the conclusion that San Francisco is suffering from "hotelism."

Among all the hotels in San Francisco, there is not one that is more peculiarly identified with modern American life, and more suited to the requirements of the average traveller, than the "Palace hotel," erected in 1875, by the Hon. W. Sharon, at an expense of something over four million dollars.

This architectural monarch, lifting its colossal bulk above the business and social centres of San Francisco, occupies one whole block, and covers an area of a little over two and three-quarter acres. To Market Street, the grand business thoroughfare, the hotel has a frontage of 125 feet, running back 275 feet along Jessie Street, and 350 feet along New Montgomery Street. Its general form is that of an immense hollow quadrangle, having airy and spacious corridors traversing it in every direction. The basement frontages are occupied by the most fashionable stores, which are fitted with inside and outside windows, the former looking into the grand central court and carriageway, the latter into Market and adjacent streets; thus the guests are enabled to walk along a covered marble corridor and do their shopping, without going into the outside streets. The advantages of this feature, especially in bad weather, need no comment.

It is difficult to describe the style of architecture, as being anything but what one may term severely simple. Its vast extent has perhaps suggested to the architect a style that is peculiarly its own. And in designing such a structure the architect had immense difficulties to contend with. It had to be both fire and earthquake proof; proper means of egress had to be provided in case of emergency; ventilation and sanitary matters had to be arranged in the most beneficial and economical manner; and it is only right to say that these various requirements have been completely provided for.

It has eight stories; the basement having a height of twenty-seven feet, the uppermost sixteen. The foundation wall upon which it stands is twelve feet thick, composed of stone and brick, iron and marble. The outer, inner, and partition walls are built entirely of stone and brick, each course of which has been laid upon wide wrought-iron bands, strongly bolted together, and of such weight that no less than three thousand tons of iron were used in their construction. Thus the building is really duplex. The visible or outer walls are proof against fire; the inner or invisible frame is proof against earthquakes. The supporting pillars, within and without, are of iron, the cornice being of iron and zinc.

Water is supplied to the building and conveyed over it by means of three large steam fire-pumps. These pumps are capable of forcing water through forty-five four-inch wrought-iron fire mains, up to and through the roof; and thence re-distribute it through the building by means of 327 two-and-a-half-inch fire-bibs, and 15,000 feet of five-ply carbolized fire-hose, thus commanding every part of the hotel.

The most perfect means of communication are provided by five patent safety-catch hydraulic elevators, which, running noiselessly right through fireproof brick walls, ascend to even the roof promenade. In addition, a fireproof iron staircase, enclosed in solid brick and stone, and passing through iron doors on every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Every floor has its own exclusive balcony on the inside, looking down upon the grand central court and carriageway. Watchmen patrol every part of the building every half-hour, both day and night; and a patent electrical telltale instantly reports at the head office, unknown to the watchman, any neglect or omission on his part.

Ventilation is provided for by means of 2042 ventilating tubes, which go right through to the roof from every room, bath-room, and closet in the building, thus ensuring constant purity and sweetness of atmosphere. In addition to the foregoing, the various flues from fireplaces have been ingeniously arranged to command a constant supply of fresh, and to assist in carrying off the vitiated, air.

A pneumatic despatch-tube runs from several parts of each floor to the main office on the basement. By means of this, all letters, parcels, messages, etc., are conveyed below, or sent up with the greatest facility; and it is almost needless to add that the system of electric bells is most complete.

On the basement floor the visitor finds the hotel office (65 by 55 feet), breakfast-room (110 by 55 feet), grand dining-room (150 by 55 feet), music and ball-room (65 by 55 feet), ladies' reception parlour (40 by 40 feet), reading-room (40 by 40 feet), billiard-room (65 by 40 feet), hairdressers' room (40 by 40 feet). In addition to these there are committee and general rooms provided for the use of corporate and kindred bodies, which are fitted with every luxury and convenience; and as far as the commercial man is concerned, his peculiar wants are actually anticipated.

From the second floor up, the whole space is occupied by private dining-rooms, reception rooms, ladies' grand drawing and music rooms, bedrooms, etc., etc., each bed-room being provided with its own exclusive bath-room and closet. The arrangements as regards privacy are so admirably organised, that a family of any number, preferring hotel life to housekeeping, as many Americans do, can occupy a suite of rooms, combining the seclusion of a private residence, with the many accommodations of a perfect hotel. In traversing the grand suites of rooms on the second and third floors, the visitor will imagine that the luxurious surroundings of some Oriental potentate have been imported to California for his especial use and comfort. In observing the magnificent results of the skill which the various artists have shown in designing the high class furniture, one cannot resist the conclusion that the late æsthetic movement has initiated a new era, in all that is beautiful and useful, in meeting domestic wants.

The *cuisine*, as may be supposed, is most perfect. It matters little whether the visitor be a Britisher, wanting his rump-steak underdone; an Italian, with peculiar ideas regarding the treatment of his macaroni; or a Turk yearning for his sherbet and coffee, Mr. Sharon's *chef* is alive to all their peculiar idiosyncracies. The ordinary dining-room, when ready for the reception of guests every evening, is a sight to be remembered; but when it is set out for some great "high-toned" banquet, then, indeed, if you are lucky enough to possess an invitation, you will imagine the treasures of the old world have been placed in requisition to ornament and beautify the ordinary appointments.

The grand central court, which is paved with choice and handsome marble, offers a most delightful retreat to those who after dinner may wish to enjoy a cigar, or even the *dolce far niente*. Between each pair of columns surrounding the court, cosy nooks, shaded by beautiful tropical plants, and provided with Oriental chairs that tempt you to rest whether you wish to do so or not, invite the tired business man to throw off the cares of the day. And when to these attractions are

added the strains of a well-appointed brass band, numbering twenty-four performers, and permanently attached to the hotel, the visitor is compelled to the conclusion, that all has been done that can be devised to make pleasant this resting place of the weary Bohemian.

And now let us follow the movements of the visitor on his arrival from Australia or some Oriental port. As soon as the Pacific mail-boat has come alongside the spacious wharf, the polite and courteous hotel agent, a functionary peculiar to the United States, appears on board, and, ascertaining your intention to stay at the "Palace," makes himself acquainted with the quantity of your luggage, and sends it on to the hotel, thus relieving you of the trouble and annoyance attending a custom-house examination. He then directs your attention to the elegantly-appointed carriage, which is in waiting to convey you to the hotel free of charge.

On arriving at the hotel your lesser *impedimenta* are taken in charge by polite negro footmen, who also show you into the luxuriously-appointed office, where the busy clerks register your name, and where you have come from: at the same time giving you rooms to suit your wishes and purse. Then ascending to your apartments by means of the hydraulic elevator in that particular part of the building, you find your luggage already there, with the straps partly drawn. Attentive servants now ascertain your wishes respecting tea, coffee, or any other light refreshment you may wish for. If you are travelling with your family, and mater-familias thinks a bath will do the children good after their journey, the nursery servants in attendance quickly produce everything that is requisite, or if wished, themselves relieve you of the trouble.

As to your daily life, you can arrange it on either the American or the European plan. In the first way you pay a stated sum per week or month for your rooms, and pay for exactly what you order at so much per meal. In the latter way you pay so much per diem, which includes everything, excepting, of course, wines, etc., etc.

The attendance leaves nothing to be desired. To intimate a wish is to have it gratified. Any information required is promptly and cheerfully given. Protection against the *chevalier d'industrie* is assured by the presence of two detectives, permanently attached to the staff. All your little requirements of hosiery, etc., can be procured at the elegant stores abutting on the central court. The most perfect order and regularity exists in every part of the building. The intending visitor can judge from this of the amount of attention and comfort he is likely to meet with at this palatial American hotel.

During the day tram-cars pass the hotel, travelling to all parts of San Francisco, about every two minutes. Thus the Mission Dolores, the first building erected in San Francisco, Golden Gate Park, Cliff House, situated at the very entrance to the Golden Gate, Telegraph Hill, the ferries, wharves, and all points of interest, are within a few minutes' reach.

After living in the hotel for a few days, you begin to think why an institution on the same plan cannot be established in Melbourne. The same cosmopolitan characteristics are noticeable in both cities, and where one traveller arrives at San Francisco, perhaps two arrive at Melbourne. Contrasting our Victorian hotels with the one I have described, the only wonder is that such a building has not been erected before now. In Victoria, one never stays at an hotel longer than can be helped. Not only are the charges high, but the attention generally leaves a great deal to be desired. On the other hand, small American families prefer living in an hotel to housekeeping; in many cases, they not only find it cheaper, but enjoy many comforts which would be impossible in a house of their own.

MY FATHER-IN-LAW.

By JAMES RAE DICKSON.

In the year 1882 I went over to British Guiana to undertake the management of a large sugar plantation, which the firm in London, of which I was junior partner, had recently purchased. At that time I was twenty-seven years of age, and, though well acquainted with the routine work of a London office, was entirely ignorant of plantation management. Our manager in Guiana, whose determination to resign was the cause of my going out, had arranged to stay on till he had initiated me into all the mysteries of sugar planting. My ideas of Demerara, and indeed of all South America, were of the haziest description, and principally derived from vague reminiscences of Mayne Reid's novels, read in the days of my boyhood.

I arrived safely at Demerara and set out at once for our plantation, which was a two-days' journey from the town. Among other letters of introduction, with which the firm had favoured me, was one to a Spanish gentleman named Olivarez, who had married an English lady, and whose plantation lay on the route. The first evening after leaving Demerara I arrived at this plantation, and was very hospitably received by the owner, a man of about forty-five years of age.

During the whole day I had been feverish, and on dismounting felt so weak that I could hardly stand. I attributed this to the fatiguing journey, made in a climate which to an European is very enervating; a swimming dizzy sort of sensation almost overpowered me as I entered the house, but by a desperate effort I mastered it and succeeded in gaining a chair. After a short rest I felt more at ease, and the first use I made of my unclouded senses was to study minutely the face of my host, as I always prided myself on my skill in character-reading. At first I was much pleased with his features; they were of the best Spanish type; dark hair waving over a noble forehead, sparkling deep brown eyes, a thin straight nose, a fine yet firm mouth overhung by a jet black moustache, and a clear olive complexion, all combined to form the face of a man who—for weal or woe—could exercise great influence over his fellows. The calm regular beauty of his features was to me the outward manifestation of a dauntless determined spirit; evidently a man of culture, he possessed at once the courtly manners of a well-born Spaniard and the largeness of mind of a travelled Englishman.

Apologising in excellent English for the absence of his wife and daughter, who had gone for a week's visit to a neighbouring plantation, he led the way to the dining-room. I had very little appetite, but was tormented with a raging thirst, which the coldest spring water could not appease. My host pressed me to take some cool American drink—I think it was mint julep—whatever it may have been I partook of it pretty freely; it gave me but a momentary relief.

Suddenly I became sensible of a paralysing dread; something inconceivably terrible was going to happen, which I felt powerless to prevent. Could this be madness? I asked, as I trembled in an agony of terror; yet in spite of the nameless indescribable horror which overpowered me, I heard and answered Olivarez as in a dream. Terrible thoughts rushed in myriads through my distracted brain; my perceptions of time—a purely relative term—were strangely altered. By the clock I had been sitting at the table exactly eight minutes, into which as many months of protracted agony seemed to have been concentrated. My bodily tortures were not inferior to my mental ones; my blood seemed to boil one moment and to freeze the

next, whilst every nerve in my body vibrated with racking pain. All at once I nearly fainted, but by a great effort I managed to retain consciousness; mentally and physically I became calmer; I fixed my eyes on my host's face—nothing but death will efface from my memory the awful transformation it had undergone.

The almost classical beauty of his face was blasted by the ravages of evil passions; about the mouth were lines —which I had hitherto overlooked— indicating deliberate cruelty; his eyes glittered with suppressed ferocity, whilst an expression of guilty dread frequently passed over his countenance.

My skill in mind-reading became preternaturally acute, his whole character—nay, his past career—lay before me as legible as an open book; I felt that I was supping with a murderer, and one rendered all the more desperate by being haunted by the ghosts of his victims.

And yet, in spite of the awful changes his features underwent, his conversation was affable and even interesting; but I grew so horrified at his expression that my replies became very incoherent. He must have perceived this as, hastily rising, he rung the bell violently. I saw at once how desperate my position was, he was evidently summoning assistance to overpower me, his eyes gleamed like red hot coals, and every hair on his moustache seemed to bristle with rage. Determined not to die unavenged, I seized a large carving knife and rushed on him; but after two or three steps I fell fainting at his feet. At that instant two coolies entered, to whom he gave some order.

I remembered nothing more till I found myself in a bed, which seemed to rock like a ship in a heavy sea. Everything seemed changing; something that looked like a wall a few minutes ago, was suddenly transformed into a beautiful landscape, the ceiling turned into a canopy of blue sky, and the sun rose in all his splendour. Still the sensation of being tossed about at sea continued, and a horrid conviction arose in my mind that my identity itself could not escape this mutability of all things. I felt I was gradually but surely becoming Olivarez; all my struggles against this were fruitless; an indescribable feeling of horror told me the change was accomplished, and there instantly rose in my mind a series of the most diabolical crimes ever imagined by a human being.

In the meantime the beautiful landscape had changed to a desolate heath, the sun went down, and the moon rose slowly, casting a sickly light on the scene. I felt that the time was come when I must meet my victims face to face. In the pale moonlight a beautiful girl appeared before me. She was dressed as a bride, but her veil was raised, shewing a sabre-cut across the left temple, from which the blood was slowly oozing. At her side stood a man; his face was black and distorted, his throat was marked by the fatal noose. They gazed at me in silence; there was no need for them to speak. Too well I remembered the fiendish revenge I had taken. I had loved the girl, but she had loved another. On her bridal day I, with a gang of ruffians, had intercepted the procession, cut down the bride, and hanged the bridegroom to the nearest tree.

These two spectres passed, and were instantly succeeded by two others—those of an old man and a fine young fellow of about twenty-five years of age. The former's throat exhibited a horrible gash, and the latter's left side was stained with blood. How vividly was my crime represented in my memory! My cruel murder of the bride and bridegroom had aroused the indignation of the whole country; I had fled for refuge to a distant range of mountains, and arrived, utterly exhausted, at a hut which was tenanted by the old man and his son. Though an utter stranger, they received me with the greatest kindness, and entertained me hospitably for a week. At the end of that time I discovered that the old man had a considerable sum of money secreted under a plank in the hut, and I repaid their hospitality by shooting the son through the heart before his father's eyes, cutting the old man's throat, and decamping with the money.

It would be a sickening theme to narrate even a twentieth part of the

crimes which my memory assured me I had committed. In one instance alone did I feel no remorse. It was when a spectre—with the back of his skull smashed in, and "scoundrel" stamped unmistakably on his features—not content with simply appearing, began to upbraid me in a hollow tone with having been a *traitor*. I remembered the ruffian perfectly, and, without exaggeration he had been nearly as great a villain as myself. He had got himself made President of some wretched little South American Republic, by the simple process of getting up a revolution, and hanging his predecessor. His government hardly lasted a month, for I headed a reactionary movement, and, as he had behaved shabbily to me in many ways, knocked him down with the butt end of a musket as he was running away in the first and only riot necessary to upset his government.

Sometimes, amidst crowds of pale phantoms, I would see the face of Olivarez, looking pleasing and natural as when I first beheld it; but at this I felt no surprise. He had got *my* comparatively decent conscience in exchange for *his* blood-stained one, and could consequently be happy enough, while I had to suffer agonies of remorse. Our souls had simply changed places, through some horrible enchantment of which he was master. Thus reasoning I sank into a sleep, so dreamless and profound that it might have been death.

When I awoke, mind and body were so weak that it was almost impossible to think or move. The mosquito curtains of my bed were gently drawn back, and a beautiful face with dark hair and blue eyes bent over me. I could not be such a God-forsaken wretch after all, if such an angel condescended to attend me.

The curtains were softly replaced, and in another day or two I was sufficiently restored to recognise and converse with Olivarez. Gradually the idea dawned on me that I had been ill; but it took some time before I realised that my change of identity and fearful career of crime, were solely the fancies of delirious imagination, coupled with a faint recollection of the "Headless Horseman" and other novels. I had passed through a very severe form of tropical fever, and been nursed with the greatest care by Señora Olivarez and her daughter Consuelo.

My recovery was a slow one, which I cannot help considering a very fortunate circumstance, as I had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with Consuelo. In my case, at least, it was love at first sight, and in spite of the awful revelations of my past career, Consuelo admits that she *liked* me from the first. Señor Olivarez consented to our union, and after having got thoroughly settled in my plantation, Consuelo and I were married.

My illness has taken away my confidence in being able to read a man's character from the first glance at his face, but it has given me three good things; a wife, whom I love as tenderly as on our married day; a father-in-law, who is one of my dearest friends; and what some may think the most wonderful of all—a mother-in-law, with whom I have never quarrelled.

PHILOSOPHY.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

—*Milton.*

ADVENTURES OF A PIONEER.

By W. LOCKHART MORTON.

No. XIV.—Early Days of Melbourne.

I observe that Mr. David Blair, in his able and generally correct biographical sketch of the late Dr. Lang, in *Once a Month*, refers to 1842 as the date of the first election of four members to represent, in the Sydney Assembly, the whole territory now known as Victoria. I think it should be 1843. I recollect being present at an election meeting held by Dr. Lang in Geelong, in the latter year. It was a crowded meeting, for I had to find a seat on the platform. The Doctor made a powerful speech, in which were many cutting sarcasms and personal allusions. One of these caused great amusement. It was terribly severe on a Mr. A. M'K———, who had been sent down from Melbourne, simply to speak against the candidate, and who was on the platform at the time. I can, from memory, give almost a *verbatim* report of this incident. Dr. Lang began in a slow and unimpassioned style, and seemed about to give us a narrative of one of his visits to the home country—relating what he had seen and done there, and how much interest he had taken in promoting emigration to Australia. He then went on to say, "In one of my journeys through the Highlands, I met with a young man in a very dejected state. He was destitute and barefooted; there were bare places at his knees and elbows. I felt compassion when I saw the young man's condition, and I gave him a free passage to Australia." Then raising his voice to a high pitch, he said, "Gentlemen, the young man I refer to is now on this platform, sent here by Mr. Edward Curr and his friends, to oppose my election. The young man I helped to come here has become one of the joints of Mr. Curr's tail," etc., etc.

It was early in the year 1844 that I came to reside at Monavale, Moonee Ponds, near Melbourne. I had thus an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the town and some of the surrounding districts. I think it was during the previous year that Melbourne became a municipal town. The first Mayor was a Mr. Condell, a brewer. There was a warm contest between him and the late Mr. Edward Curr to go in for the position of first Mayor. Some doggerel verses were circulated, in which the Mr. M'K——— already mentioned was referred to. The following stanza will be sufficient to illustrate the character of such effusions:—

"There's spooney M'K———, he prays and fears
Whilst holy water, instead of tears,
Runs down his cheeks. . . .
He thought for a lion, in vain, to pass,
For his native bray betrayed the ass.
Up, boys, up, and around you stir;
Up with Condell and down with Curr!"

As in all small and young communities, composed of mixed materials, in those days a fierce tongue was too readily used, whilst kindly feelings were not much cultivated. The newspapers set the example; but perhaps the conductors knew how best to please their readers. Coarse, ignorant, and but half-civilised readers will not tolerate a newspaper conducted on polite and enlightened principles; just as in political life, a coarse and vulgar constituency is always delighted with an indecent representative.

In those early days, a careful observer had many curious incidents and disreputable proceedings brought under his notice. No doubtful transaction

could take place without its becoming known to the whole small community; and there was reason for believing that many things which never happened became quite as celebrated. There was a singular character always about the town who was known by the name of "Blatherum." He might be likened to a talking machine. I met him one day in Flinders Street. I was not acquainted with him, but an introduction was not necessary. On my speaking to him he stopped, put down a bag he was carrying, and began. He could speak on any subject, but his favourite theme was politics. I got more than I wanted. One sentence followed another so rapidly, with no pause occurring, that it was with difficulty I could get away from him, without appearing rude. If he had been born later he might have become a distinguished party leader in politics. If he left no heirs, he has had plenty of successors.

In 1844, a notorious character managed to get himself elected as a member of the corporation. This was an expiree and fighting tailor, whose shop was in Queen Street, next door above the Wesleyan Chapel's vacant ground, at the corner of Collins Street. Some of the newspapers, including Mr. Thomas McCombie's *Gazette*, reprobated his candidature, but in a half-hearted way, as I thought. The class to which he belonged was then numerous and powerful. Solomon says that "money answereth all;" and if he had possessed colonial experience he would have added, "and compensates for all defects." The proverb itself is perfect, so far as the rich man and his aims are concerned. The addition applies to the timeservers who regard wealth, or supposed wealth, as extreme merit. The fighting tailor might have been a great acquisition to the City Council, but probably he was a terror to the other members. For a time he figured as a member of the corporation. He had not patience to wait till he became Mayor, yet he did not resign the dignity he had obtained. He simply retired quietly from the corporation, his creditors, and the shores of Port Phillip.

In 1844 little had been done to the streets beyond clearing the principal ones of gum trees, and putting gravel on the side walks. The gravel chiefly used was obtained from near Main's Bridge, opposite to what is now Flemington, and consisted of decomposed basalt; which then appeared on the surface only at Main's Bridge, but was found, later on, to underlie nearly the whole of Melbourne west. There was a great rainfall and flood in that year, and storm waters did great damage to some of the streets. Elizabeth Street was a perfect quagmire, where bullocks and drays used to get bogged continually. The appearance of Collins Street, from Elizabeth Street to Queen Street, was remarkable. On both sides, but chiefly on the south side, great chasms, about six or more feet wide and four feet deep, had been excavated by the storm waters, and every shopkeeper had his own private bridge, consisting of battens nailed on two saplings, connecting the roadway with the footwalks. The flood in the Yarra was so high, that boats from Sandridge landed passengers at the steps of the old Custom House.

The area on which buildings were scattered, was then bounded by Flinders Street on the south, Lonsdale Street on the north, Spencer Street on the west, and Spring Street on the east. The only buildings north of Lonsdale Street were St. Francis' Roman Catholic Church, the old gaol, and the Court-house. There were a few scattered buildings, of a rough bush type, on the south side of the rising ground fronting the beach at St. Kilda, and a few had just been built about where Nicholson Street, Fitzroy, is now; but Melbourne then had no suburbs. Prahran was an open forest of manna trees and wattles; St. Kilda of sheoaks chiefly. The Treasury and Fitzroy Gardens were an open forest of large redgum trees. Richmond and Collingwood were also openly timbered forests. Nearly all the buildings in Melbourne were of one story. Yet there were a number of buildings of two stories. The buildings were chiefly of weatherboard, with shingled roofs. Some, however, were of brick. The bricks were of very bad quality, as might be

expected when made of an alluvial deposit obtained in the flat between the Yarra and the Immigrants' Home. The one-storied brick buildings had usually very low walls—such were Messrs. Heap and Grice's office, where the old Oriental Bank building now stands, at the corner of Queen Street and Flinders Lane; and Townsend the grocer's shop, where the Federal Bank is now, corner of Collins and Elizabeth Streets. The first gaol in Melbourne was a one-storied brick building in King Street—burned down a number of years ago. A high brick wall—with broken glass bottles set in lime on the top, surrounded the military barracks, in Collins Street West, opposite to the wool stores. The chief cricket ground was on the northern gentle slope of Batman's Hill—a beautiful rising grassy knoll, openly covered with handsome *casuarina*, or so-called sheoak trees.

In one of my visits to Melbourne I had a kind of adventure with an ancient rude party, in a shop in Collins Street, as I thought it was. I wanted some writing materials. I might have got them, perhaps, in one of the many general stores; for then, although the drapers did not keep writing materials, smoothing irons, or bellows—handy things for blowing, the general storekeepers had everything for sale. I walked along Collins Street, trying to find a stationer's shop. When I got within about fifty feet of the corner of Market Street, through the open door I saw what I thought might be a stationer's shelves and pigeon holes, with much paper. I found there was more than paper—there was metaphorical pepper in the place. There was a testy ill-mannered old fellow, who, on my asking for writing materials, turned upon me a fierce countenance and tongue, and asked me if I had not sufficient observation to perceive that I had come into a newspaper office to ask for writing materials. The office was that of the late John Pascoe Fawkner, and the irritable ancient party was his father. He was a healthy-looking old man, better looking than his son, but his face differed in shape. The son's tapered from the forehead downwards, the father's tapered from the jaw upwards. He was one of the oldest colonists, having been with Colonel Collins, when he formed a settlement in the scrub, three-quarters of a mile along the coast, east from Sorrento, in the year 1803. I did not call upon him again. That was our last interview. The exact position of that shop or office has been recently disputed by correspondents in the newspapers. I know it was near to the corner of Market Street—about the site of the second office, on the east side of what is now the Union Club Hotel. It was a white building, I believe of brick with a coat of stucco, and two or three external steps led up to the door.

In 1842, pastoral property was almost unsaleable. Some fine stations in the Western District were sold, with the few sheep on them, at two shillings and two shillings and sixpence per head, the runs being given in. Port Phillip was in a bad way. Money was scarce and dear, and the district experienced a severe check. Many things had, no doubt, contributed to bring about the depression—such as over-speculation in obtaining sheep from Tasmania to stock the runs in the Western District, at £2 per head; the heavy cost in founding a new settlement, while Sydney absorbed all the revenues, and spent little or nothing on public improvements. But there was an opinion, often expressed, that a combination of agents who called themselves merchants, had something to do with the depression—intensifying, if they did not cause it. They were in number twelve, and were nicknamed "The Twelve Apostles." It is probable, however, that they merely felt the coming difficulty, and thought to surmount it by a process of financial inflation. Their grand idea was to establish what they called "The Port Phillip Bank," which very soon came to an end. I do not think the exact outline of the enterprise was ever fully made known, but the reputed characteristic of this so-called bank was to discount mutually the bills of "The Twelve Apostles."

As the first judge appointed for the district, Port Phillip possessed in Mr. Justice Willis a man of sterling

character, and one who could not tolerate injustice or wrong-doing, and the services of such a judge were urgently required; but neither could such a justice be tolerated by the smart mercantile agents. The judge sometimes got out of patience with cases which came before him. I give the following as illustrations:—A case, in which a noted resident of Geelong was interested, was before the court, and, whilst a witness was in the box, a note on a slip of paper was passing from the Geelong man to the witness. The quick eye of the judge saw it, and ordered that it should be handed to him. It was said to contain directions to the witness what to say. Mr. Geelong was instantly committed for a month for contempt of court. The sheriff then spoke and said:—"Really, your Honour, I do not know what to do with him. The gaol is full, and there is no vacancy except in the women's division." The judge replied, "Send that fellow amongst the women! That would never do." The difficulty was got over by an apology. On another occasion the conduct of one of the "Twelve" was under review, and the judge made some severe remarks of a personal character. Among other things he called him a fraudulent fellow. "Thank your Honour," said the Apostle. "You are committed for a month, sir, for contempt of court." "Thank your Honour," again said the Apostle. "You are committed for two months," said the judge. "I have no doubt," said the Apostle, "it gives your Honour great pleasure to commit me for two months." Another month was added, and then another, the Apostle answering the judge by some remark, till the total of six months was reached. The Apostle was then removed to the little brick gaol in King Street. He was permitted to do the block as far, but no further, than Germain Nicholson's Corner. The enemies of Judge Willis were numerous, and not long after the above event, they succeeded in inducing Sir George Gipps, the Governor, to suspend the judge. On the arrival of Mr. Justice Jeffcott, our second judge, a humble apology by the offender to the new judge, and a petition to the Governor from some Melbourne residents, procured the Apostle's release.

The suspended judge commenced an action in London against Sir George Gipps, and, some fifteen or twenty years afterwards, a decision was given against Sir George, ordering the judge's salary to be paid up to the date of the decision. Of course, New South Wales had to pay for the rash act of the Governor.

The leading barristers were Messrs. Barry and Stawell. Mr. Williams was somewhat behind, and the worthy Mr. Pohlman followed within sight. I sometimes, when in town, visited the court to hear Mr. Barry. He was very witty—always spoke in such a pleasant style, with a smile on his countenance. He was never coarse, and never forgot that, as a gentleman, he had no right to wound the feelings of witnesses. I was present in the court when a scabby sheep case was on. One of the witnesses, a sort of bush lawyer, was under cross-examination by Mr. Barry, when the following dialogue took place:—"How many flocks were on the run?" "Six." "Why, you told us a little while ago that there were five—where were they kept?" "Two were at the Pine hut, two at the Ridge hut, one at the Sandy Creek, and one at the home station." "Well, that makes six." "Oh," said the witness, coolly, "there were only five, for the flock at Sandy Creek was only sometimes at the home station." "Well," demanded the barrister, "when was it at the home station and when at Sandy Creek?" The witness, with provoking coolness, and with a pause between each word, replied, "when it was at the home station it was not at Sandy Creek, and when it was at Sandy Creek it was not at the home station." There was a burst of laughter, and Mr. Barry blushed a little; but he soon so puzzled the witness that he did not seem to know what he was answering. "Now," said Mr. Barry, with a smile playing over his handsome countenance; "You can go. You are a very scabby witness, but I have given you a good dressing."

Major St. John was, for a number of years, a prominent figure in Melbourne.

He was a Crown Lands Commissioner and Justice of the Peace. Melbourne streets used to be enlivened by numerous bullock teams, especially in the wool season. The drivers seemed to think it added to their importance to make as much noise as possible with their whips. Expensive silk handkerchiefs were bought and torn up to make crackers. Some of these fellows were rowdy, like the larrikins of the present day. It was not an unusual thing for one of such rowdies to coo-e-e in the streets, and if anyone turned round to learn what was the matter, he was greeted with the exclamation, "That slued you!" A bullock-driver did this to the Major on one occasion. The man was given into custody, and was next morning brought before the Bench. The Major gave him three months' imprisonment, and added as the man was removed, "That slues you!" The Police Court was held in a small weatherboard building, on the south-west corner of the Western Market Square. A set of stocks, like those I had seen at Geelong, were said to be on the ground. Probably they were constructed for the special benefit of the gang of prisoners, who were employed in raising the breakwater to prevent the tide going higher up the river. The inhabitants generally obtained all water for use out of the Yarra. Three or four pumps were fixed on the bank at the end of Swanston Street, and the carting of water was continually followed by a large number of men with horses and carts of their own.

The military force consisted of a number of pensioners, brought over from Tasmania—then Van Diemen's Land. They used to be sent out to procure firewood, in hand-trucks, from the ridge extending from the site of the Benevolent Asylum towards the site of the University. That was about the line to which tree destruction had extended in 1844.

In those days, as now, some persons rose suddenly to wealth by the process mentioned in Dickens' *Household Words*, in the tale of "The New Squatter." They got hold of the possessions of others; always, of course, in a legal manner; for it is only uneducated rogues of small experience who grasp the property of others in a manner contrary to law. If the so-called criminal classes would only take advantage of our Education Act, and acquire some real knowledge, within a few years Pentridge might be to let, and there would probably be little crime in the colony. Education enables many to discriminate between a punishable and a lawful wrong to individuals, as well as to society, and this discrimination has made many an Australian fortune.

It is a consolation to right-minded men to know, however, that neither lawful nor unlawful wrong-doing ever prospers long.

Whilst some rose suddenly to wealth others lost everything. Amongst the latter the case of the late Mr. Henry Dendy attracted a great deal of attention in the years 1843-4. Mr. Dendy, who arrived at Port Phillip in 1841, had sold his landed property in England, and paid into the English treasury the sum of £5000; and thus obtained authority from the Home Government to select a special survey, anywhere beyond a distance of three miles from Melbourne. This was the first special survey granted. After some hesitation on his part between selecting an area on the Saltwater River or at Brighton, he fixed upon the latter locality, giving it its present name. A more thoroughly honest, worthy man, than Mr. Dendy was, never landed at Port Phillip. I am able to say this from long and intimate personal knowledge of his character. But he was not a good business man. He had brought with him in the ship "York," a large assortment of general merchandise, which he placed in the hands of a Melbourne agent for disposal. At the agent's store he got all his supplies, whilst he built his house at Brighton Park, erected fences, and sank wells. He endorsed the agent's own acceptance for a large amount, getting security on his store building. The current account with the storekeeper came unexpectedly to a balance. The acceptance was dishonoured, and Dendy, as indorser, had to pay it. He then discovered that the supposed security he held, was no security at all. Prior to these events, he had entered

into the extraordinary arrangement of making the storekeeper a partner with himself in the Brighton Estate, without any value received. The share was to be paid for out of the money obtained by the sale of allotments of Mr. Dendy's own property! The general depression and scarcity of money which overtook the settlement came upon Mr. Dendy. Money was wanted, and could not be got, till a fellow-passenger lent him £400, Dendy giving him a bill of sale over the Brighton Estate. Shortly afterwards this was transferred by the holder to a well-known Melbourne solicitor, who immediately put it in force. The day of sale arrived, and the auctioneer announced that he had been instructed to sell the Brighton Estate, with the liabilities on it. The late Mr. Joseph Raleigh, who had then but recently arrived from England, made a bid of seventy pounds, but immediately asked what were the liabilities. The auctioneer replied, "I have nothing to do with the liabilities; I have merely to sell the Brighton Estate with the liabilities on it." Mr. Raleigh remarked that it was like buying a pig in a bag, and declined, it was understood, to make another bid. A voice bid next eighty pounds, and the estate was knocked down—the auctioneer asking "Who is the buyer?" The same voice said "———, of Plymouth." Mr. Dendy himself was so ill that he could not be present. Another voice was then heard saying, "You have killed him, and now you mean to bury him." Thus the Brighton Estate, with an area of about 5000 acres, less a site granted by Mr. Dendy for the present Church of England, a site for a school in a triangular allotment near the church, but now intersected by a street, a small area in Brighton Park, fortunately settled on Mrs. Dendy, and all the frontage to the shore between the esplanade and high-water mark, granted for the use of the inhabitants for ever, but for which the Brighton corporation had afterwards to pay rather than go to law with the purchaser, was sacrificed for £480. The singular point in the transaction was that the man who bid for the estate and got it, was the storekeeper above referred to, and the same man who had got an interest in the estate on the extraordinary terms already alluded to; but at the sale he gave the name of another as the buyer. Mr. Dendy had granted, around the church, graves for other people, but reserved none for himself and family. After an eventful life, battling with stern adversity, Mr. Dendy rests at Walhalla, amidst the mountains of Gippsland, and Mrs. Dendy at Heidelberg.

During the year I resided near Melbourne (1844), the newspapers recorded, besides their squabbles with each other, many of the actions of the less reputable portion of the community; including excessive rum drinking—elopements of females from their (reputed) husbands—the neglect of any form of religion in the bush, and the consequences thence arising—the grasping and unjust conduct of some of the business firms and public institutions—some particulars of which could be given if it were desirable. A sharper, by the aid of a bank manager to press, the victim's solicitor to keep quiet, and an auctioneer, to be, for the occasion, an agnostic, could do anything. The only obstacle was Judge Willis. I began to think, however well worthy the district might be of the name of Australia Felix—given to it by Major, afterwards Sir Thomas, Mitchell—a large body of the inhabitants did not deserve to be called happy; and I wrote the following satirical address, which may be acceptable or interesting to some readers, with its prophetic forecast in the last stanza:—

"ADDRESS TO AUSTRALIA FELIX.

"Delightful land, the happy! now is given
To me the task to sing of thee and thine;
How fair thou sleepest 'neath thy azure heaven,
How cooling breezes with sunbeams combine,
Whilst on thy breast gay flowers with flowers entwine;
And how thy sons are such a noble race,
Still quaffing rum as gods' ambrosial wine;
We all perceive how heaven bedecked thy face,
Thy sons create themselves, as any one may trace.

"Who cannot see in thee, most happy land,
The very essence of all earthly bliss?

To active men thou lend'st a helping hand ;
The rock of independence who can miss ?
And who may not a loving fair one kiss,
Spending, in wealth, life's short yet joyful day?
Still there's a drawback, mankind mark well this
The ladies sometimes shy and run away,
Their relicts learning whither just as best they may.

"All in thy rural groves may live serene,
Enjoying bliss supreme procured by rum,
Heedless of all to come or what has been ;
Who thinks for bushmen there's a world to come ?
Of weal or woe hereafter all are dumb.
What land to mortals can such bliss display ?
What clime affords of glories such a sum?
There's nought to hurt but human beasts of prey,
Who plan and prowl abroad by night as well as day.

"O, happy land ! when we are slumb'ring low,
Beneath thy flow'ry robes, in death's long sleep,
Thou'lt rise to fame and power, full well I know,
A place among the nations then to keep.
But may old England ne'er have cause to weep.
Thy sons will not be happy till they find,
How much there is which money cannot buy,
That rum is hostile to a healthy mind ;
And rogues shall reap their harvest by and by,
Whilst virtue wings an upward flight beyond the sky.

TRANSLATABLE PUNS.

The lectures of a Greek philosopher were attended by a young girl of exquisite beauty. One day a grain of sand got into her eye, and being unable to extricate it herself, she requested his assistance. As he was observed to perform this little operation with a zeal which perhaps a less beautiful eye might not have commanded, somebody called out to him, Μη την κορην διαφθειρῃς, "*don't ruin the pupil.*"

Cicero said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, Hoc est vere colere monumentum patris," "*This is really cultivating one's father's memory.*"

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state, M. de G., who squinted horribly, asked Talleyrand how things were going on; "Mais, comme vous voyez, monsieur," "*Why, as you see, sir.*"

During the reign of Buonaparte, when an arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, Talleyrand asked a certain officer what he meant by calling people *péquins* (Pekins, Chinese). "It is a name we give to all who are not military," said he. "Ah, yes," replied Talleyrand; "just as we others call military who are not civil." "Nous appelons péquin tout ce qui n'est pas militaire." "Eh, oui ! comme nous autres nous appelons militaire tous ceux qui ne sont pas civiles."

The Marquis de Bièvre was a celebrated punster in the reign of Louis XIV. The king, having heard of his propensity, one day desired to hear a pun of his. "Sire," said the Marquis, be pleased to give me a subject." "*De me donner un sujet.*" "Take myself," said the king. "Sire," replied Bièvre, "the king is not a subject" "*le roi n'est pas un sujet.*"

A CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.

By J. D. ROBERTSON.

Amèliorer l'homme par la terre et la terre par l'homme.
—*Darmetry.*

One of the most hopeful signs of our day is the increasing attention given to the rescue of neglected children. The generation is just passing away that began in real earnest to care for the little waifs and strays of humanity in our centres of population. Philanthropists have at last seen that it is by prevention, mainly, that crime, pauperism, and vice are to be kept under. Slowly has the world learned to transplant the children of neglect from the hot-beds of vice and crime into the soil of virtue, truth, and soberness. Much has been accomplished in Great Britain in this one direction, as may be seen from the fact that juvenile crime has decreased nearly fifty per cent. within the last fifty years.

How many neglected children we have already in our infant community, and how many are annually born to be neglected, who shall say? In the older lands, starvation and a rigorous climate kill off not a few of these unfortunates; but here they will live, for as yet, at least, there is food somehow for all, and but little shelter or fire is needed, even in our coldest months.

It is positively hideous that we allow children to grow up vicious, dissolute, and insubordinate. We isolate the house with smallpox, but we allow a far worse thing than the spread of that or any other disease, when we permit boys and girls to live and grow up in dens of shame, to become, at maturity, vagrants, drunkards, and debased women. These young colonies should resolve and determine to have neither the disease of pauperism, nor that of vice and crime, within their borders; and that, therefore, the infected must not have the rearing of the children, though they be their parents.

Society must protect itself; it must awake to its best interests. Let children grow up neglected in our lanes and slums and they will make us pay very dearly for our folly. They will grow up the foes of order and virtue, to hate the rich and the honest. They will endanger both property and life. Allowed by society to be cuffed, beaten, and starved in their childhood, they will repay it all, when grown up, in being the enemies of social and civilised life. Even from the most selfish of reasons, we, as a people, should care for the children of neglect. As Mr. Brace puts it, "Why should the 'street rat,' as the police call him, whose home in sweet childhood was a box or deserted cellar, whose food was crumbs begged or bread stolen, who never had a friend, who never heard of duty to society or God—why should he feel himself under any of the restraints of civilisation or of Christianity? Why should he be anything but a garroter or thug? . . . . . The neglect of the poor and criminal is fearfully repaid."

Few can have any idea what one child, left to grow up a criminal, costs a country. To save a child may cost us, to-day, a few pounds; but to watch the same as grown into a criminal—say a burglar—to try him—to punish him—and, it may be, to feed his children when he is in prison, may cost hundreds and even thousands. We read of a family of three boys in New York, three brothers, two of whom were rescued and saved, the third was left in the streets, and, in a very few years, he cost his State, at least, £570 in mere money, not to speak of the suffering his crimes entailed on the innocent, and his bad example into the bargain.

It will repay us as a people a hundred times over to care for our neglected children. How one vicious family may poison a nation's springs of life is well illustrated in the example of "Margaret" and her sisters—a frequently quoted case. A century after Margaret lived there was found to be among the descendants of this woman and her sisters, 128 prostitutes and 76 criminals, not to mention many others who were worthless, diseased, and dependent paupers. Let us look after our "Margarets."

In Victoria, our Industrial Schools have been broken up, and the children boarded out. These wards of the State are everywhere doing well, and are under the care of many ladies, who deserve all praise for their voluntary help in work so truly beneficent. What boarding out has done for such children, elsewhere, is instructive. Take Edinburgh for example, where, we are informed by the highest authority that, out of a thousand children thus provided for, only ten have turned out badly. Those who advocate the keeping of children in asylums forget that the child's "first birthright is a home." Better far for a boy, and especially a girl, to grow up in a bark cabin with a mud floor, with poor but decent people, than in a palatial asylum, with electric light, gas and water laid on, and its cooking and washing done by steam. In the one case the child has a home, in the other he is but a little wheel in an overwhelmingly big machine.

It is to the United States and to New York that we must look for the best illustration of good work done for neglected children. America is a better guide in such affairs than Europe, inasmuch as our circumstances better correspond with it than with older lands. It is in New York City that we have the largest and best organised Children's Aid Society in the world. The circumstances of New York are singular, ever demanding from its philanthropists unusual care and ceaseless toil. It is the chief port of entry for the great stream of emigrants that annually flows westward from Europe. As this stream eddies and whirls in this city for a little while on arrival, it may be but hours, or days, before moving westward, it ever leaves behind it some little of its *debris* in the shape of the lazy, feeble, sick, and dissolute. Hence it comes to pass that there are as many neglected Italian children in New York as in Rome, German as in Berlin, Irish as in Cork. The Children's Aid Society of New York is thus forced to untiring efforts, in order to keep abreast of these ceaseless additions to the normal poverty, vice, and wretchedness of a great seaport and populous city.

The New York Children's Aid Society has now been more than thirty years at work, and has accordingly a large and rich stock of experience to fall back upon. It has its schools, reformatories, health resorts, creches, lodging houses, and emigration scheme. It has its agents by the hundred, paid and voluntary. Its working expenses amounted in 1884 to above forty-three thousand pounds, besides thirteen thousand spent on buildings.

Emigration is the watchword of this Society. For this a wide field is found in the Western States, where population is sparse and bread is in plenty. In these new lands the Society has no difficulty in finding homes for all the boys and girls they rescue from the streets. In the first year of the Society's existence, 207 children were sent forth, and in 1884, no fewer than 3400. This last number strikes us with surprise, and we have difficulty in realising it, and this all the more that this work has been going on year after year since 1854—a period of over thirty years.

The methods adopted for this great system of emigration are extremely simple. The Society is now so well known in the city, that many wretched mothers, slaves of drink, hopeless and homeless, bring their children to the offices of the Society or to some of their many lodging-houses or schools, and give them up to its care. Little vagrants come in of their own accord. But agents are employed besides to gather in the outcasts. Men and women, who are well acquainted with the dens and slums of the city, are ever going forth gathering in these neglected strays, that if left to grow up would become criminals and social pests. The

ways are almost innumerable by which these wild things are secured—captured for their own and their country's good.

The Society is not known alone in the city, but throughout not a few of the States of the Union, especially those in the West, and its agents have a good idea where lie the best fields for its operations. At the first starting of their scheme of emigration, the Committee of the Society scattered circulars far and wide over country districts, telling of their work, and how they desired to find homes for their little wards. But now an agent, well acquainted with his work, goes forth to some likely country districts, and selects one where he sees good promise of many children being wanted. He generally fixes upon some railroad village as a centre, and there advertises that on a certain day a hundred or two hundred children will arrive for distribution among those who may apply for them. As a rule a great crowd awaits the arrival of the little emigrants, who travel under the care of one of the officers of the Society.

Immediately on their arrival a public meeting is called, and a committee of ladies and gentlemen of the place is formed to arrange for the due distribution of the emigrants. Each applicant has to come before this committee, to some of whom he is sure to be known; and thus the children are spread abroad, roughly and readily it is true, but as the experience of thirty years has proved, on the whole fairly and well.

Just think, courteous reader, of one Society sending off a couple of hundred children a week all the year round on these lines! And yet this is what is being done at this present time in New York, to the undoubted gain of all concerned.

The children are never indentured; the foster parents are at liberty to part with the children, and the children on their part are at liberty also. Both sides are in this way put on their good behaviour, knowing that it depends entirely on themselves whether the bond be loosed, or strengthened as the years run on.

This plan is found to work well—the cases are rare indeed when a child absconds; it is rarer still for the foster parent to give up the child. A very large proportion of the children become virtually children of the homes in which they are thus placed, and find at last in their foster parents parents indeed. There are rich ladies in New York—as for example, Mrs. J. J. Astor — that annually send forth through this society large parties of these emigrants. This lady has sent out no less than 1100 at her own cost.

No such scheme as this could be carried out without awakening opposition, and many have in times past charged it with great evils; as for example, that the children did badly and were cruelly treated. These charges compelled the Society to commission its agents to inquire into the well-being of its wards, to the ultimate gain of the good work—the result of those inquiries having been exceedingly satisfactory. For example, an agent visited a neighbourhood in the State of Michigan, where sixty-two children had been placed twenty years before. He was able to trace forty-seven out of the sixty-two—men and women doing well; most of them married, and comfortably settled in homes of their own.

In another instance, strict inquiries were set afoot as to the well-being of some hundreds of these children, and it was proved that only two per cent. had turned out badly. As it is truly observed, one bad case makes a noise, but the good and commonplace are never heard of.

The very fact that this Society has for thirty years been enlisting an ever-increasing number of supporters, and among these the State of New York itself, and annually sending forth a larger number of emigrants, are sufficient proof that the plan of emigration works well.

Wherever we look—whether to the opinions as expressed before our own Commission on Industrial Schools, or to those of authorities in Europe and America—we shall find that the best asylum for a neglected child is a *farm-house*. Of the 74,000 sent forth by this Society of New York, only one here and there—not one per cent.—has fallen into the hands of the police.

There is something about farm life—its variety of occupation, its freedom, its out-of-door exercise, that is both wholesome and restorative alike to mind and body. It is on the farm and in the farm-house that children learn to do a great variety of things, that they daily breathe that spirit of independence and self-reliance which lays the axe to the root of the upas-tree of pauperism and its many attendant ills.

Above all else, we must have *homes* for our neglected children, and *individual training;* now, these indispensable factors this plan of emigration secures. We must send youthful labour where it is most in demand, and nowhere is it so much needed as on the farms of a newly-settled country. The children of the reprobate must needs be completely separated from their parents and their parents' associates, and this is best secured by a removal into the bush. All this may be done at a very small expense, which, as a rule, ceases from the hour the child gets a home.

Nor is it to be forgotten that this plan gives to many a farmer and his wife an opportunity of practical benevolence, exercising charity, self-denial, and patience on their side, developing the good in them which otherwise might never be called into action. The late admirable Professor Fawcett objected to this scheme that it did more for the offspring of the worthless than many honest folk would do for their own. Mr. Brace (to whose book and reports I am much indebted) replies, "We will do the same for honest people's boys and girls, if they will give us them, but they will not;" and the statement is not true, at any rate, in this colony.

What is being done with such good effect in America may well be done in Australia, especially in the capitals and larger centres of population. The system of boarding-out adopted by the State in three of our colonies, and by some of our orphanages, points the way to such a scheme.

Here the State can furnish free transport on its railroads, and never were free passes more to purpose than in the placing out our neglected children in country homes. Then again, we have committees of ladies already in existence, to whose care are committed the boarded-out and licensed wards of the State—ladies who would right gladly care for any other neglected children that might find homes in their neighbourhood.

The recent disclosures in England, and the rapid growth of a larrikin class in our large cities, not to speak of an increasing number of young criminals, and the lack of parental control so common in our colonial life, press upon us the need of doing more and more to save young lives from the fearful consequences of neglect. Let us have one Children's Aid Society at least in each of our capitals; a Society that shall fling its shield over the little ones, and defend them from the cruelty, moral, and often physical, of worthless parents and guardians, so called. Already we have societies to shield the dumb brute from cruelty; as much and more need the children our protection. For, oh the cruelty! Not only bruised, beaten, and starved by drunken parents, but for ever defiled by sights, language, and example; so that virtue becomes impossible, and purity a thing unknown.

If reckless parents, worse than savages in morals, will not provide their children with a home, worthy of the name, in God's name let the community do so. When parents refuse any duty to their offspring, the country must supersede them, even for its own sake. If wretched mothers will lend, give, sell their offspring to lust and crime, society must take them from their damning power, and place them where they may grow up decent citizens. Civilized men, and still more Christians, should not allow any man to teach his boys to curse instead of to pray, to steal instead of to work, to be indecent and unclean instead of being chaste and pure. If our neighbours bred snakes to let them go in our streets, or tigers to set them free in our forests, they would soon be made to stop their work; and these very boys and girls of neglect are more dangerous to the community than a snake or a beast of prey.

No one can be so foolish as to imagine that we shall sweep our streets

altogether clean of vice and crime by any one means, however excellent. Vagrants and criminals we shall still have; but we need not have nurseries of crime and vice—we need not have trained criminals, abandoned and vicious from the cradle to the grave. Besides, we ought to give every child born in these rich colonies a chance for life, a chance for a life worth living. We cannot begin the work too soon. One child neglected now, may be another "Margaret" of Melbourne or Sydney. Never was there nobler work than the rescue of neglected children —never work which will produce such rich fruit both for them and for those who undertake it.

WOMAN'S TONGUE.

By J. J. REYNOLDS.

Oh tell me whence there steals a tone,
Sweeter than syren ever sung;
When man would claim her as his own,
To live and die for her alone?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence bursts the cruel word,
From manhood's eye that tears hath wrung,
Which when the hopeless ear hath heard,
Makes life a page soil'd, blotch'd, and blurr'd?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence flows the sentence sweet,
Unto a husband's brain o'erstrung;
That bids his heart more calmly beat,
And cool the pulse, its fever heat?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence boils the nagging phrase,
With drops of bitterness o'erhung;
That sets man's temper in a blaze,
Making him rue his married days?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence comes the silly prattle
A certain coterie among,
When words and voices loudly rattle,
In idle talk and tittle-tattle?
It is from woman's tongue.

And say whence springs as noble thought
As ever o'er the wide world rung;
As ever sires their children taught,
Pen chronicled, or echo caught?
It is from woman's tongue.

JACOBI'S WIFE.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Mysterious Disappearance.

Constantine Jacobi stood on the doorstep of Gilbert's House in Cheyne Walk. He was dressed with remarkable care and precision; he had a flower in his button hole, and a little polished cane in his hand. There was something about him almost jauntily self-satisfied and self-possessed. He hummed a tune to himself as he turned his face to the bright glancing river, where the spring sunshine laughed in every ripple, and gave a look of gaiety even to the coal-black barges and puffing steamers as they passed each other on the great highway of London.

The door was quickly opened. He asked for Mrs. Vanborough, and was shown into the drawing-room. Merle came out from the studio and closed the door behind her.

She bowed when she saw him, but offered no more friendly greeting. Her fair face was rather cold and proud; she disliked Constantine Jacobi, and did not greatly care to hide her dislike.

"I shall bring you to your knees to me some day, young lady," was Jacobi's inward thought as he made his own graceful, supple obeisance, with almost an exaggerated show of respect.

"I will not detain you long," he said. "I merely wish to take the liberty of inquiring after Miss Vanborough's health."

"Miss Vanborough's health?"

Merle looked as if she thought she had not heard him aright.

"Curse her insolence!" Jacobi said to himself, but he proceeded in his most gracious and conciliatory style.

"Pardon me, if I intrude. I feared that Clarice——Miss Vanborough—— might be fatigued with her journey, and I therefore called to inquire."

He seemed about to take his departure. Merle flushed crimson as she answered him.

"But I do not understand you. Where *is* Clarice?"

Jacobi, who had turned to the door, wheeled round now with a keen, suspicious glance.

"She is here, of course," he said.

"Indeed, she is not," said Merle, seriously. "She has not been inside the house."

The livid change that came over Jacobi's face surprised and almost shocked her. He looked so fierce, so wild, that it was with difficulty that she continued—

"We heard from Mrs. Danvers that she was too ill to come on Tuesday. We expected her to-day."

Then, as Jacobi still looked white with rage, or fear, or dismay, she asked—

"Why? Has there been some mistake? Has she——"

"She left Charnwood on Tuesday," said Jacobi, between his teeth. And then he looked Merle threateningly in the face.

"You are not hiding her? You are sure she has not been in the house? You do not know where she is?"

"I will ask my husband to speak to you, Mr. Jacobi," said Merle, with a world of dignity in her gentle tones and fair face. It was the only answer she gave him. But as she left the room she was startled to hear a growl of impotent rage from the dark-eyed Spaniard, whose visits she had already learnt to dread.

"It is Antonia's doing. She has played me false, as I thought she would."

Then followed a few ominous sounding words in Spanish, from the hearing of which Merle was glad to escape. She entered the studio, where she found Gilbert in a waiting attitude.

"What does he want now?" he asked, hoarsely, seeing that his wife's face had grown pale.

She told him hurriedly what had occurred, and soon saw that his anxiety equalled, if it did not surpass, that of Jacobi's. He seemed completely overcome by the news, and showed a reluctance to encounter Clarice's baffled suitor which Merle found surprising. However, in time he consented to face Constantine Jacobi; but he insisted on doing so alone, and carefully drew the curtain across the door as soon as he had closed it. He did not wish a word of the conversation that he expected would follow to be heard by Merle.

His expectations were realised to the full. Jacobi set no bounds to the manifestation of his anger. Possibly he had motives of policy in letting loose its full tide on Gilbert Vanborough. He raved, he stamped, he swore vengeance, he all but foamed at the mouth in impotent fury. If Gilbert had known anything of Clarice's whereabouts, he would certainly have been confused or forced into some admission of his knowledge; but, as he was entirely ignorant, he could, of course, give no information, and all Jacobi's frenzy produced no effect. Gilbert was terribly distressed at this unforeseen change in the course of events; but he could not suggest a course of action. Moreover, however anxious he might be to trace his sister, his state of health would not admit of his taking a very active part in the search. What he could do he would. He spoke of Scotland Yard; but Jacobi hesitated about putting the police in possession of any facts which might lead them to make inquiries respecting himself. He said, therefore, that he thought a search might be instituted without the aid of a detective.

He went down to Charnwood almost immediately, and informed Sir Wilfred of Clarice's disappearance. The old man, in his grief and anger, cried out, with scarcely a pause for reflection—

"She has gone to Nigel Tremaine."

Jacobi had arrived at the same conclusion. He had hard work to calm the storm of sorrow and fury which his news had raised. He was glad to find that it did not at once induce another paralytic seizure, which might have been fatal; he had feared that the agitation might be too much for the old man's feeble frame, and he had broken the news to him with as much gentleness as possible. When at last he saw him fairly calm and collected, he obtained Sir Wilfred's leave to set to work in the manner he desired. His own violence of manner had disappeared when he left Gilbert's house. Possibly it had been partially assumed, for the sake of frightening Clarice's brother into confession, if he had anything to confess. Certainly, during his journey to Charnwood his face had worn a very different expression from the one with which he had confronted Merle and Gilbert; an expression of dark and subtle consideration of the whole matter, rather than one of unreasoning anger.

What could this disappearance mean? How had Antonia Danvers been gained over to Clarice's side? Jacobi thought his accomplice a hard and cold woman, possibly a cruel one. Tenderness was in his eyes a weakness, and he credited her with it no more than with stupidity. She must have had some motive of self-interest in abandoning him and his fortunes in this way. And probably Nigel Tremaine had supplied that motive.

He left Sir Wilfred to the care of his attendant, and summoned old Martin to the library. Martin could tell him nothing. One by one the other servants were examined, but they also knew nothing. Mr. Tremaine had not been near the house to the best of their knowledge. They had carried no letters or messages for Miss Clarice or for Mrs. Danvers. Last of all came Betsy Blane. And as soon as he saw her, Jacobi knew that she was implicated in the affair. She looked frightened; that was nothing; so did all the servants. She had been crying;

but that was nothing too. All the women about the place had been crying. But she was pale where she was generally red, and her eyes shifted uneasily from place to place. Jacobi looked at her critically, and allowed a smile to appear upon his face.

"Why, Betsy, you must not be frightened," he said in his most insinuating tones. "I am not going to hurt you. I only want you to tell me about the letter you took for Mrs. Danvers, you know."

It was a mere random stroke, but he saw that it told. Betsy's limbs began to tremble under her.

"There was but one letter I took to the post," she said, faintly. "And that was Monday night; I remember it well."

"Why do you remember it so well, Betsy?"

"Because my new gown was finished that day, and I wore it down the street, said Betsy, in a more confident tone.

"Your new gown. Yes; one you had bought for yourself?"

"Nay, not I. It was one that Mrs. Danvers gave me. And a kinder lady I never did see, nor a cleverer," said Betsy, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Gave you a gown, did she? What was that for?"

"I'd made myself useful," said Betsy with a sob.

"I am sure you had. You had run errands for her, no doubt; posted letters, given messages, and so on. Quite right, too, Betsy."

"I never did much for her beyond my usual work," said Betsy. "Only once or twice across the park, as it might be, with a letter——"

She stopped and looked frightened to death.

"A letter—yes; to whom?" said Jacobi.

"That's telling," responded the girl, sullenly.

"To whom did you carry a letter across the park?"

Betsy Blane was silent.

"Very well. If you do not answer my questions you will go out of the house in an hour's time, without a character. You have your choice. Now then. To whom did you take a letter, Betsy Blane? You had better tell it to me than stand before a magistrate and be compelled to tell it to him," said Jacobi, in a curiously threatening tone. "And then go to prison afterwards."

The girl shuddered and burst into a tempest of tears.

"Oh, lawks, sir," she sobbed, "don't send me to prison and I'll tell you. It was to Mr. Tremaine, and he gave me a half-crown for it, he did."

With a few more adroit questions, Jacobi learnt the history of her taking a paper that Mrs. Danvers had given her across the park to Nigel Tremaine; and he was soon convinced that Clarice and Mrs. Danvers had both spoken to Nigel a short time before the message was conveyed. It was quite enough evidence, to his mind, to prove that collusion had existed between Mrs. Danvers and Tremaine. And the conviction of Mrs. Danvers' treachery was a shock to him from which he found it hard to recover. That *she* should turn against him seemed the most unlikely thing in the world; and yet that very thing had come to pass. It was almost incredible.

His next step was to obtain from the servants a description of the dress in which Clarice and Mrs. Danvers had last appeared. He noted down the details in a pocket-book. "Red dress, sealskin jacket, black bonnet with red roses in it, Indian shawl." Mrs. Danvers had been dressed in black, but her waving fringe of golden hair was so noticeable, that he did not think he should have much difficulty in giving a fair idea of her appearance to persons whom he wished to interest in the search.

These matters done, he walked to the station and took a train which set him down not ten minutes' walk from Beechhurst. He wanted to ascertain, without showing himself, whether Nigel Tremaine was at home or not, and he soon satisfied himself on that point; for, in walking towards the house, he encountered Nigel strolling lazily down a green lane with his hands behind him, and a cigar in his mouth. His manner was, as usual, careless and cool; but his raised eyebrows expressed some surprise at Jacobi's

appearance; and when Jacobi, with some audacity, accosted him, he asked his business in a tone which warned his visitor to be upon his guard.

"My business," said Jacobi, "is to inform you—if you are not already well acquainted with the fact—that Miss Vanborough left Charnwood on Tuesday afternoon in order to go to her brother's house at Chelsea, and that she has not since been seen or heard of."

"Indeed!" Nigel looked grave and concerned as he spoke. "May I ask, then, why you come here?"

"I come to you to know where she is. You have hidden her somewhere — you ran off with her — you — by heaven, you shall tell me!" He began calmly enough, but almost immediately his voice roughened, his face worked, his eyes sent out a lurid flame of wrath.

"*I* tell you?" said Nigel, throwing away the end of his cigar, and seeming to think it scarcely worth while to cast a glance in Jacobi's direction. "Is it likely that I should know anything of Miss Vanborough's movements? And, if I did, should I tell you? This is a private road," he went on, in rather a sharper tone. "I suppose you know that you are trespassing. Nixon!" A man appeared from one of the hedges —a strong-looking fellow in a velveteen coat—and touched his hat. "Show this person out," said his master, turning away. "You had better not come here again," he advised Jacobi.

"You will answer for this to Sir Wilfred Vanborough," Jacobi called after him, with a tigerish longing to rush upon the graceful lounging figure in the easy suit of grey tweed, set his fingers in the fair English throat, and see those keen blue eyes grow dim. His hatred of Nigel Tremaine amounted almost to a passion. It supplied the absence of love for Clarice in the motive power that ruled his actions. The dangers surrounding his enterprise were assuming forms of such magnitude that he had several times been tempted to let it go and seek safety in South America once more. But his desire to triumph over Nigel Tremaine and Geoffrey Vanborough would not let him yield even to his fears. On the first suspicion that the identification which meant exposure was imminent, Jacobi had long made up his mind that he would go. But he did not see as yet how his enemies could accomplish that identification for at least some weeks; and if he could have persuaded Sir Wilfred to let him marry Clarice in the interim he would willingly have done so. He certainly did not believe that his wife was living, but, had he known of her existence the fact would have had little influence over him. So long as he could have been sure that he would not be prosecuted for bigamy, he would have gone through the form of a marriage to Clarice with a sense only of mocking triumph in the sorrow, and shame, and humiliation that he would thus bring upon the Vanborough family, and upon Nigel Tremaine himself.

He turned away from Beechhurst, furious and rather bewildered. Tremaine was at home, it was true; but had he been at home on the day when Clarice disappeared?

He tried to extract some information from the man who had accompanied him down the lane, but with little success.

"Your master is a good deal at home now?" he said.

A grunt was the only response.

"Has he been away this week?"

"Not as I knows on," was the sulky and unwilling response.

Jacobi felt himself baffled, although he believed that the man was not speaking the truth. Nixon, however, did speak the truth—as far as he knew it. Mr. Tremaine had been away for one night, but Nixon was not aware of the fact.

Jacobi went back to London, pausing awhile on his way at the Junction to make inquiries. The station-master remembered the ladies who had asked for a carriage for themselves very well. It was on Tuesday afternoon, and this was Thursday. Yes, he remembered the lady with yellow curls on the forehead, and the invalid young lady too. Was sure that they went on to London. They had a lot of luggage with them. He advised Jacobi to ascertain what had become of that luggage at King's Cross. Jacobi found the boxes belonging to Miss Vanborough and Mrs.

Danvers at the Lost Property Office. He thought it advisable to leave them there for the present, with a man on the watch to see whether they were claimed or not. And then he fell to examining porters and officials on his own account, and he saw the guard of the train in which Mrs. Danvers and Clarice had travelled on the afternoon in question, but he gained no information at all. His mind reverted to the thought of Scotland Yard and a detective's office. He was disposed to place the matter in the hands of the police.

He was still standing in the station, having excited some curiosity, some wrath, and some sympathy by his questions, when a boy came up and touched him on the arm.

"I see two ladies, a oldish one and a young 'un, o' Tuesday afternoon, between four and five," he said. "They come asking me the way to the Metropolitan, and wouldn't let me carry their bag. I remember 'em."

Jacobi turned eagerly.

"What were they like? Had the lady light hair that curled on her forehead?"

"If she had," said the boy, dubiously, "I didn't see it."

"She wore spectacles?"

"No, she didn't."

Of that the lad was sure.

"You did not notice what the young lady wore? Had she a fur jacket, for instance?"

The lad shook his head.

"The girl looked like a servant, if it was the one I mean," he said. "She had on a grey shawl, and a veil tied over her face."

"And a red dress."

"No, a brown or a black one. Something dull and sober like."

Jacobi shrugged his shoulders.

"They cannot be the ladies of whom I am in search," he said.

"Wait a bit," said the boy, cunningly. "Now, do you happen to know the name of that 'ere young lady?"

"Why?"

"You tell me it, and I'll tell you why. What's her initials?"

Jacobi paused a moment, then answered slowly, "Her name was Miss Clarice Vanborough. Her initials are C. D. V."

He remembered that her second name was Dorinda.

The boy winked knowingly. "I knew it," he said. "And this 'ere handkercher was what she dropped, a-going into the other railway station. See here!"

He drew from his pocket a white handkerchief with an embroidered crest and initials in one corner. The crest was the Vanborough crest; the initials were C. D. V.

"What'll you give me for it?" said the boy.

"They went to the Underground, did they? What tickets did they take? Did you hear?"

"What'll you give me, if I tell you?"

Jacobi held up half-a-crown.

"Make it five shillings," said the lad, "and I'll tell you, and give you the hanky into the bargain."

Jacobi gave him the five shillings and received the handkerchief in return.

"Bishopsgate Street," said the boy, as he pocketed the money. "I was behind 'em with another person's luggage. I'd swear to it if necessary Bishopsgate it was; third-class. Do anything more for you, sir?"

"Your name and address," said Jacobi, and, having written them down in his pocket book, he made his way to the Metropolitan Station. Here, of course, he met with no success. Clerks and officials were much too busy to have noticed the appearance of any couple of ordinary passengers, and could certainly remember nothing of what had happened two days ago. Jacobi retired baffled, both at King's Cross and Bishopsgate Street, and returned to Chelsea to consult in a more friendly spirit with Gilbert.

The girl who dropped the handkerchief was evidently Clarice Vanborough; but Jacobi was puzzled by the declaration of the lad that she wore a brown dress and grey shawl. It seemed impossible that she could have stopped anywhere on the way to change her clothes, and yet she had quitted Charnwood in very different raiment; in rich colours and costly furs, which might of themselves have excited remark. And the boy's failure to notice Mrs. Danvers' golden hair suggested a new possibility

to Jacobi's mind. Could Clarice have been separated from her companion and handed over to Nigel Tremaine's accomplices? But, then, Mrs. Danvers would surely have claimed her boxes, and presented herself at Charnwood to clear herself from the imputation of carelessness or treachery. She had seemed so faithful, so devoted to Jacobi's interests that her defection was the greatest blow to his case that it could well have received. And yet she was missing, and Clarice was missing too.

Jacobi and Gilbert took counsel with one another, and decided upon placing the matter in the hands of a detective. The officer whom they employed was a civil, melancholy-looking man named Gale; clever enough, perhaps, but by no means gifted with supernatural sagacity.

The "mysterious disappearance of a young lady" soon got into the papers and began to be talked about; but the utmost publicity in this case seemed to produce no result at all.

The following advertisement was speedily seen in all the leading newspapers of the day:—

"Two Hundred Pounds Reward.—Missing, a young lady, aged twenty; five feet four inches in height, pale complexion, dark eyes and hair, delicate in appearance and health. Left X—— Junction for King's Cross on Tuesday, the 20th inst.; was traced to Bishopsgate Street Station; has not since been heard of. Wore on leaving home a red cashmere dress, trimmed with velvet, sealskin and beaver jacket, black bonnet with red roses, fur-lined gloves, buttoned boots, linen marked C.D.V.; supposed to be in company with a lady about forty, dressed in black, with light hair curling on the forehead, pale complexion, wearing spectacles. The above reward will be paid to any person or persons who may give such information as will lead to the discovery of the young lady now missing."

The address of an eminent firm of solicitors was added below.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Escape.

At X—— Junction ten minutes had to be passed. The wind was cold, and the station not a comfortable one; Mrs. Danvers had thought it advisable, therefore, to wrap a large, dark, waterproof cloak round her companion's figure, and tie a gauze veil over her face before they left the railway carriage. Clarice did not object; she was very gentle and subdued; but the heaviness of her wraps made it uncomfortable for her to walk, and she was glad to take refuge in the waiting room, while Mrs. Danvers interviewed the porters and the guard in turn, and secured a first-class carriage for Clarice and herself by well-timed gratuities to these officials.

The train went through to King's Cross without stopping. The journey would occupy rather more than fifty minutes. Mrs. Danvers established her charge in a corner of the railway carriage, and smiled as the train moved off.

They passed out of the station; away from the town, across a stretch of flat and undulating country. Mrs. Danvers rose up and pulled the blue curtains across the windows, then took down the black bag from the netting above her head and opened it.

"Clarice, my darling," she said, "I want to make a little alteration in your bonnet. Let me take it off."

Clarice allowed her to remove her headgear, then leaned back and closed her eyes. Had she opened them she would have seen Mrs. Danvers take a pair of scissors from her bag and begin to cut the threads with which the scarlet flower and the Spanish lace were sewn—lightly sewn indeed, judging from the ease with which they were unfastened. Then Mrs. Danvers took out a black ribbon and fastened it to the top and sides of the bonnet, leaving enough for strings. Thus disembarrassed of the lace and flowers which had been piled upon it, the bonnet was a simple one enough—one with a slight poke, such as was then customary—a bonnet which might have been worn by a respectable girl of the lower middle class. When this transformation was effected, Mrs. Danvers heaped the lace and flowers into her bag.

Then she spoke to Clarice again.

"I am going to alter your dress a little, dear. Let me take off your jacket."

Clarice's eyes began to assume a bewildered expression, but her limbs were perfectly passive. Without a word she allowed herself to be divested of her sealskin. Then Mrs. Danvers slipped over her head the plain brown skirt that she had recently been making, and tied it round her waist. It had been made long enough to conceal every vestige of the red cashmere dress. Mrs. Danvers proceeded to endue her with a close woollen jacket, and, over it, the thick grey shawl that she had lately bought "for the old woman in the village." Then she tied the simple black bonnet under her chin, replaced her furred gloves by black woollen ones, and looked at her critically. Nothing remained of Clarice Vanborough, in appearance, but the white face and melancholy dark eyes, which were too striking when once noticed to be easily forgotten. Mrs. Danvers fastened the black gauze veil upon the bonnet, but did not, as yet, draw it down over the girl's face; then she smiled a little to herself.

"Who could tell her for Miss Vanborough, now?" she said. "She looks like a village girl coming up to London for the first time in her life. She is not half fine enough for a lady's-maid."

The grey shawl was a comfortable wrap, and Clarice hardly seemed conscious of the change in her dress. The common woollen gloves seemed to trouble her, however. She looked at them with evident dissatisfaction, and was not content until Mrs. Danvers had taken them off again.

Into the capacious black bag went the sealskin jacket, the furred gloves, the Indian shawl. And then Mrs. Danvers proceeded to make an alteration in her own toilette—an alteration of a somewhat startling character.

She took off her bonnet and laid it on the seat beside her. Then she took off her spectacles and put them away. Next she manipulated her hair a little. The golden plaits came off very easily; then the waving fringe which had descended almost to her eyebrows. Thus denuded, it might have been seen that Mrs. Danvers had beneath her plaits and her frizzles a beautiful head of hair of her own, straight and smooth as satin, and black as a raven's wing.

She showed the false hair to Clarice with a smile, but said nothing as she placed it in her bag. Then, she took out a handkerchief and a little bottle, and rubbed her face, sometimes energetically, sometimes delicately, for a minute or two. The handkerchief brought away a good deal of colour, and left her face much whiter than it had been before.

Two more changes had to be made. Mrs. Danvers changed her boots. Those that she placed in her bag were curiously unlike. The left foot had a much thicker sole and higher heel than the right one. If Betsy Blane had seen them she might (if she had been clever enough) have found a reason for the fact which had often perplexed her, the fact that Mrs. Danvers never sent her boots downstairs to be blacked. She had a fluid preparation which she used herself, Mrs. Danvers used to say, and that she liked much better than ordinary blacking.

Then she exchanged her cloak for the dark waterproof, which she had previously given Clarice to wear. And, thus equipped, it could be easily seen that Mrs. Danvers was neither lame nor deformed, that she was a dark woman, with a pale and stedfast face, and that her dark eyes had no need of spectacles at all. Mrs. Danvers was transformed.

Clarice looked up and gave a start of terror. Mrs. Danvers came and sat beside her.

"Don't be afraid," she said in her ear. "I am the same as ever. You love me a little, don't you?"

Clarice held out her hands to her. Her lips moved, but Mrs. Danvers could not catch her reply. She kissed the girl's pale cheek, and noticed with satisfaction that the look of terror was disappearing from her eyes; then returned to the task of concealing the garments that she had doffed in her bag.

Finally, she wrapped a black shawl round her shoulders and drew down her veil; then, took her place once more at Clarice's side, held the girl's hand in a firm but kindly clasp, and waited, erect and motionless, for the slackening of the train's pace.

Finsbury Park was past; York Road, King's Cross came next. Porters were

seen running along the platform—one or two looked in at the carriage-window, from which Mrs. Danvers had pulled back the curtain. Her own veil was down, Clarice's also, and they were both sitting at the corner furthest from the door.

Mrs. Danvers rose concealing Clarice from view, and took the bag from the seat.

"No luggage," she said to the porter in firm tones. "No we don't want a cab. I can carry my bag myself."

The porter retired. The train stopped; the guard came up and unlocked the door.

"Your luggage is in the furthest van, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Danvers, confidentially. He did not notice any change in her appearance, and he could not see the young lady who was with her. The day had been cloudy, and was already drawing to a close. The lamps had not yet been lighted, and the carriage was nearly dark.

Mrs. Danvers gave him a shilling and thanked him. He walked onwards down the platform, and as soon as he was gone Mrs. Danvers turned round and took Clarice by the hand.

"Now, my dear," she said, "come."

The two figures, veiled and muffled, passed through a jostling crowd of passengers and porters without remark. Mrs. Danvers did not pause until she was out of the station; then, she waited for a moment and looked round.

"Carry your bag for you, mum?"

A boy stood near her with a truck, on which various bags and boxes had already been deposited. He was going to wheel them down the road to the Metropolitan Station.

"No thank you. Is this the way to the Underground Railway?"

"Right you are, mum. I'm going there. Walk alongside of me and you'll see where I go. Carry your bag for you, if you like."

Mrs. Danvers refused the offer. The bag was not heavy, and she did not like to trust it out of her own hand. This refusal made the lad look at her twice, instead of conveying her luggage for her and merely thinking of the pay. He wondered "why folks would carry their own bags themselves, instead of grudging a poor cove a copper or two."

At the Metropolitan Station, Mrs. Danvers took a ticket for Bishopsgate Street. Arriving there in a quarter of an hour, she made her way, with Clarice's arm in hers, to Liverpool Street Station. Here they had a little time to wait, and she compelled the girl to drink some hot tea and eat a biscuit. Then she took another ticket, and led her silent companion once more to the train.

As Clarice seated herself in the third-class carriage, whither Mrs. Danvers had piloted her, she seemed to be seized by some new and perplexing emotion. She put up her veil and looked at Mrs. Danvers with quivering lips and startled eyes:

"Where are we going?" she asked, faintly.

"To Nigel," was Mrs. Danvers' prompt reply. And then she drew down the girl's veil, and told her to sit still and they would soon be at home.

They got out at Old Ford, a district situated beyond Bethnal Green, at the extreme east end. Once more Mrs. Danvers took Clarice by the arm and walked out with her from the station into the open road. She walked forward a little way, looking neither to the right nor left. Then, she stopped. Some landmark seemed to have caught her eye. She waited, put her bag down on the pavement beside her, and sighed.

The night had closed in, and a light rain was falling. The streets had a quiet look; there were few shops, and traffic seemed to be suspended. Not a cab was to be seen. Clarice shivered beneath her grey shawl, but did not say a word.

They had not long to wait. A man's figure, enveloped in a long great-coat, advanced with a quick, firm tread towards them. He hesitated, passed by the two women once, then turned round; Clarice had stretched out her hands to him with a sudden cry of "Nigel!" He had hardly recognised her in her disguise, but she had known him by his bearing and his tread.

"My love!" He put his arms round her and kissed her passionately. "My love! my own! my darling!" It was all that he could say. He had saved

her—he thought that he had saved her—at last; it was not yet too late; and never should she set foot in her father's house again until Nigel Tremaine himself could lead her thither as a free and happy wife! It was this thought that prompted that sudden outburst of loving words, that tender clasp, that rain of kisses on cheek, and lip, and brow. The darkness favoured him; for a moment he felt as if they two stood alone together in the universe, and could let the world go by, unknowing and unknown.

"Have we far to go?" said Mrs. Danvers, quietly.

Nigel came to himself with a start, and offered her his hand.

"I thank you," he said, simply yet earnestly; "and some day Clarice will thank you too." Then with a resumption of his usual manner—"We have a quarter of an hour's walk before us. Let me take your bag. May I give you my arm? As we go, I will tell you the rest of our programme."

Mrs. Danvers declined his arm, which he gave to Clarice, who walked between the two. An unusual buoyancy seemed to pervade his whole being. His step was light, his voice cheerful, his keen blue eyes bright and proud. It was evident that he was sanguine about the future.

"Your journey was a successful one, then?" he said, almost gaily.

"I think so—yes. I do not think they can trace us. What have you to tell me, Mr. Tremaine?"

"First of all, you know, you must call me by my proper name," said Nigel, cheerfully. "I wish it was a less uncommon name, but, for Clarice's sake, I must not change it. I am Nigel Wilson, your nephew; and this is my sister Caroline, whom we call Carry. We used to call you Carry once, did we not, my darling? You will not mind being called Carry again?"

"No," said the girl, looking up at him with wistful affection. "Not by you."

"And you are Mrs. Wilson," Nigel continued. "Wilson seemed to me, as I said in my letter, a convenient, ordinary kind of name that tells nothing. Your husband was a clergyman, now dead. Your husband's brother, our father, was a lawyer. (That is true, in a sense; my father did practise at the bar for some years; but, of course, I have had to lay truth on one side). I am a commercial traveller—that explains my long absences from home—and my sister is in very delicate health. You have a small independence, but would be glad to give a few music lessons to eke out your slender means. I have not absolutely said all this, but I have said part and hinted the rest. Does *she* understand what she is to do?"

"No; I have said nothing."

"I must prepare her then. Clarice, my darling?"

"Yes, Nigel."

"You know this lady? I want you to give her a new name. She is not Mrs. Danvers any longer; she is Mrs. Wilson. Do you understand? You are never to call her Mrs. Danvers any more. Her name—to you—is——"

He hesitated a little. Mrs. Danvers finished the sentence.

"Aunt Mary," she said, quietly.

"Aunt Mary," said Nigel, with a certain momentary embarrassment, which he passed off with a faint laugh; "Aunt Mary; your aunt and mine. Let me hear you call her by her name."

Clarice looked at him and then at Mrs. Danvers. She did not understand, but she was obedient. She said the name submissively.

"Aunt Mary. Not Mrs. Danvers any longer. I will try to remember."

"And, my darling, don't say the name 'Mrs. Danvers' at all, if you can help it. If you do, do you know what will happen? I may have to go away from you and not see you for a long time. Remember that you are not to talk of Mrs. Danvers any more."

"I will try to remember," she said again, looking distressed.

"That will do," said Mrs. Danvers to Nigel, in a low tone. "That is enough for one night."

"And," said Nigel, rather more slowly, "I have followed my mother's counsel in one particular and brought my old nurse, Martha Judson, to town with me. She is more than sixty years of age, and has been in

our family forty years. She is thoroughly trustworthy and thoroughly kind, and can keep a secret to her life's end. We have always said of her that to tell Martha anything was like telling it into a grave; she never spoke of it again. You will find her at the house to which we are going."

Mrs. Danvers made no comment. She could well understand that Mrs. Tremaine had sent her faithful old servant somewhat as a check upon her actions, but she did not resent the implied suspicion. It was enough for her that Nigel did not manifest a similar feeling.

They stopped at last in a narrow side street, before an unpretentious-looking little house, one of a row of houses all alike.

"Number five, John Street, Old Ford," said Nigel, easily. "That is our address for the present. Our landlady's name is Snape—Mrs. Snape. She has a husband somewhere in the background, I believe."

He was talking with unusual vivacity, perhaps a little forced. Mrs. Danvers kept silence; Clarice trembled upon his arm.

He had laid his hand upon the little iron gate before the house, and was about to push it open, when Mrs. Danvers arrested him.

"One moment," said she. "You are risking something—on my recommendation. You are doubtful about the success of our experiment. If you like we can even now relinquish it. If you repent, I will take her back."

The smile had faded from Nigel's face. His eyes were as steady as her own. Not a muscle of his face quivered. He answered curtly—

"I shall never repent."

"You will weary of it?"

"Of nothing until I have made her my wife."

Mrs. Danvers bowed her head. Let us go in, then," she said, and pushed open the little gate.

Almost as soon as she had done so the front door opened. The landlady had been on the watch. She was a meek looking person, with a subdued and feeble voice, but she seemed obliging and respectful. A small servant hovered in the background. Mistress and servant were vaguely surprised that there was no cab and no luggage.

"We are going to get our luggage presently," said Mrs. Danvers, in her quiet tones. "Are these the rooms? Yes, I think you have made a very good choice, Nigel."

Her instant adoption of the *rôle* she was to play gratified and astonished Nigel. His blue eyes danced with amusement. He turned to her with some slight answer on his lips; but the words died away before they were uttered. Mrs. Danvers had put up her veil. And then he perceived for the first time that she was a very different looking person from the Mrs. Danvers whom he had seen in the garden. She gave him a warning glance, however, which recalled him to a sense of his own part.

"Here is Martha," he said, as a grey-haired old woman in a cap advanced from an inner room to meet them, and the landlady still hovered in the rear.

"Well, Martha, how are you?" said Mrs. Danvers, shaking hands with the old servant, as if she had known her for the last twenty years. "I hope you find your room comfortable? I think we had better have some tea before we go out again, Nigel, and I will get Carry to bed at once. She is very tired, poor child. Ah! this is the bedroom."

The bedroom opened from the sitting-room by folding doors. Both rooms were on the first floor, and were of moderate size. The rooms that were to belong to Nigel and Martha respectively were on a higher story. Mrs. Danvers called the old servant to follow her and shut the door of communication between the two rooms. Nigel looked rather disconcerted by this sudden disappearance, but contented himself by directing Mrs. Snape to send up tea immediately. He had ordered what was a sumptuous repast to the inhabitants of John Street—eggs, bacon, mutton chops, and tea; and Mrs. Snape herself had added suggestions of Madeira cakes and marmalade. Moreover, Martha had been put by Mrs. Tremaine in charge of a hamper of country produce, which was likely

to be more acceptable to Clarice than the results of Mrs. Snape's cookery.

Nigel waited with some impatience for Mrs. Danvers' return.

"Isn't she coming back?" he asked, ruefully.

"She is tired," said Mrs. Danvers, smiling. "Besides, I have a little difficulty about clothes. I do not want her to be seen in those she was wearing at Charnwood. I must go out almost immediately, or the shops will be shut. Hush, say no more at present."

Tea was brought in. Mrs. Danvers carried in a cup to Clarice, as well as some food, which the girl was too weary and excited to touch; then ate and drank a little herself, and prepared to go out. Clarice was left under old Martha's charge. Nigel accompanied Mrs. Danvers.

She went to the Mile End Road and commenced a series of purchases, during some of which he was banished from the shop, and in others allowed to look on. She made her transactions as short as possible, but could not bring them to a close for more than an hour. Finally, she went into a portmanteau shop; selected two of the largest, and one small one, and directed Nigel to place the parcels with which he was laden inside them—rather to the amazement of the shopman, who was just closing for the night.

Then with great difficulty they procured a cab, and were driven with their new portmanteaus to the door of Mrs. Snape's house.

Later in the evening, Nigel turned to Mrs. Danvers, and said—

"I fancied that by this time I should have begun to understand you a little. But I am more puzzled than ever."

"I am going to explain myself," she said, quietly.

He had to wait some time, however, before she spoke again.

"Look at me," she said at last. Do I seem very different to you?"

"Very different. You have disguised yourself completely."

She smiled.

"The other was my disguise. *This* is my natural self."

"What!" said Nigel, hastily. "You were disguised while you lived at Sir Wilfred Vanborough's?"

"Yes."

"You must have had a strong motive for such a disguise."

"I had."

"Can you tell me what it was?"

Mrs. Danvers had grown pale. She did not look at him as she replied.

"I wished," she said, "to hide myself from Constantine Jacobi's knowledge, and yet to keep guard over his actions. If he had seen me as I am now he would have recognised me—and been afraid."

"Been afraid?"

"Desperately afraid. And, but, for Joan's sake—but, for Geoffrey's sake—I would not have left him in ignorance. But the time was not ripe."

She mused for a little while, her hands clasped before her upon her knees.

"It is not ripe yet," she said. "Let him fill up the measure of his crimes. I told you—did I not?—that his wife was living still?"

"Yes."

She rose and lifted her arms a little.

"Look at me," she said. "I am like other women. I do not look as if a blight had fallen upon me?—as if my heart were buried in a grave? And yet this is so. It seems to me that I am the most wretched woman of all women who have ever lived."

With his eyes, Nigel asked her why. He dared not speak.

She turned to him with a magnificent gesture of despair.

"Pity me! she said, in a voice of exceeding bitterness. "Pity me. I am Constantine Jacobi's wife. I am Maddalena Vallor!"

(To be continued.)

"OUR DOCTOR."

By "IATROS."

THE OCEAN AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Of the various curative measures which the physician of the present day has at his disposal to enable him to cope successfully with disease, not one is more potent to arrest certain diseases when they have once manifested themselves, or to prevent their actual occurrence when they are threatening, than simply changing the conditions under which the patient lives.

Everyone knows of persons whose lives have been embittered by dyspepsia and hypochondria for years until, recommended to have a few weeks' complete rest and change of surroundings, they regained health and happiness. Cases of this kind are common enough. But whilst the beneficial results of an inland change are universally recognised, it is doubtful whether the even more important results that in many cases attend a sea-voyage are sufficiently well known and appreciated. There are several reasons to account for this. Until quite recently medical men had some diffidence in proposing a sea-voyage in many a case in which such a course would unquestionably have been productive of good, because they were unable to assure to their patients the care and comfort necessary to a valetudinarian. Now, however, passenger vessels are so well equipped and appointed that all the comforts and conveniences of a hotel are to be found on board, so that the physician need have no fear of his patient having to put up with any hardships.

The benefits of a sea-voyage in certain forms of consumption are well known—so well known, indeed, that it is needless to do more than advert to them; but we doubt whether it is commonly known that sea-travel in warm latitudes offers special advantages in many other chronic ailments —notably in affections of the kidneys and in chronic rheumatism. The subject of change of air and climate also comes home to most of those who are either naturally delicate or who begin to feel the tax of prolonged physical toil and exertion, or mental tension.

In such cases the sea-voyage, when practicable, especially when it leads to new lands, new topics of thought, novel scenery and associations, is very desirable. In each and all such cases the change is not uncommonly of inestimable benefit, and almost always productive of some decided good.

The powerfully tonic effect of a sea-voyage is better understood in the east than it is among ourselves. The inhabitants of eastern settlements, accustomed to travel, and familiar with the steamships which come to their ports, have learned to recognise in a sea-trip a means of regaining health when medicine has failed to help them. Many of these very striking results with which medical men practising abroad are familiar, are simply due to the very powerful tonic effect of sea-air, and we would be equally familiar with them if our patients could be brought to look on a voyage with less apprehension. To brain-workers, merchants, and professional men of all classes, a sea-voyage offers a form of holiday which is probably unequalled for good results. An attempt to recruit an exhausted nervous system by violent muscular exercise—walking, touring, shooting, fishing, etc., unsuitable to a man who has spent the previous nine or ten months in his study or office, too often leads to an attack of acute disease. To such men the

rest which a voyage offers to the nervous system can hardly be over-estimated. The restoration of his exhausted energies begins with his first day at sea, as soon as he realises the intense relief of knowing that for a time he has escaped the post office and telegraph wire.

It is a commonly accepted idea that a sea-voyage is very "slow." After some experience of sea-travelling we are in a position to contradict this notion.

A sea-voyage in an ordinary passenger vessel is anything but slow. In reality a man can make his voyage almost what he would wish it to be beforehand, if it be of moderately long duration. It may either be a complete *dolce far niente*, or a series of remarkable events. But a voyage ought to yield not only pleasure, but profit as well. We are, therefore, in the habit of recommending patients going for a sea-voyage to a distant shore to learn what creatures they may expect to meet with during their progress, the latitudes in which they are to be looked for, the sort of weather in which they commonly make their appearance, and to acquire a special knowledge of their habits and natures.

Were all passengers to do this they would not only lay open to themselves a rational and innocent source of amusement during the passage, but would qualify themselves for adding facts gained from personal experience (and such facts are never without their value) to the general stock of information. And if, under these circumstances, a diary be kept it will bear less resemblance to a log-book than such volumes usually do; and may afford on perusal not only interest but perhaps even instruction.

"OUR GARDENER."

By DAVID A. CRICHTON.

Most gardens suffer more or less during our long dry summers, and amateur cultivators are often disheartened by the loss of plants in which they take pride, and the withered appearance of many others. But the true lover of a garden will not be altogether discouraged from these trials, and will try and turn the experience so dearly bought to good account in the future. Hot dry weather will always prevail during the summer months, and every one who values a garden should endeavour to guard against it by every practicable means. In the first place, in laying out a garden the ground should be well prepared, and a sufficient depth of soil provided to supply the plants with nourishment. Then again it is utterly impossible to grow small plants and delicate shrubs successfully when the roots of large trees are interfering with them. Plants may also be materially assisted during the summer months by mulching the beds and borders before the hot weather sets in. Mulching is of the greatest importance in garden operations in a climate like this, as it is a check upon rapid evaporation from the soil and lessens the quantity of water required to keep plants in a growing state. Another means of mitigating the effects of dry weather is to secure effective drainage in heavy retentive soils. It may not be generally known that when land is well drained it will retain more moisture during a dry season than soil that wants drainage. Though water must be used more or less in every garden, yet there is no necessity to be continually flooding the plants as some

people are in the habit of doing. When this practice is adopted, it takes a great deal of water, and a considerable amount of labour, while at the same time much of the plant food in the soil is destroyed by the constant action of the water.

Roses should have all suckers removed from stems of budded plants, and rampant shoots ought to be carefully regulated, so as to keep the plants as shapely as possible. Another slight pruning may be given to plants of the Bourbon, Tea, and Noisette sections, as also to free blooming varieties of the Hybrid Perpetual section. Plants belonging to these classes will flower more or less at all seasons of the year, and frequent light prunings will greatly assist them. The budding of Roses may be proceeded with throughout this month, but if circumstances are favourable, it will be advisable to get the work done as early as possible. The safest way of preparing the buds is to take them off under cover and put them in a basin of water at once, in order to keep them from getting dry. Though budding is a very useful operation for propagating new or choice kinds quickly, and facilitating the growth of many delicate varieties, yet it must not be forgotten by the amateur gardener that many Roses do best upon their own roots. Standard Roses when well grown are attractive, but they feel very much the effects of strong winds and a burning sun upon their naked stems. Dwarf, or, as they are sometimes called, Half Standards, are better adapted for this part of the world than tall ones, as they are not so much affected by high winds, and their stems are more shaded. In growing Standard Roses in this part of the world, the heads should be allowed to grow to a good size, in order to protect the stems as much as possible.

Many of our native plants are very beautiful, but strange to say but few people cultivate them in their gardens. Most of them are compact in habit, have attractive foliage, and the majority bloom in the winter and spring months when other flowers are somewhat scarce. These plants have also the advantage of being able to resist the effects of long continued dry weather better than most other kinds, and if well established they require but little or no watering. The only protection they require is a thick mulching with dry litter during the very hot months. Care must, however, be taken not to use stimulating manures to Australian plants, and not to disturb their roots to any great extent when the borders are dug or hoed over. This remark will also apply to many other hard-wooded plants, and more especially to evergreen shrubs. If the surface soil is lightly loosened with the fork occasionally, it will be quite sufficient for native plants, and many of our most popular border shrubs. The common practice, however, is when the borders are dug over to dig with the spade among the roots, when, as a matter of course, a large quantity are destroyed or mutilated, and the plants suffer in proportion. If the layering of Carnations, Picotees, or Pinks was not done earlier in the season the operation may be performed now with a fair chance of success, but no time should be lost. Many of the plants that are known to gardeners as "tender annuals" make fine displays in flower gardens during the autumn months. Among the many plants that can be specially recommended are Zinnias, which flower profusely for a long period, and possess every shade of colour, from the purest white to the deepest crimson, purple, or orange. The Gomphrena (Globe Amaranthus) is also a most desirable plant, its neat globular heads of purple everlasting flowers, which are produced in great profusion, being general favourites. Portulacas are also very attractive small tender plants, as their brilliant salver-shaped flowers, of various colours, are freely produced. The Amaranthus family embraces a number of very beautiful species and varieties, from which a good selection is easily made. The Celosias, or branching Cockscombs, are also admirably adapted for the ornamentation of flower gardens during the autumn. They embrace various shades of red, scarlet, purple, and yellow, and are graceful and attractive in habit. For ordinary purposes seed of these plants should have been sown much earlier than this. Good plants

for the autumn, however, may still be obtained if the seed is sown at once in pots or ground.

At this time of the year pot grown plants require unceasing attention to keep them in thriving condition, and their various wants must be promptly supplied. Those under glass will require to be freely supplied with water, and the atmosphere around them should be kept moist by frequent syringings. Plants in exposed situations or plant sheds must be watered frequently, and when practicable the pots should be plunged in sand, soil, or some other material, to protect their sides from wind and sun, and lessen labour in watering. Insects must be kept down by unceasing attention, as if left to themselves they will increase with great rapidity at this time of the year. Camellias that have made their season's growth should be watered rather more sparingly than hitherto, though care must be taken not to let the plants suffer through lack of moisture. Camellias may be propagated from cuttings of this season's shoots when fairly ripened, but plants are increased slowly by this means, and as a rule should be raised from layers. Azaleas may now be readily propagated from cuttings, choosing shoots of the present season's growth which have ripened at the base. Most of the ornamental foliage plants such as Begonias, Caladiums, Marantas, etc., have now completed their main growth of leaves, and will scarcely require so much water as hitherto. When these plants reach their most perfect state the aim of cultivators should be to preserve their beauty as long as possible, and this object will to some extent be effected by retarding further development. The leaves are the principal attraction in the great majority of ornamental foliage plants, the flowers being generally insignificant and poor, and should be removed as soon as they make their appearance. As regards the Anthuriums, however, an exception must be made to this rule, as these plants produce showy and highly attractive flowers. Achimenes and Gloxinias, as they go out of bloom, should be allowed to go to rest by gradually curtailing the supply of water. Care must, however, be taken not to dry them off too quickly, as under such conditions the roots are apt to shrivel and rot away. The same remarks will apply to Gesneras and Tydeas. Later plants of these families should have their growth stimulated by the use of liquid manure occasionally, as the more vigorous they are before the flowering period arrives, the greater satisfaction will they give, as a rule. Calceolaria, Cineraria, and Chinese Primula seed may be sown, and plants from previous sowings should be potted off singly into the smallest-sized pots, as soon as they have made their second pair of leaves. Fuchsias that have done blooming, and fairly ripened their growth, may be cut back if they are required for another season. Later plants will require constant attention in watering, syringing, and stopping, in order to secure compact, well-furnished specimens, and every effort should be made to keep the plants free from the insect known as thrip, which is often very troublesome at this time of the year. It will be advisable to propagate from cuttings a stock of the most desirable varieties, and these are now very numerous. Tuberous-rooted Begonias are becoming more and more popular, and deservedly so, as they are really a very beautiful and useful family of plants. They have been greatly improved within the last few years, and the plants now embrace in colour every shade of red, crimson, purple, yellow, lilac, and white, and some have flowers of extraordinary size. As they can be grown without difficulty in an ordinary frame, or even in a shade house, every plant-grower should include a selection of tuberous Begonias in his selection. Many of the old-fashioned species of the Begonia family, such as *B. fuchsioides*, *B. manicata*, and *B. Ingrami*, are also well worth cultivating, as they bloom freely, and last in flower a long time. Pyrethrums are generally relegated to flower borders, but they may be advantageously cultivated as pot plants. The plants bloom freely under pot culture, last for a considerable time in bloom, and if they have been well grown, are very effective for conservatory or room decoration. This family has been

greatly improved of late years, and the flowers now embrace a number of brilliant shades of colour. Winter flowering plants should have a free light to prevent drawn and weakly growth. The pots should also be turned partially round every few days, to prevent lop-sided growth. Liquid manure should also be used once or twice a week to the stronger kinds, when growth requires to be stimulated, as the more headway the plants make till they reach the flowering stage the better.

The heavy rains that fell in the early part of the month throughout Victoria were of great assistance to the late fruits, though the early kinds suffered to a great extent. If more care were taken in preparing the ground for fruit trees, and attending to their wants afterwards, there would be fewer complaints as to the failure of crops from the effects of dry weather. It is, unfortunately, a too common thing in this part of the world to see, at this time of the year, shrivelled-up crops of fruit, and stunted trees that appear to be on the point of dying off. Trees in this condition are generally those that are growing in shallow or ill prepared soils, or those that have, to a large extent, exhausted the land of its plant food. Contrast the state of trees during a summer drought growing under the conditions described, with those in deep well-prepared ground, and the advantages of good cultivation will be clearly apparent to the most superficial observer. Fruit growers ought to obtain useful lessons from summer droughts as to the true requirements of trees. If they are observant they cannot fail to learn that the land ought to be well prepared, and that the site for an orchard should be selected with care. With a sufficient depth of properly prepared soil, a due regard to drainage requirements, and the aid of mulching, fruit trees will be able to get through some weeks of dry weather with comparative impunity. Another matter of importance is to keep the trees as free from weeds as possible during the growing season. Though in Great Britain and other countries, where the climate is comparatively moist during the spring and early summer, grass orchards thrive well, yet they will not do in this part of the world. If in the spring and early summer months, when the trees ought to be making vigorous growth, the supply of rain is limited, as it generally is, any undergrowth of vegetation must necessarily assist in rapidly exhausting the moisture from the soil. On the other hand if the ground is kept perfectly free from grass and weeds the moisture and nutriment contained in the soil is used legitimately to supply the wants of the trees. Budding should be proceeded with at once in the case of stone fruits and trees of the Citrus family, and if early worked stocks have failed they must be budded again without loss of time, or otherwise the season will be lost. Strawberry plantations should have the surface soil loosened when it has become hard, taking care not to disturb the roots to any great extent. Strawberry plantations should not be allowed to stand more than two, or at the most, three years, as better returns are obtained from young plants than old ones. Rock Melons, as soon as the fruit has attained its full size, should be supplied with water less liberally than while the plants were making vigorous growth. As the fruit begins to colour, pieces of board, slate, or stone should be placed underneath each one, to prevent injury through lying upon the ground. It will also be advisable as the fruit begins to ripen to lay a handful of grass or straw over each one to prevent it from getting scorched by the sun.

In the vegetable garden every effort should be made to keep advancing crops in vigorous condition by the aid of mulching and the use of water, when necessary. Various seasonable crops must also be got in as circumstances will permit. Cabbages and Cauliflowers should be planted out rather extensively this month if the weather is favourable, and due provision must be made for future supplies of plants. Moderate sowings of Turnips should be made, and it will be advisable to include among the sorts the garden Swede, a variety that is a very useful vegetable. French Beans may be sown every fortnight for the next

two months, if a good succession is required. Bearing crops of Beans should have their pods gathered regularly whether they are required for use or not, in order to prolong the fruitfulness of the plants. If seed is required, it will be advisable to set apart one or more rows for the purpose, as the pods first produced are as a rule the finest, and yield the best seed. It is a great mistake when the fag end of a crop is saved for seed. Potatoes, and more especially the Kidney and other early maturing varieties should be planted without delay for an Autumn crop. Mature crops of Potatoes and other roots should be lifted, as if left in the ground they are apt to deteriorate, and there is the risk of a second growth setting in after heavy rain. Onions and Shallots should be taken up when their growth has thoroughly matured, taking care not to let the bulbs get scorched by the sun. A small sowing of Onions may be made for use in a green state, and Shallots and Garlic may be planted. Another sowing of Celery may be made, and plants when six or seven inches high should be planted out. Asparagus plantations will be improved by a light surface dressing of salt. The flowers of Rhubarb should be removed as they make their appearance, as the production of seed is weakening to the plants.

"OUR COSTUMIER."

By "LUCIA."

There is a tendency among English ladies this season to dress with greater plainness and simplicity in the daytime than has been customary for some years, reserving the splendour of their *grandes toilettes* for *fête* or evening wear. The ladies of the Primrose League are especially patronising quiet colours, and costumes which are characterised by extreme neatness and nicety in every detail. But if by fashion's decree ordinary day toilettes are unobtrusive, those for visiting or evening wear are of excessive richness, both as regards texture and all accessories. It is at evening entertainments that the *grandes dames* are seen in all the glory of their most elaborate attire, for nothing is thought too rich for such occasions. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, whose promenade and carriage costumes are always characterised by their stylish simplicity, invariably appears in great splendour in the evenings, when she dons a profusion of jewels. Some of the new materials for ball gowns are positively dazzling in their brilliance when seen by the medium of gaslight. "All that glitters" appears to be in great demand this season, and under this classification I may mention tinsel and beads of every description. Some of the fabrics have designs of the most intricate nature, worked in iridescent beads on a gold ground, while others are closely dotted over with crystal or metal sequins, which sparkle and shimmer as they catch the light. The favourite material for ballroom wear is still tulle, and many of the new varieties are adorned in various ways by means of beads or embroidery. Young girls, as a rule, wear plain tulle, or else those varieties which are sprinkled with single beads, pearls being most in favour. The more elaborate kinds of tulle are worked with stars, crescents, rings, or diamonds of beads; while some are dotted over at regular intervals with pendent bead tassels. These fancy tulles are, however, only intended to be used in combination with the plain varieties, and are generally employed for the full plain overskirt, panels, or draperies. Waterfalls are still general in tulle gowns, but there is a modification of them known as the "ballet" which promises to become popular. It consists of three or four skirts, as it were, one above the other, and if liked

the whole skirt may be formed in this manner, but more generally the back only is made thus. One of the newest modes of ornamenting the skirts of evening gowns is to place a ladder of close-set bows up one side, generally the left, or, if preferred, bunches of feathers or garlands of blossoms may be substituted. Flights of birds across the front or down the side are also fashionable, but will not be patronised by those who feel any scruples regarding the wholesale slaughter of our feathered friends. Dark tulles are much worn by married women and girls who are no longer in the first flush of youth, the shades most affected being brown, moss-green, chocolate, and electric blue. A black tulle gown is a most useful addition to the wardrobe of all those who go out much, as it always looks well in a ballroom, and may be worn with flowers or feathers of various colours. In these dresses jetted tulle is much used, also bands of black velvet closely studded with cut jet beads.

A new variety of bodice for evening wear is high to the throat, with a transparent vest. For ball toilettes the *decolleté* style is decidedly the most popular, and as for sleeves, they have almost vanished, the merest apologies taking their place. A string of beads or a strap of lace over the shoulder is, in many of the newest gowns, the only attempt made in the shape of sleeves. But if they are banished from low bodices, sleeves play an important part in the high or half-high varieties which are so dressy for dinner or evening wear. Though some of the high bodices have quite short sleeves, the majority are made with those reaching almost to the elbow, the prettiest meeting the bend of the arm in front and falling in a point at the back of the elbow, and trimmed with lace and ribbons.

There is a decided change in the manner of draping the skirts of evening dresses this season, the chief novelty being that the fulness is often brought to the front, where it is caught about half-way down the skirt in a pouf. The bottom of the skirt may be finished in one of two ways, either by having the tulle (or whatever the material may be) tucked in at the hem, forming another pouf, or else in the old way of being edged by kilts or flounces of some sort. Notwithstanding the numerous predictions that the days of *tournures* were about to end, skirts are made quite as *bouffants* as ever, and give no signs of modification as yet.

Bows of ribbon, rosettes, and flowers appear in the hair again this season. The latter must, however, be characterised by extreme lightness. Any heavy or dark flowers are inadmissible, the transparent varieties being most in request. Jewels are still *the* ornaments *par excellence* for the hair, and stars, crescents, and circlets are employed thus in profusion. Aigrettes are also worn, and *apropos* of feathers I may say they are much more worn than flowers for adorning ball gowns. Necklaces and close-fitting collarettes are again worn with low bodices, but they must always be close up to the neck, presenting a neat appearance. Bands of velvet or satin ribbon are also much patronised, and a new fashion is to fasten them with a tiny bunch of flowers caught with the brooch. Armlets of velvet to match the band round the throat are worn with low dresses, and look very pretty with the ends caught through buckles, but as a correspondent of one of the English fashion journals says, they "are apt to suggest the recent vaccination of the wearer."

There is at present in French and English fashions a marked attempt to revive the Watteau style of dress. Not only do the manufacturers produce Watteau designs in many of the new textures, but the "artistes," *modistes*, or whatever they like to style themselves, go still further and fashion them into picturesque toilettes, which are reproductions of those worn by the Arcadian shepherdesses. The pompadour designs, the incroyable coats, and the waistcoats, jabots and ruffles of the Louis XV. period are all said to be once more *à la mode*, and their revival has brought about that of the court dance with which they were contemporaneous. I refer to the stately minuet which is once more extensively danced and taught in France, where "Watteau balls" are quite a feature of this season, the guests, of course being attired in costumes of that

style. So successful have they proved in Paris that London society is anxious to inaugurate them in England. In fact, steps have already been taken to introduce them. West-end houses are preparing Watteau toilettes, and court teachers of dancing and etiquette are giving lessons in the sixteenth figures of the Minuet Quadrille so fashionable in Paris. As the present style of wearing the hair is almost exactly that of the period referred to, the only difference required will be the addition of powder, which I dare say will meet with little or no opposition from the fair sex, for powdered hair is most becoming to almost every lady. The only difficulty which presents itself with regard to these balls is the dress of the gentlemen, for it is very unlikely that they will go in for the plumes, ruffles, jabots, and periwigs of the Watteau period, and the regulation evening suits would look rather incongruous in proximity to the picturesque toilettes of the ladies. It is thought that a compromise will be made and that the sterner sex will appear in the costume which etiquette ordained to be worn at the last entertainment at Marlborough House, and which consisted of dress coat, knee breeches, silken hose, and high-heeled shoes with buckles. No doubt, with these revivals of old styles, we shall also have fashions innumerable raked up for our benefit from the times of our great-great-grandmothers. As it is I read in a journal which claims to be one of the highest authorities in matters of fashion, that "leg of mutton sleeves" are coming in again. Surely, fashion must be at her wit's end, when she falls back on such abominations as these and crinolines. And then, forsooth, we read of these antiquities under the heading of "*new* fashions." Truly, there is "nothing new under the sun." Among other monstrosities with which we are threatened is false hair, which, of course, is always patronised by a few, at any rate by those who think it necessary to supplement the scanty locks with which nature has endowed them. But if it is decreed that we are all to display an abundance of hair elaborately dressed, there is little doubt that at least eight out of every ten women will be foolish enough to put on what has grown on the heads of others.

The fans of the present day are certainly very beautiful, many of them perfect works of art. One of the newest and most fashionable varieties is of fine crape or gauze, exquisitely painted with designs of birds flying or in clusters, or else with charming little peeps of landscape. Designs of flowers are by no means so fashionable as the above styles. Fans of pale pink gauze painted in metallic colours and mounted in mother-of-pearl are very popular, and, by the way, pink is to be one of the most fashionable shades of the coming season. A very artistic fan of delicate black gauze had the design of an embodied spirit flying near a young crescent moon, surrounded by stars. This was painted in neutral and pale blue shades, and veiled by a medallion of fine black gauze, with pretty effect.

One of the latest freaks of fashion is that of Parisian *élégantes* who have this season adopted as an ornament an ancient Egyptian talisman, viz., the "Oudja" or Eye of Horus, representing the rising sun, and signifying health and prosperity. This ornament dates from the time of the Pharoahs, and specimens of it were brought from Phœnicia by M. Renan, while others have come from Cyprus, and varieties of it are to be found among the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum. Made of gold, silver, lapis, wood, or paste, this talisman appears in the bracelet of many a fair *Parisienne*, who regards it with a sort of superstition. In appearance it is a small square frame in either silver or gold, containing the painting of an almond shaped eye, from which is falling a spiral tear formed of either of these metals. This unique article of adornment may be worn as a brooch or pin, but more generally appears in the form of a pendant to a bracelet, and appears to possess a great charm for the *grandes dames* of France, who seem to have a half serious belief that it will bring them luck, and that while wearing it they are likely to enjoy health, wealth, and happiness. For its claims to beauty—it has none. Such is the power of fashion!

MONTHLY NOTES.

SCIENCE.

By R. L. J. Ellery.

WEATHER WISDOM, OLD AND NEW.—In the December number was explained the manner in which the weather news received by telegraph from the whole coast line and part of the interior, is used to form charts of the "hills and hollows" of the atmosphere lying over and around Australia, and to ascertain whether these are moving among themselves and over this portion of the globe.

These "hills and hollows" or areas of high and low barometric pressure are seldom stationary for long, and as a rule have movement eastwards varying from a slow progress of from ten to fifteen miles up to thirty, forty, or more miles per hour. So that if a *hollow* or area of low pressure is found to be off Kangaroo Island in South Australia at nine o'clock in the morning, it will usually reach the longitude of Melbourne before nine a.m. the next day, but it may travel very slowly and get filled up from neighbouring areas of high pressure before it has got so far.

The air is always in circulation around these "hills and hollows," in the direction of the hands of a watch in this hemisphere around a "hollow," and in the opposite direction around a "hill" or area of high pressure, therefore in front of an advancing hollow, or low area, we get a north wind, and in the rear of it a south wind. In the northern slopes of this hollow the wind will be west, and east on the southern slopes. Here we seen the reason of what is called Buys Ballot's law. *Face the wind and the lowest barometer* (or the deepest atmospheric hollow) will be on your left. In the Northern hemisphere the circulation around high and low areas is reversed, and the law therefore would be stated thus—*place your back to the wind and the lowest barometer is on your left.*

Around "hills" or areas of high pressure the air circulates in an opposite direction to that moving around a low area. So that in front of a "hill" the wind is south, in the rear it is north, and on the northern slopes it is east, and west on the southern. Meteorologists call these hollows *cyclonic areas* and the "hills" *anticyclonic* areas, but the term *high* or *low* are replacing these rather cumbrous names, and are just as significant and as easily understood. If therefore a chart shows "low" over Adelaide we know the barometer is lower there, or that there is a hollow or valley in the atmosphere the deepest part of which is over that place; we should also find that the winds were northerly to the east of Adelaide and southerly to the west of it. The distance to which these winds extend in front or rear of the "low" depends on the *steepness* of the sides of the hollow, or as it is styled, the *gradient.* If the gradient be steep, that is if there be a very low barometer only 100 miles or so in front or rear of a very high one the circulation around the "low" will be very rapid and we get strong and violent winds, the direction of which at any locality will depend on its position with respect to the "low" and can be ascertained by Buys Ballot's law.

It would be out of place to go minutely now into this part of weather wisdom, and no doubt what has already been said will give our readers a rough idea of how weather charts are formed; it will be well to state, however, that in the onward progress of these "highs" and "lows" over our hemisphere from west to east, they undergo constant changes in gradients, rate and direction of movement and velocity of air circulation around them. Over and over again a threatening "low" appears off Cape Leuwin which promises to bring a disastrous gale as it reaches Bass' Strait, but which frequently passes away south as if it had been "cannoned" back from our coast, or having moved up with a threatening velocity towards Kangaroo Island, slackens its rate of progress and gradually fills up by absorption of a high area in front of it. In this way the meteorologist is often disappointed in his forecast, for there is nothing yet to tell him for certain whether a low area will continue to progress as a "low" in its normal direction or whether it may not be deflected out of its course or perhaps disappear by being levelled down.

The question of whether to expect rain out of these atmospheric gyrations is a very important one to Australians and a very difficult and ticklish one to meteorologists; there is far more uncertainty in forecasting "rain" than in either the direction and strength of the wind or the general character of the weather.

Having now endeavoured to show upon what utterly different foundations old and new weather wisdom has been established, it only remains to refer briefly to Mr. Ralph Abercromby's tests of the value of some of the old weather adages in the light of modern meteorology or new weather wisdom, which it is proposed to do in the next number.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING is in a quiescent stage just now, and companies are languishing. This, however, is due not to any shortcomings of science, but rather because sanguine electricians and speculators have raised too great

expectations as to its capabilities and cost. Extended experiment has most disappointingly shown the practical limits of its application as a luminant, to be far within the bounds announced by existing prospectuses and popular scientific articles. Electric lighting has nevertheless already worked wonders, and furnished a luminant as far in advance of gas as gas was of the candle. The absence of products of combustion and of any sensible deterioration of the air in which it is burnt is one of the principal claims of the incandescent lamp as against gas, a matter of more than usual importance in a climate like ours. The great bar to its more extended use is the necessity for heavy and expensive machinery for its production, except where spare motive power is at hand as in the case of waterfalls, strong streams, or surplus steam power. The introduction and improvement of the gas engine has, however, in some measure lessened this difficulty, and many establishments are now illuminated by electricity generated by the motive power of a gas engine.

The hopes so long held that secondary or storage *batteries* would enable residents in the country or in suburban villas and mansions to use this delightful illuminant without a very great cost beyond that of ordinary lighting, are now almost abandoned by practical men. Electric light generated by an ordinary or primary battery is efficiently carried out in numerous instances, but it is too costly; and although there are cases where its extra cost is counterbalanced by its great advantages, this method is making but little way, owing it may be concluded, to the trouble and irksome work of continually replenishing the wasting fluids and elements of large series of galvanic batteries. Electric light is a luxury, and like other luxuries, must be paid for; still when one considers the great advantages it offers over other luminants for public institutions, theatres, and places where large numbers of people congregate, the reason that it costs more than our very cheap gas, is scarcely a sufficient one for its very limited application in our great city.

ART.

MELBOURNE.

By E. A. C.

Though the trustees of our National Gallery have again refused to avail themselves of the opportunity offered them of obtaining really good work, there is still hope that "A Worcestershire Hamlet" and Millais' "Love Birds" may be seen on its walls, for Mr. Robert Dowling, whose generous appreciation of art in any form is well known, has written an urgent appeal to the *Argus* that a subscription should be raised to purchase both paintings, and enclosing a cheque as a commencement to the fund. As Mr. Dowling justly remarks, art students in Melbourne have but little to see in the way of really high-class paintings, either figure or landscape, and to let two such valuable works pass out of their reach is to be regretted in the extreme.

Mr. Leader's landscape is one of rare beauty and merit—a picture to stand before and recall visions of the past in homely English scenes. It is not that the view is so lovely, but so true to nature, and so admirably worked out. There is some marshy pasture land, through which winds a stream; a glimpse of some cottages on the left; a ferry, with its landing stage and shaky-looking piers; a farm-house; some boats, with traps for ensnaring eels; a quantity of reeds in the slow-moving water; some wonderfully-managed dead thistles in one corner; and a summer sky with rose-tinted clouds, the latter being handled with true artistic skill. Not much of a subject, perhaps our readers may say, and yet it would be difficult to find a grander landscape in any studio. The oftener it is examined the deeper must be the regret at the decision of the trustees.

"The Love Birds," or, as it is also termed, "Une Grande Dame," is said to be a portrait of one of Millais' own children, and represents a little girl dressed in an old-fashioned gown of brocade, with lace ruffles at the sleeves and throat. The rich auburn hair falls over the shoulders of the stately baby-beauty and droops singularly low upon the broad white forehead. The sweet, rich brown eyes look full at the observer with all the innocent security of happy childhood, and almost seem as those of a living child. It is undoubtedly one of Millais' best works, and is, indeed, so considered by the artist himself. The brilliancy of colouring is wonderfully good, and the eye, as it wanders from the childish beauty, with her rich dress and exquisite complexion, to the green parakeet on her outstretched hand, and beautifully blended tints shown in the background of tapestry, literally revels in the splendid work. The mistake of not purchasing this painting and the landscape already described is one that will be severely felt by all who love art in Melbourne, and who have a right to expect that better knowledge be displayed by those who profess to guide and instruct the public taste by the pictures they purchase for our National Gallery.

Besides these two, Mr. Fletcher has also on view a work by Julien Dupré; it is a good specimen of the French school of landscape art, though probably at first sight the execution would not be much liked, but a different opinion is the result of a more careful examination taken at a right distance from the painting. M. Dupré

is well known in the Paris Salon, and has numerous admirers of his style.

"Disinherited," by Laslett T. Pott, is so painful a subject that the gazer will scarcely linger over it; family quarrels are too frequent, unfortunately, in real life, to need any repetition on canvas, and the fury of the father, the girl's grief, and the sad face of the disinherited son are so vividly depicted as to need no explanation. The subject is finely treated, and all the details of the home tragedy are rendered with great fidelity.

A varied and interesting collection of china, etc., is at present on view at Messrs. Allen and Co., of Collins Street East. It contains specimens of porcelain, bronzes, pottery, ornamental glass, and other choice examples. Perhaps some of the most striking are two porcelain plaques of very large size, by Herrs Richter and Pilz; the latter showing a design of an altar dedicated to the God of Love, and upon which flowers are being offered by three nymphs; and the former a mythological scene with a head in medallion of Medusa, encircled by an exquisite arabesque scroll. They are both of great beauty, and well repay prolonged inspection. A vase of very graceful form in Italian majolica arrests the attention, as do a pair of beautiful jars in blue and gold with studies of deer and wild boar, by Eckart. The Vienna and Hungarian china are both well represented, and the Bohemian glass, with a ground that looks almost like hammered silver thickly covered with a good imitation of sapphires, is so lovely that the visitor is nearly certain to return for a second gaze at it. Bronze and terra cotta figures are to be seen in great number and variety, and are admirably executed. A visit to these show-rooms is certain to be a feature in Melbourne for the next few weeks, the vases from the Baccarat establishment in Paris alone being worth prolonged inspection. Besides what has been already named, there are some marble sculptures and a few oil paintings by a Venetian painter, Bogognon, that deserve mention.

At a meeting of subscribers to the "Art Union of Victoria," a wise alteration was made in Rule 5. Up to the present time only one work of art could be chosen by a winner, but at the meeting referred to, it was decided that, in future, two or more may be chosen up to the value of the prize. The following office-bearers for 1886 were re-elected:—President, Mr. T. Alston; Vice-President, Mr. J. Fergusson; Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Peryman; Council, Messrs. S. J. Payne, J. Duerdin, T. P. Webb, G. G. Brown, F. B. Gibbes, F. Goldstraw, Geo. Parsons, J. Mather, G. V. Wilson, M. A. Campbell, and J. Macdonald.

LITERATURE.

By "Gleaner."

It is announced that Mr. W. H. Mallock is engaged in writing a romance, which will appear as a serial in the *National Review*.

M. Victor Duray, whose history of the Roman people is widely and favourably known, is writing a history of the Grecian people.

Mrs. Oliphant, who seems inexhaustible in her power of production, has engaged to contribute a new story, entitled "A Poor Gentleman," to the *Leisure Hour*. The first instalment is to be given in the January number.

The well-known and popular Baptist minister of Camberwell Chapel, London, has written a volume entitled "The Wit and Humour of Life." The book will be published, if it is not already published, by Mr. Elliot Stock, of London.

Dr. Joseph Parker, not satisfied with having on his hands the writing of a Scripture Commentary to be completed in twenty-five volumes, has been engaged in writing a novel which has just been published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein, and Co. The title of the volume is "Weaver Stephen; or, The Odds and Evens of English Religion."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce that they will publish a uniform and complete edition in ten volumes of the historical works of Mr. Francis Parkman. These historical works have been very favourably reviewed in the principal English and American Reviews, and are of great interest and value.

Among the new serials which are to appear this year in the chief American periodicals are novels by Blackmore, Norris, and Crawford.

A new story by the popular novelist, Dinah Maria Craik, is to be one of the attractions of the new volume of *Harper's Magazine*.

A very beautiful edition, in three 12mo. volumes, of the prose and poetical works of Edmund Clarence Steadman, has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., of New York.

Some time ago a popular literary journal named the *Current*, and published at Chicago, was suddenly discontinued in consequence of financial difficulties. The copyright has been sold to one of the creditors for £500, and the publication is to be resumed.

The first of the three volumes of "The History of American Literature," by Professor C. F. Richardson, of Dartmouth, United States, will probably be published this year.

Mr. W. S. Gottsberger announces that he will issue shortly "The Eber's Gallery," a handsome folio containing twenty photographs illustrating Eber's novels.

The six University Lectures recently delivered by Mr. Edmund Gosse, on Sir Walter Raleigh, will be published shortly as a brief

biography in Mr. Lang's series of "English Worthies."

Two editions of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Life of Henry Fawcett" were taken up in seven days.

Father Didon has just returned from Palestine, where he has collected materials for a work in reply to Renan's "Vive de Jesus."

The new illustrated weekly journal, *The Scottish People*, which is published in Glasgow, is stated to be a great success, having already reached a genuine sale of 60,000 copies per week.

The authorities of the Cambridge University Library now issue a weekly bulletin, containing the titles of the new books added weekly. The price is one penny.

Mr. Keenan, the reputed author of the "Money Makers" and "Trajan," has a new novel in the press. It is called "The Aliens." The scene is laid in the State of New York.

The biography of Longfellow, which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Treknor and Co., of Boston, will contain letters and diaries written by the poet while abroad, and illustrated by himself with pen-and-ink drawings.

The diary kept by the late General Grant in his tour round the world is to be published entire in the *North American Review*.

Of the recently-published volume, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," the London *Academy* says that as a series of positively lurid sketches of scenery, character, and life, all harmonising with each other—for it can hardly be called a novel—it surpasses anything of the kind that has yet come from America.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have in preparation a series of volumes to be entitled "Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature," to be edited by Mr. E. T. Mason. The series will probably comprise three volumes. The editor proposes to cover, with his selections, American literature from the time of the first writings of Washington Irving to the present day.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, and Co., of London, have published a handsome and instructive volume entitled "Biographical Lectures," by Mr. George Dawson, M.A. The volume contains thirty-six lectures, which have been collected from many sources, chiefly newspaper reports, from the various towns where Mr. Dawson lectured. The book is edited by Mr. George St. Clair, who succeeded Mr. Dawson as minister of the Church of the Saviour at Birmingham; and valuable assistance in the preparation of the volume has been rendered by Miss Beauclerc, who was an intimate friend of the eloquent lecturer.

The well known and popular American writer—Mr. W. D. Howells—is to contribute this year a serial novel to the *Century Illustrated Magazine*. The title is to be, "The Minister's Charge: or The Labours of Lemuel Barker." The scene is laid in Boston, and it is stated that several of the characters in the author's last completed novel, "The Rise of Silas Lapham," will re-appear.

Messrs. Cassell and Co., of London, have recently issued a new edition of Dr. Ellicott's Commentary on the Pentateuch. The valuable work is published at a moderate price, and is handsomely got up.

Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, of New York and London, have just published an interesting and important volume entitled "Prayer and its Remarkable Answers." The author—Dr. W. W. Patton—is a well-known and able American clergyman. An American reviewer says:—"In the days of faith-cure hospitals and sentimental piety, such healthy teaching as is here found is refreshing."

The American Board of Foreign Missions has published a most interesting and delightful volume entitled "Mission Stories of Many Lands." The volume contains a very large number of stories arranged so as to amount to something like an illustrated anecdotal history of the modern mission work in all lands. The engravings—340 in number—form a gallery of missionary, geographic, and ethnological illustration.

The popular novelist—Mr. Walter Besant—contributes to the January number of *Longman's Magazine*, the first instalment of a new serial story. The title is "Children of Gibeon." It is stated the novel will deal with modern society among the rich and poor.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. issued on 21st December, the first volume of their "National Library." The enterprising firm selected, as the commencement of the Library, Lord Macaulay's "Warren Hastings." As stated in a previous note, each volume will contain about 192 pages of clear, readable type, the price in paper covers being threepence, and in cloth binding sixpence. Mr. Henry Morley is to edit the series, and a volume will be issued weekly. At a very small outlay, an opportunity is thus afforded of collecting a fine selection of standard works.

Students and readers generally will be pleased to know that Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. announce the publication of Lord Iddesleigh's address to the students of Edinburgh University, on "The Pleasures, Dangers and Uses of Desultory Reading."

Messrs. Ward and Downey, of London, have just published a new work entitled "Gladstone's House of Commons." The author—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.—has acted as Parliamentary London correspondent for several influential journals during the last five years, and the basis of the volume consists of personal sketches and descriptions of scenes in the House, which he wrote in that capacity.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have issued a cheap edition of the popular and excellent volume entitled "Our Daughters," by Mrs. G. S. Reany. Of this work five editions have been published, making in all 14,000 copies. The volume is handsomely got up, and is now issued at a price bringing it within the reach of thousands. It is on sale at the store of Mr. A. J. Smith, Swanston Street.

Mr. Gardner, manager of the Melbourne branch of the firm of Messrs. Cassell and Co., London, has sent us a new volume of the "Rainbow" series of original novels. The title is "Morgan's Horror," and the writer the popular novelist, Mr. George Manville Fenn. The story is somewhat sensational, but it is striking, and well told. It is sure to

have plenty of delighted readers. The scene of the story is the wild western shores of Cornwall.

Messrs. W. S. Partridge and Co., of London, have just issued the second volume of their valuable and instructive monthly magazine, entitled "Our Own Gazette," the Young Women's Christian Association News. It is a large quarto volume, containing 480 columns of letterpress and numerous well-executed woodcuts. The reading matter consists of healthy stories, short papers on a great variety of subjects, poetry, and information concerning the progress of the branch associations in all places at home and abroad where they exist. Until we saw the complete volume we had not heard that such a publication had been started, but now we can give it a very hearty commendation as a really excellent and instructive periodical. The volume is on sale at a very moderate price at Mr. M. L. Hutchinson's store.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., of London, have recently published, in a large and handsome volume, "The Life of Henry Fawcett." The biography is the work of Mr. Leslie Stephen, and could not have been entrusted to anyone better fitted. The two men were fellow students in youth and friends since. The volume is interesting and most instructive, and will afford delightful reading to many. Mr. Stephen tells the story of the honoured and useful life of a gifted and noble man. An English reviewer closes an appreciative notice of the volume thus:—"An almost unwelcome reticence has precluded Mr. Stephen from dwelling on his friend's domestic life. But through the rift of sentences scattered here and there we spy something of the brightness of the interior of his home and of the love and joy and peace that must have reigned in it."

Among many first-class works recently published, a front rank place must be given to "Louis Agassiz: His Life and Correspondence," lately issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The two large and profoundly interesting volumes, edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, tell the story of the life and worth of an unwearied, self-denying, and enthusiastic student and worker, whose researches and published writings have instructed and delighted thousands of thoughtful readers. He was a lover of science, a student of nature, a man of brilliant mind, yet ever humble and devout. He lived and died honoured, esteemed, and loved by a host of friends.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to mention that Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, of Collins Street, has just published a small work entitled "Rules and Forms of Procedure of the Presbyterian Church of Victoria," embodying a large amount of information of interest specially to members of the Presbyterian denomination. The same gentleman has also published the sermon delivered by the Rev. J. Clark, the retiring Moderator, at the opening of the last Assembly, 9th November, 1885. It is an able and appropriate discourse, founded on Romans i., 16, and contains many impressive and weighty utterances.

"Our Guides to the Gippsland Lakes and Rivers" is the title of a neat little pamphlet just issued by Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, of Collins Street, which will be found useful by all who purpose visiting one of the most beautiful districts of our colony, ample information is given respecting the different parts of the district, and the ways in which they may be reached, the expenses of the trip, and the accommodation for tourists.

Mr. T. D. Morison, of Glasgow, has just published a large and handsome volume entitled "The Religious Anecdotes of Scotland." The editor, the Rev. W. Anderson, D.D., Edinburgh, has brought together a large store of things old and new, from which ministers, and others accustomed to enliven their discourses with anecdotes, will obtain a plentiful supply. The book is on sale by Mr. M. L. Hutchinson. A carefully-prepared index adds to the value of the book.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have just published a volume by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The title is "The Seven Gifts," and the volume contains the first series of visitation addresses delivered by Dr. Benson since his elevation to the primacy.

Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. have published two volumes by the Rev. A. R. Fausset, M.A., which will be found worthy of the attention of clergymen and theological students. The first is entitled "Horæ Psalmicæ," and the second is a "Critical and Expository Commentary on the Book of Judges." Both—but especially the first-named—should have a place in every minister's library.

Messrs. William Inglis and Co. have just issued the first number of a new series of *The Presbyterian Monthly*. We have no hesitation in stating that it stands second to no monthly religious journal in the colony. It contains thirty-two pages of letterpress, or ninety-six columns; the reading matter is exceedingly varied, and thus adapted to suit the taste of many readers. This number contains beautifully-finished full-page portraits of the Rev. D. S. McEachran, Moderator of the General Assembly, and of the late Rev. John Cooper, of Coburg. The type is of various sizes, but all clear and easy to read. A neat and tasteful wrapper encloses the whole, and the price of this valuable and instructive periodical is only threepence monthly. Nothing but a very large circulation can possibly secure from loss, and we greatly mistake the liberality of the Presbyterian ministers and churches if they allow their *Monthly Messenger* to fail through lack of support. The *Presbyterian Monthly* is a credit to the publishers and the editor, who, by the way, is the Rev. James Ballantyne, who has long experience in such work, having edited *The Messenger* in the olden time, some thirty years ago. We heartily commend this periodical, and wish for it a long and most prosperous and useful career.

The December number of *Longman's Magazine* is largely devoted to fiction. Mr. W. Black's novel "White Heather" is concluded, and already issued in book form; it is described by reviewers as in many respects the best of Mr. Black's numerous works. There are in the number two complete stories, a few good

papers, and some choice poetry. The most interesting article is a notice of an early Spanish essayist, of the fifteenth century, Mexia Gentilhomme De Seville, from whose work, entitled "Les Diverses Leçons," some curious and interesting extracts are given.

The *Cornhill Magazine* for December contains the conclusion of Mr. David Christie Murray's novel, "Rainbow Gold," and some chapters of the serial "Court Royal." There is also a complete story, entitled "Dolly's Dream," which will be a bit of pleasant reading to young ladies. The articles are few in number, and the only one of special interest is on "The New Star in Andromeda." A short paper, entitled "Superfine English," is worth consideration.

The "Belgravia Annual" contains a great variety of stories by well-known writers, and some good poetical contributions. The illustrations are not very numerous, but generally well executed. Some of the stories are rather sensational, and others are amusing. The annual is cheap, and will supply a few hours' reading at eventide. It is on sale by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Collins Street.

The Christmas number of *London Society* is a capital number of this well-known and popular monthly. The stories are numerous and nearly all of the usual holiday type. There are a few good poems, and the illustrations are, as a whole, worthy of commendation. The best is the full page engraving, entitled "A Bright Face for a Dark Day." Among the stories we name two, "Captain Jabez Brewster's Christmas Day," and "Ballarat Jemmy," as specially likely to interest many readers. This Christmas number is on sale by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch.

The Christmas double number of *The English Illustrated Magazine* is one of exceeding beauty. The reading matter is varied and entertaining, and the illustrations of many of the articles of a very high degree of excellence. The article "A Day with Sir Roger De Coverley," from the *Spectator*, the beautifully illustrated paper, "Kiss and be Friends," and the article entitled "Through the Côtes Du Nord," are not surpassed in any Christmas annual we have yet seen this season. The number contains stories by Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. D. C. Murray, and other well-known writers. An illustrated article on "The House of Lords," by Mr. H. W. Lucy, a long poem, entitled "Dirk Willemzoon," by the Bishop of Ripon, and in addition to all this, several other good contributions, and twelve full page illustrations by eminent engravers. This Christmas number is on sale by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch.

The following Christmas annuals will be found worthy the attention of parents who wish to supply good and cheap publications for the entertainment and instruction of their young people. The Christmas number of *The Boys' Own Paper* contains numerous interesting stories and a great variety of other instructive and amusing reading. The illustrations are many in number, all good, and some mirth-provoking. The Christmas number of *The Girls' Own Paper*, entitled "Snow Drops," is a very beautiful annual. The stories are of a high order, written by well-known writers. There is a store of music and poetry, and many finely-executed engravings. We are sure "Snow Drops" will be most acceptable to intelligent young girls who prefer what is good and healthful reading before that which is wild and sensational. The *Quiver* annual, entitled "Swift and Sure," is a delightful little volume, containing many fine stories and some excellent poetry. The illustrations are numerous and good. "The Paths of Peace"—the extra Christmas number of *The Sunday Magazine*—contains only one story, occupying 120 columns. The title is, "Where Two Ways Meet," and the writer the well-known and popular Miss Sarah Doudney. It is a beautiful and interesting story. This annual is copiously illustrated. The Christmas annual, "Father Thames"—always eagerly welcomed in many homes—contains this season page after page of illustrations that will delight the young and cause even the old to smile. Along with this annual there is a separate picture, entitled, "Beauty and the Beast." All the above are on sale at the store of Mr. M. L. Hutchinson, Collins Street.

The December number of *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine* has a great variety of excellent papers, and the illustrations are very numerous and, as always in this great American periodical, well executed. "The City of Teheran" is the title of the first of a series of articles historical and descriptive. A large number of fine engravings of parts of the city and a few portraits add to the interest of the paper. The articles on "The 'Lamia' of Keats" and "The Lesson of Greek Art" will give great satisfaction to readers of taste and culture. The admirers of the writings of the late Mrs. Helen Jackson will read with interest the brief biographical sketch and her last poems written shortly before her death. A beautiful portrait of the deceased lady forms the frontispiece of the number. It is a pleasant, cheerful face, full of kindness and humour. There are many other good readable articles, and of fiction an ample store. In addition to a large instalment of "The Bostonians," by Mr. Henry James, there are several complete stories and several good poetical contributions. Among the subjects discussed under the heading, "Topics of the Time," there is a short paper on "The Sunday School and Good Literature," which contains much worthy of consideration by all interested in the usefulness and success of the Sunday school. It is difficult, in a short note, to give a satisfactory outline of the contents of *The Century*.

The Christmas number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* is a gem. The illustrations are more than usually numerous, and many of them are of exceeding beauty. The article on "The Nativity in Art" is instructive, and the numerous engravings from paintings of the "Nativity" by the old masters are generally well executed. The most attractive is the engraving from Defreggen's picture entitled "The Holy Family." The article entitled "A Winter Walk," by Mr. W. H. Gibson, is a fine piece of descriptive writing, and the illustrations are of rare beauty, two or three

are gems, and we name specially "In the Woods" and "Frolic in the Snow." "The Ritu Sanhara, or Round of the Seasons," translated from the Sanskrit by Mr. Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., is a strange and striking poem, containing many grand thoughts. The illustrations are numerous and good. The two serial novels "Indian Summer" and "East Angels" are continued. There are several complete stories, and several first-rate poetical contributions, all of which are finely illustrated. Mr. W. D. Howells contributes a farce entitled "The Garroters." The other departments of the magazine contain, as usual, much interesting and instructive reading, and in "The Editor's Drawer" readers who hold that there is a time to laugh will find much to amuse. This splendid Christmas number, which is also the first of a new volume, is on sale by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Collins Street West.

The first article to which many readers will turn on opening the December number of *The Nineteenth Century* will be "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature," in which Professor Huxley replies to the article in the previous issue by Mr. W. E. Gladstone. Professor Huxley enters fully on the subject. Our space forbids even an attempt to give an outline. The article is not only ably but reverently written, and is well worthy of careful study. Professor Max Müller contributes a long and most interesting article on "Solar Myths," and to his article the learned Professor adds a postscript in which he replies to some statements in Mr. Gladstone's article. The article is crowded with information collected from sources inaccessible to the great majority of readers. Among many other papers on varied subjects, special mention may be made of Mr. Fortescue Fox's valuable and instructive paper on "Stimulants and Narcotics: their Use and Abuse," and Lord Bramwell on "Insanity and Crime." Both papers are on themes, as all will admit, of very great importance, and both convey a large amount of information. The number contains little on political subjects, and to many this will cause no regret. Prince Kropotkin contributes a valuable paper on "What Geography ought to be," and Constance Fletcher gives a fine biographical sketch of Giacomo Leopardi, the celebrated Italian poet. The other articles are numerous and good.

The December number of *The National Review* contains a considerable number of articles on political subjects, but has in addition articles on other important topics, including a valuable paper on "Opium-poppy Cultivation," by Mr. C. T. Buckland, which contains much information. The Hon. C. N. Curzon contributes a long and interesting paper on "Poetry, Politics, and Conservatism," which will amply repay a careful study. The two articles under the general title, "Aspects of the National Church," are good. In the first, Mr. Austen Pember treats of "The Tribune of the People," and in the second Mr. John Reynolds discusses "The Church and the Age." Mr. Reynolds states that he is an old man, and he takes rather a gloomy view of the present condition of things, but he writes much that is worthy of consideration. The strictly political articles discuss "The Radical Programme," "Reform in the Tenure of Land," and "The Electoral Triumph." Mr. Alfred Austin, in some forty lines of poetry, tells "Why I am a Conservative." Among other things he says:—

> "The spirit of our fathers is not quelled.
> With weapons valid even as those they bore,
> Domain, throne, altar, still may be upheld;
> So we disdain, as they disdained of yore,
> The foreign froth that foams against our shore
> Only by its white cliffs to be repelled!"

To many the chief attraction in the number will be Mr. W. H. Mallock's story, entitled "The Old Order Changes."

The Andover Review for December is crowded with articles interesting and important. Professor Torry contributes a third of his series of able papers on "The 'Theodicæ' of Leibnitz." The Rev. J. H. Denison writes at length and with great force on "Natural Law in the Formation of Character," and Dr. Lyman Abbott contributes a very thoughtful and instructive article on "Evolution and Theology." No part of this fine American Review is of greater importance than the editorial department, in which the subject of Progressive Orthodoxy is discussed. In the present number the series of articles under this general title is brought to a close. The subject is "Christianity, Absolute and Universal," and the article is worthy of very earnest study. Under the title of "A Preacher of Righteousness," there is a fine article on Canon Farrar. English readers will feel special interest in the article "The Old Radicalism and the New," by the Rev. E. C. Towne. The writer has much to say of John Bright, John Morley, Joseph Chamberlain, and other English statesmen. His last word respecting Mr. Chamberlain is, "Whether to-day or to-morrow he will reach a seat of almost unexampled power, and preside over changes the greatest ever seen on English soil." The reviews and brief notices of new books are numerous and excellent. This American Review is worthy of a wide circulation.

Of the ten articles in the December number of the *North American Review* three are occupied with varied information respecting the late General Grant. The titles are "Halleck's Injustice to Grant," "An Acquaintance with Grant," and "The Mistakes of Grant." The second named is a very interesting paper, by General J. B. Fry, and contains much pleasing information. Robert G. Ingersoll contributes a short article entitled "Motley and Monarch," which refers chiefly to the late President Lincoln, and contains many striking and not a few very beautiful utterances. The writer closes by saying, "Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world." "Rome and the Inquisitions" is the title of a short but well-written and instructive paper by Mr. A. K. Glover, which embodies a large amount of information. It refers specially to Galileo Galilei, his trial and condemnation, and subsequent events. Other

articles deal with American subjects, and need only be named. Mr. Israel Green writes of "The Capture of John Brown." Mr. G. S. Bontwell discusses under the title of "Johnson's Plot and Motives" in 1865, and Mr. S. D. Horton furnishes a "Chapter on Monetary Policy." These articles are good, but can only be of any special interest to American readers. The notes and comments on articles formerly published are numerous and mostly valuable.

MUSIC.

By E. A. C.

A very interesting Festival was held at Rostock, Germany, from the 24th to the 26th of September. The programme was a fine one, an incidental feature in it being the combined commemoration of the bi-centenaries of Handel and Bach, and the ter-centenary of Heinrich Schütz, known as the "father of modern German music." The entire management of the Festival was undertaken by Dr. Hermann Kretzschmar.

A regulation has been recently issued by the municipal authorities of Bonn which it is a pity cannot be enforced in Melbourne, namely, compelling all private teachers of music to apply for a license to follow their profession, and, further, to be examined by well-known musicians as to their competency to undertake it. Were this done, it would put a stop to the very inferior teaching now often given by young ladies who, because they can play a few popular airs and a little dance music, think themselves perfectly fitted to instruct in one of the noblest of the arts.

A curious discovery is said to have been lately made by a German gentleman, named Schradieck, who affirms that violins made of an American pine (a species of spruce-tree) possess a quality of tone closely resembling the world-famed Stradivari or Guarneri. The assertion is the more to be credited, as the wood of the spruce was used in making the Cremona violins, the tree at one time growing in the Tyrol. Some instruments have been made out of the wood recommended by the Herr, and the musical world will soon know the result, as they are to be tested by experts.

Madame Christine Nilsson, whose career was recently noticed in *Once a Month*, has been visiting her native country, and whilst staying at Stockholm promised, in the kindly spirit she so frequently manifests, to sing from the balcony of the Grand Hotel to those who might not otherwise have an opportunity of hearing the "Swedish Nightingale." About 30,000 people assembled before the building, and listened in delight to the "charmed strains," but as the immense crowd dispersed, a terrible crush took place, and eighteen deaths occurred, whilst many more are said to be injured. Madame Nilsson's grief was intense at the sorrow her effort to give pleasure had brought on the families of so many of her own country-people. The generosity of the offer was enhanced by being carried out directly after the termination of a concert in which she had held the principal part, and must therefore have been already greatly fatigued.

The death is announced of Professor A. G. Ritter, the well-known composer and performer on the organ.

Amongst the numerous cholera victims in the late terrible epidemic in Spain, it has been remarked that not one professional player is included in the number.

For the first time in Denmark, the opera of "Aïda" was performed at the Copenhagen Hof Theatre on the occasion of the festivities consequent upon the betrothal of Prince Waldemar and the Princess Marie d'Orléans.

M. Stanislaus Rosenzweig, a young Polish virtuoso, has carried off this year's prize for violin-playing at the Paris Conservatoire.

The Monday Popular Concerts have lately, despite their name, been so ill-supported that the "reserve fund" in connection with them has had to be drawn upon to the sum of £200, and the committee have therefore decided that only six should be given this season.

The "Viennese Ladies' Orchestra" has proved one of the most attractive features at the Albert Palace. Only a light style of music is rendered by it, and the wind department is entrusted to some gentlemen so placed in the centre of the group as to be invisible to the audience. Nothing very difficult is attempted, but the performance is altogether most pleasing.

We have received from Messrs. Allan and Co., of Collins Street East, their catalogue of vocal and instrumental music for December, 1885. The compositions are very numerous, and meet the requirements of all interested in music, from the accomplished pianist to the youngest beginner. The catalogue will be found of great use in selecting songs or instrumental pieces. The theoretical works form a valuable portion of this firm's large collection. A very interesting lecture by Dr. Carter Moffat on his wonderful discovery, the "Ammoniaphone," was in the same parcel, and repaid reading. How the doctor first thought of improving the voice is now well known, but perhaps the warm approval with which the invention has been greeted by the medical world at home may not be so familiar to all the readers of *Once a Month*. Chronic bronchitis, asthma, phthisis, whooping-cough—indeed, all lung and chest affections are greatly benefited by its use, according to the testimonies of some of the most skilful of the faculty; whilst the good results to vocalists, clergymen, etc., who daily inhale from it, is shown by the remarks inserted at the close of the pamphlet. There is no doubt but that Dr. Carter Moffat has proved himself a great benefactor to the human race, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the "Ammoniaphone" will everywhere meet with the success it deserves.

CURRENT EVENTS.

By E. A. C.

Those fond of gems have had a treat in the inspection of a magnificent topaz about to be forwarded to Europe. The weight is over 4 lb. avoirdupois, and it is of perfect crystalline form. The fortunate possessor found it in alluvial tin-drift, three feet from the surface, in one of his tin mines at the East Coast, Tasmania, in the year 1883. The pretty though not very appropriate name of "Light of the Sea" has been given it; "Kateena Lienna" is the Tasmanian native term. This topaz is supposed to be the largest now known in the world. A photograph of the gem is to be seen, and Mr. Wintle has also one showing where it was found, with the figures of several miners at hand. It is at present on view in the Exhibition buildings.

The coming departure of Lady M'Culloch, and the proposed closing of her Convalescent Home, are deeply regretted by all who interest themselves in the welfare of the sick and weary portion of our community. Several letters on the subject have appeared in the papers, and it has been pointed out in the *Herald* that a suitable building for the purpose could be obtained for moderate terms at Caulfield. It is earnestly to be hoped that the affair may be kept prominently before the public, as no charitable institution is at present so urgently needed in Melbourne as a "Home" where men and women can re-establish the health that has been weakened and endangered by recent illness.

A sample of condensed milk has been recently forwarded to the Department of Agriculture by Messrs. Jackman and Co., of the Pioneer Dairy, Romsey. After being bottled for sixteen days, it was opened and found to be in perfect order. It was then re-sealed, and has been left in the offices of the Department for a fortnight or more, when it will be again examined.

A Mr. Stephen has also sent a similar sample to the *Argus*, which is being subjected to the same trial, and appears likely to prove in every way as successful as that first mentioned.

The recent predictions of the blacks in all parts of the colony as to an approaching heavy rainfall, have, this time, been abundantly fulfilled, and it is said that in some districts, when questioned as to their being able to announce such facts with any degree of certainty, that they pointed to the ants around them, declaring that some important alteration in the usual habits of the insects warned them of what weather was likely to soon occur. If such be really the case, it will excite even greater interest in these wonderful little creatures, than the charming accounts of Sir John Lubbock have already created.

THE HUMOURIST.

TOO SEVERE.

A certain admiral, who was supposed to be much disinclined to fighting, was subpœnaed to prove a nuisance at Twickenham. He had declared that the odour of a certain laboratory was intolerable, and the counsel who cross-examined him insisted that he should describe it. Becoming somewhat confused, he exclaimed, "Like! like! I don't know what it is like. It is like the horridest smell I ever smelt." "Was it like gunpowder, Mr. Admiral?" inquired the barrister, quietly. The gallant witness was utterly discomfited.

TWO HALVES NOT EQUAL TO THE WHOLE.

Dr. Barnard, one of the king's chaplains, met an old acquaintance accidentally in the Mall. "So, Mr. Grove," said the doctor, "why, you look vastly well. Do you continue to take your usual walk?" "No, sir," replied the old man; "I cannot do so much now; I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead. I go half round, and back."

AFTER A SENSATION.

First Reporter—"Hist! Lay low! This must be a meeting place of anarchists. See! That mysterious sign on the door."

Second Reporter—"Maybe they are laying plans to blow up the city to-night. What does it say? It is in German."

"I can't read German, but most likely it says—'To arms,' or 'Blood,' or 'Up, guards, and at them,' or something like that."

"Yes, yes, no doubt, but we must get the exact meaning. Ah! here comes a German citizen; we'll ask him."

German (on being asked)—"Dot sign? Oh! Yah! Dot sign it say 'Please shut de door.'"

LONG DESCENT.

Francis I. of France, desiring to patronise Chastel, enquired of him his genealogy. "Sire," said Chastel, "there were three brothers in Noah's ark, but I do not know from which of them I am descended.'

NOT BIG ENOUGH.

Mr. William Cole, a correspondent of Horace Walpole, was remarkable for his effrontery. Dining in a party at Cambridge, he took up from the table a gold snuff-box belonging to the gentleman next him, and amongst other impertinent remarks, observed that it was big enough to hold the freedom of a corporation. "Yes," replied the owner, "it would hold any freedom but yours."

REALLY GOOD ANAGRAMS.

Anagrams are often very much forced, and equally often very inappropriate, or of the nature of bad jokes. The following two good Latin ones are pretty well known :—

Horatio Nelson	Honor est a Nilo.
Quid est veritas?	Est vir qui adest.

But there are also good ones in English, as, for example :—

Telegraph	Great help.
Radical Reform	Rare mad frolic.
Punishment	Nine thumps.
Penitentiary	Nay, I repent it.
Old England	Golden land.
Astronomers	Moon starers.
Catalogues	Got as a clue.
Charades	Hard case.
Sweetheart	There we sat.
John Abernethy	Johnny the bear.

A CONCLUSIVE DERIVATION.

Porson was much annoyed by Dr. Jeremiah King finding derivations for words used in conversation. At last he exclaimed : "Dr. King, I have discovered the derivation of your name : Jeremiah King—Jerry King—Jer King—Gerkin—Cucumber."

NOT EXACTLY WHAT HE MEANT TO SAY.

Brown : "Oh, how do, Black? I'm almost ashamed of myself for not calling before ; but I've put it off, and put it off, until it did seem that I never would call." Black : "Don't mention it, my dear fellow. You are very kind, I'm sure."

THE LITTLE BUTCHERS TO THE GREAT.

The butchers of Ghent are divided into two classes. When Napoleon once visited that city the little butchers, as they are called, erected a triumphal arch in his honour, with the following inscription, which we give in the original French: "*Les Petits Bouchers de Gand à Napoleon le Grand!*" This unlucky equivoque was by no means agreeable to Napoleon le Grand.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

Bishop Whipple, when in Philadelphia, told this story : He was standing in rapt silence in York Minster, overcome by the grand interior, when he was approached by a typical countryman, who exclaimed : "Wall, stranger, there's one thing purty sartin, the men who put up this here didn't build stun houses for theirsel's and old wooden houses for their God, did they?"

A SHORT CREED.

One declaring to Dr. Parr that he would believe nothing which he could not understand, "Then, sir," said the Doctor, "your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

LITERAL INDEPENDENCE.

When a certain great man was often boasting of his independence, Dr. Paley said, in allusion to the origin of the word, "I do not know what all this boast of independence means, except that his lordship is *not yet hanged.*"

SURE TO MEET HIM.

"Do you think you will see Smith down town," asked Jones of a friend. "Yes." "You are quite sure you will see him?" "Oh, I haven't the slightest doubt in the world that I will meet him somewhere. I owe him twenty dollars."

SOUNDS FROM THE SANCTUM.

Some writer has produced a poem called "Sounds from the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives readers the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints, one poring over a proof-slip, the other holding the copy, and the sounds would have been something like this.

Proof-reader—"As flowers without the sunshine fair—comma—so—comma—without you—comma—do I—full stop—breathe a dark and dismal mair—"

Copy-holder—"Thunder. Not mair—air."

Proof-reader—"I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—of flowers—comma."

Copy-holder—"Shoot the comma."

Proof-reader—"'Tis done. As bowers without the sunshine fair—semi-colon—confound slug seven, he never justifies his lines—No joy in life—comma—no worms—"

Copy-holder—"Warmth."

Proof-reader—"No warmth I share—comma—and health and vigorous flies—"

Copy-holder—"Bother! health and vigour fly—"

Proof-reader—"Health and vigour fly—full stop."

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on, says the *Des Moines Register.*

A FAIR SAMPLE.

The car was brimful, but it stopped to take on a lady. She had scarcely squeezed her way in when a man squeezed his way out, and as he reached the platform he growled :

"Here's a fair sample of the hoggishness of the men of Detroit!"

"How?"

"Why, the selfish wretches sat there and made me give up my seat to my own wife!"

LOCATION OF A SMALL JOKE.

"At a Sunday-school in ——— a teacher asked a new scholar, a little girl, what her name was. She replied : 'Helen French.' An urchin in an adjoining seat sang out : 'What is it in English?'" This item has had an extraordinary run, and is now located at Syracuse, N. Y. About a week ago it was away out in Helena, Montana, and also occurred in San Francisco, Chicago, Oshkosh, Wis., Kankakee, Ill., Kalamazoo, Mich., and various other places. Think it has not been located in Milwakee yet.

VERY STUPID.

"He tried to kiss me, and I just told him to behave," said an irate young lady after a sleigh-ride down the road the other day. "Well, did he kiss you?" asked a friend. "No, the fool, he behaved."

BEHAVING LIKE GENTLEMEN.

A Vassar College girl tells this story: "We had a theatre with a stage fitted up with a drop curtain and scenery, and there we gave famous theatrical performances. One of our favourite pieces, I remember, was "She Stoops to Conquer." The actors were all girls, and so was the audience. But a portion of the audience wore handkerchiefs tied around the right arm, and the girls composing it were understood to be gentlemen. Of course they escorted the ladies to the play, and stamped their feet on the floor to express their approbation at anything particularly fine. When the curtain fell at the close of an act, the "gentlemen" all grabbed their hats from under the seats and rushed out into the hall. There they paraded up and down the front of the theatre, shouting to each other: 'Well, fellers, what'll yer take?' and 'Reckon it's my treat; come up to the bar an' order your pizen,' and 'Sa-ay, Jim, got any good eatin' tobacker in your clothes?'"

A CHARITABLE SUPPOSITION.

Because a man does not stand, and offer his seat to a lady in a street car, it is no sign that he is not a gentleman. He may be the unhappy owner of a few restless corns that he is trying to favour.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

First Western Desperado—"Well, did you kill old Colonel Rich?"

Second Desperado—"Yes, I fotched him."

"How did you do it?"

"I found him riding on his horse along a lonely road, and had plenty of time to aim."

"But where is his horse?"

"I did not touch that."

"Did not take the horse?"

"Certainly not. In this section they will hang a man for stealing a horse."

"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD."

"There, my daughter," said the old man, placing a deed for a beautiful mansion among the wedding gifts, "is my present, and my best wishes for your future happiness go with it. God bless you, my child; God bless you!" and he turned away, choked with emotion. "Is there a mortgage on it, papa?" she asked brightly, as she arranged the deed conspicuously on the table. "No," he said, "there is no mortgage on the deed; it's on the property."

SOMEWHAT PREFERABLE.

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, when this was told him by Lord Strangford, observed, "O, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

WAN LEE'S MISFORTUNE.

The local heathen Chinee rather more than holds his own in some respects, and many of the children of the better class of Mongolians have attended school to some purpose, despite the social restriction law under which they labour. The other day a California Street matron, just returned from a three years' tour abroad, advertised for a first-class cook, whereupon an intelligent looking pig-tail applied for the position.

"Whatee you namee, John?" asked the lady, in that peculiar baby talk supposed to be adapted to infants and other foreigners.

"Wan Lee."

"You sabe loast tlurklee, Wan?" lisped the lady.

The Chinaman knit his brows and shook his head.

"Oh, dear me!" said the tourist to her imported maid, in what is known here as Mills Seminary—and abroad as restaurant—French, "what am I to do? I can't make him understand."

"It is very unfortunate," said the Chinaman, reflectively. "I see you don't speak French very well, and besides that, English and Chinese are the only languages I know."

He was not engaged.

A NEEDFUL INVENTION.

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

POOR CONSOLATION.

A worthy baronet, who dabbled in politics, came to Sidney Smith one day very much irritated. "What is the matter?" was the immediate question. Are any of our institutions in danger?" "No, but I have just been with Brougham, whom I sought out for the purpose of making an important communication, but upon my word, he treated me as if I was a fool!" "Never mind, my dear fellow," said Sydney, in his most sympathetic tones, "never mind, never mind, he thought you knew it!"

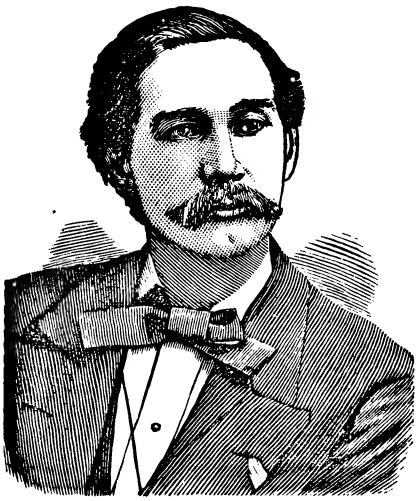
A SUNDAY LESSON.

Young lady (teaching Sunday school class): "And who comes after Esther?" (Pause.) "Is it Job?" *Pupil:* "No, Miss; its Billy Piper's big brother. I see him every Sunday."

TWO OF A KIND.

A dude and a monkey met one day,
And to the dude the monkey did say,
"How do, Mr. Dude?"
Then to the monkey the dude replied,
"Remember my high ancestral pride,
You're only a monkey, sir; beside,
Please don't be so rude."

Said the monkey, "Pardon, my dudish friend;
Sure, I really did not mean to offend,
You take a high shelf.
If I'm a monkey, I own it is true,
But I could not help it; and as for you,
You're just my picture in all you do,
And you made yourself!"



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Again wishing you everything that is good and kind I am faithfully yours

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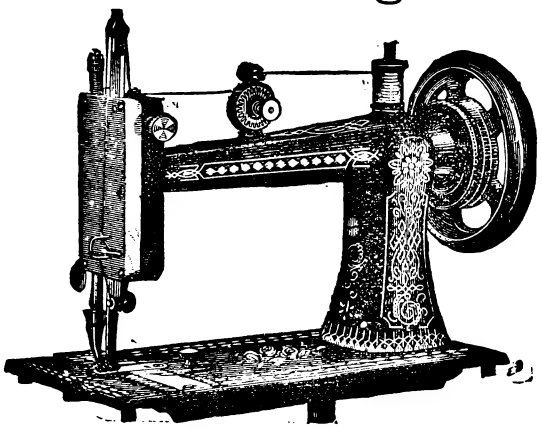

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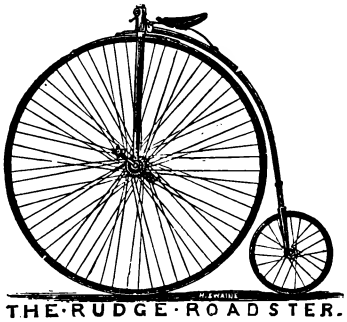

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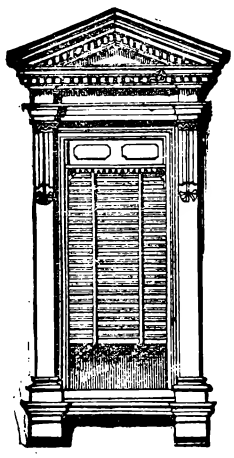

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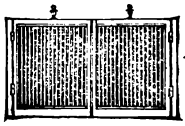

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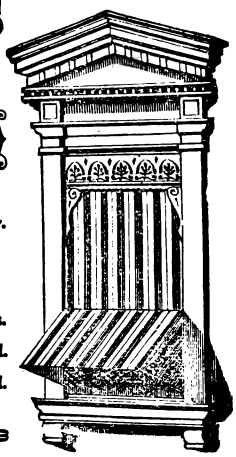

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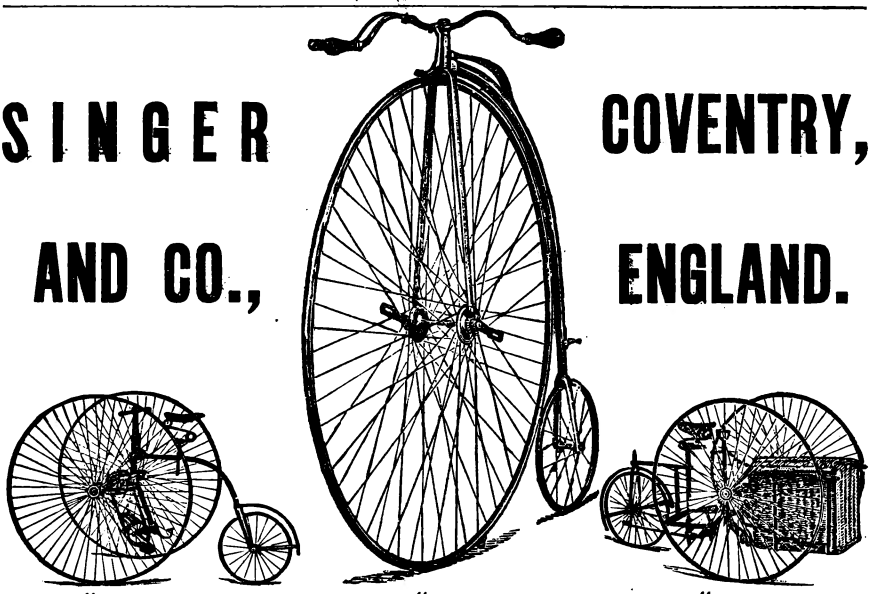

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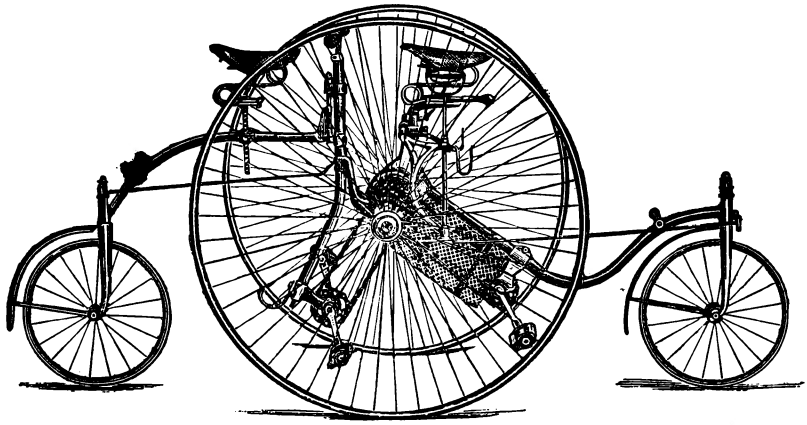

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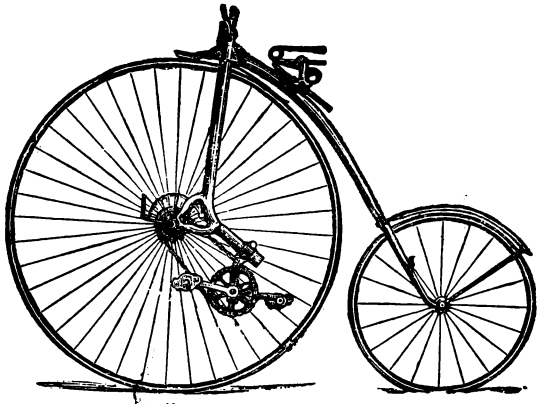

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